Inheritance

Katatonia

Our inconvenient burden Could be lifted off of us If we gave up To finally let go Of the free will that we were givenOur graves Above the timberline Our names chalked The pressure of wealth No longer feltThe unforgiving void The forge in with our values burn The resting leech Our thinning minds In my abstinence I turn to nothingOur graves Above the timberline Our names chalked The pressure of wealth No longer feltLet them inherit This fire now

Lest

They will forget we were ever hereLet them inherit

This fire now

Lest

They will forget we were ever here

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