Riders Of The Plague

The Absence

So salvation, here runs the flood, here dies the love
The banner of the ungranted and our darkest days
The feelings that were forced
Out of fear without a drop of remorseNow, that the pain is released
With cryptic seals and signs
Running over the heartstrings wretched and run dry
When the feathered begin to fallWith a voice like glass
Born to splint and shatter
The touch of sunlight
Like heavens plague, the birth of blackWith hung halos of wrath and decay
The furthest of faith, the rider of plaguesOur hands have reached the end of skin
Sifted straight to bone
Bare and brokenAs the inventors hope
Unseen by the believed
Unbelieved by all who seeSo when you become every dream abhorred
A being so bitter not worth
The weight of ice in his wordsWith a voice like glass
Born to splint and shatter
The touch of sunlight
Like heavens plague, the birth of blackWith hung halos of wrath and decay
The furthest of faith, the rider of plaguesWith a voice just like glass
Born to splint and born to shatter
The touch of sunlight
Like heavens plague, the birth of blackWith hung halos of wrath and decay
The furthest of faith, the rider of plagues

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