

# By the River

## Krome

An undistinguised knot of waste  
The man laid open, a soul to test  
    Feel some pressure  
Building in your chest, is this your last breath? Alone exposed to just blood and bone  
    An empty practice for the hordes  
        Ritual  
        Like complicated insects willWe walk alone  
            Scouring graveyards  
            In search of ourselves  
We discover strangersThe sleeping eyes of time passed by  
    What might have been sin or doubt  
    The side that's dried and petrified  
Why mercy's expected is beyond the point of points  
    Of points....  
    Of points....Open up your eyes  
        Never to realize  
        Coming from the riverside  
Are screams of MERCY...Cry, we have come too far...  
    Lonely sunrise, climbing into the sky,  
        Only to sleep...  
    Dusted twilight, spilling into moonlight  
All our lives we're waiting to dieIN FEAR OF THE RIVER  
    We trample under a billion stars  
    And vines that wind over the houses  
        And past the trees  
    Smothering everything...When all drops silent  
        A grave where no light gets in  
        The world resents it  
        When all is placid  
        A tranquil place in time  
        Our Earth shattered  
        We ain't getting by

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