

Wake Dead Man, Wake

As Cities Burn

Let the dead bury their own deadWill you still love me in famine?

As when love began at the harvest

Or would you gain the whole worldSon, I love you at your darkestBut what good is the whole world

When I promise no tomorrow?

I only promise your tomorrows

Will never take you past my palmLove, what is love without trust?

At my word would you bring your IsaacSon, I loved you at your darkest

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