

# Upon Pillars of Dust

## At the Gates

Fragile, quiet and distant as flesh against another  
Heroism suppressed, leavin' hunger in its wake  
Tired even of sleep  
A fragment of life, no more pain!The nights they will drag on  
These hands will not abide  
A nightmare beckons leavin' death in its wakeThe sickness is a dream  
Imprisoned in the deep of the stone  
Reality restin' upon pillars of dust  
The infinite voracious arms of mythTrying to even out sleep  
With death in our way

Songwriters

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