

Heavy Lies the Ground

After the Burial

bound with iron chain, solitary feed me to the grey
we dig fields of apathy, excavating endless burial mounds
heavy lies the ground I get what I give, so I die where I die never go home, just tunnel a hole inside this field of
apathy
never giving what I could, I get what I give
never wanting more so I die where I dig
never wanting more so I die where I dig illusionist grant us safety nets made of your decaying sutures and of
fraying string, wave your white gloves, enrapture me and send us ease
leave us all to rot inside the facade
a solitary man ragged and worn
I cross out days on the wall and I beg for mercy
were begging for mercy, ragged and worn
beg for mercy, beg

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