

Weight of the Sun (Or the Post-Modern Prometheus)

...And You Will Know Us By the Trail of Dead

How much fun
To be drifting along
With the weight of the sun on my head
And all covered in sad
As I sketch with my pen
And I brace for the troubles ahead
Slow
Let the weight of the bow
Tests your arm as you pull the string back
Don't be fooled by the light
Let the fear guide your eye
As your arrow burns into their sun
You will pay
You will pay for your new soul
Down
Through a hole in the ground
Let the ferryman carry you back
To the Winter Queen's home
In the shadow abode
Where you learn to become one of them
And you
Dress in cobbler shoes
Play your lyre in the house with the dead
Makes the ferryman sigh
With chagrin in is eye
As he lets you return back to the dead
You will pay
You will pay now that you came
My, you will pay
You will pay for your new soul
You will pay

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