Laurentian Ghosts

After the Burial

Ever-flowing white ghosts form on my fingertips
Balanced in peace, dancing in light
My grip blooms and blossoms forever more
Incubated, in silence we find tranquility
Distilled into memories, we shut off, retired among the infinite

We aim for balance standing on cannonballs, outside the battlefields
We aim for balance standing on cannonballs
We slam on clay and dig deep, and labyrinth trenches around craters we call home
Such an amazing defeat

RAGE, I will put this all back inside of me
Ghosts of my past lift me up, carry me through blinding night
RAGE, find me beneath the iron mines, below 10,000 lakes, find me beyond the pines

Now face your back to the storm, forget the shelters you would seek before
Let your feet hit the ground, don't look back to where the siren sounds

We aim for balance standing on cannonballs, outside the battlefield
We aim for balance standing on cannonballs
We slam on clay and dig deep, and labyrinth trenches around craters we call home
Such an amazing defeat, we misplace dreams and study braille throughout the dark
And thereâ€™s hope for a better future, and theres hope for a better life

RAGE, I will put this all back inside of me
Ghosts of my past lift me up, carry me through blinding night
RAGE, join me beneath the iron mines, below 10,000 lakes, join me beyond the pines
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