

Found, Oval And Final

Altar of Plagues

A balm in your hands, it has begun to hide.
Once more, (left as) the one awake, a script knotted in a hand.
Absent and building, and looming in the air
hung and thin between (sparks of sunlight).
The dark and the dark, all the hours.
Numbers and worlds well-tuned.
Not all things are well wound - there are joys.
But I am bound, to follow you.

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