

Child Of Dust

Thrice

Dear prodigal you are my son and I
Supplied you not your spirit but your shape
All Eden's wealth arrayed before your eyes
I fathomed not you wanted to escape Though I only ever gave you love
Like every child you've chosen to rebel
Uprooted flowers and filled the holes with blood
Ask not for whom they toll the solemn bells A child of dust to mother now return
For every seed must die before it grows
And though above the world may toil and turn
No prying spade will find you here below Now safe beneath their wisdom and their feet
Here I will teach you truly how to sleep

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