

# By the River

Krome

An undistinguished 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 will We walk alone  
Scouring graveyards  
In search of ourselves  
We discover strangers The 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 die IN 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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