

The Death of Music

Devin Townsend

[Words and music by Devin Townsend]Question...
Leapt like dog from man...
Terminate high thinking...
Known in your prophecy...Sun... Son...
Sun it shifts, and brittleness subsides
To sleep... sleep awayOne comes, the rain will always be
And things I am
Are things that should not be
They laughed at me but we never botheredMy friends and I
There were no othersNow it comes...
Bolt across the blue...
Shadows dance over the land...
Walls high, water deep
Brick and steel gathering speed
Guess it's just a feeling
...Guess it's just a feeling...Rain may come
The rain may never be
In things you are
Are things I need to be
My friends were there but they never botheredNow there's you and I an
There are no othersIt's like when death becomes musical
...It's musical
It's like a death becomes musical
MusicalAnd it comes...
To make sure that he will never rise
And the groans from the bellies
Have never cried this hard
And the eyes of the wicked ones
Have never been full of dust
In the middle of the sea it waits...
...Closer...Home, nor anywhere on Earth on that final day will anyone be apart
...one...schooled...together...
Towards the sea...
And we may drown, fly, fall from faith
...but the pain won't be realized
Because the emotions will hit as god should
And the mountains will offer no shelter
And the clouds will be no cover...
No matter where we run...Don't die on me

Don't go away
When I need you here
In my needThe rain will come
The rain will always be
In things I am
Are things that have to be
My friends have come and I never botheredMyself and I
There is no otherIt's like a death becomes musical
It's musical

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