

# First Prayer

## Katatonia

In the prayer  
Can't seem to find the right words  
But we stretch our dead arms  
For salvation  
The foundation  
And the chemical need  
Discordance put a veil  
Over my creed  
sweet my fever now  
Embraced by its tainted wings  
Cup my hands and taste the spite  
Immune to the truths you told  
In the wake  
Reverance in my every move  
The wretched stars aligned  
For dead wisdom  
The apparition  
Rise with my every breath  
Grasping for the one  
Who lie beneath  
You leave now  
Leave my void of prayers  
Take these words to go with you  
Take the splinters  
See them fall  
Idle stare  
Who will come forth from the dry wind  
And find my blood  
And clothes and rust  
Clean the past  
Like water through stone  
Earth did cast a shade  
Over my sleep

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