

Wake Dead Man, Wake

As Cities Burn

Let the dead bury their own dead
Will you still love me in famine?
As when love began at the harvest
Or would you gain the whole world
Son, I love you at your darkest
But what good is the whole world
When I promise no tomorrow?
I only promise your tomorrows
Will never take you past my palm
Love, what is love without trust?
At my word would you bring your Isaac
Son, I loved you at your darkest

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