

7 Hours Late

Swallow The Sun

Forgive me father

I was 7 hours late, and now you're gone
But I made it next to you, as I promised

Dressed you for your last journey

I'm dead to you now, still holding the words that were left unsaid
Couldn't burden you with the sorrows that
crushed my chest

Couldn't find the right time to share those words, why the days passed away
I'm dead to you now, and will be,
until my own heart sees the fallen veil of night

Until the curtains open for me, to walk the same moonlit silver trail, I always will be 7 hours late

Carrying the pain of knowing, that you never know

Why we both went through the days apart, but with the same shadows in our hearts
I can't never tell you why I
wasn't there, until they bury me in the same soil

Until we meet again, I will be 7 hours late
These rooms of shadows, echoes on these walls, this empire of
loneliness

Still feeling the presence, your soul still lingering here for a while

And the dark that pours in through the night-side window

And the light that fades into the woods

Like fireflies dancing between the rusted trees, the light that escaped from my side

Glowing in the woods, waving its last goodbye until it's gone
And then it's dark

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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