

# Just as Real but Not as Brightly Lit

## Every Time I Die

Creeping up a wall of glass  
I'm entirely made of sand  
Lurching up. Feeding back  
What the canyon wants, the canyon gets  
And the canyon craves an apology and a pound of flesh I thought I felt  
I thought I saw  
I thought I knew  
So much chatter  
Let there be shade  
Un-illuminate  
Nothing will change  
If you don't lead with your shadow Let there be shade  
Un-illuminate  
Exhale the plague  
Cloud your vision An unpainted corner  
My kingdom come  
Silence tells me I can't escape it Now we write our names on the moon in blood  
I have set us back twenty centuries  
All the letters sent with no address  
Is he talking to or talking down to me? They'll kill us  
They'll kill us  
They'll kill us, if they have the chance  
I hear their conversations  
They'd kill us if they had the chance  
I'll be the first to take it I still feel like someone is watching  
Though I'm not sure if that someone is listening  
It don't matter much to my suffering  
Because I know for a fact no one's answering Let there be shade  
Un-illuminate  
Nothing will change  
If you don't lead with your shadow I was on the shoulders of leviathans  
But I couldn't see through the fog of anger  
And I failed myself like I did before  
My work is lost. All my reckoning  
Back to sin. Back to shame  
Back into the quicksand Guarding an empty house  
Guarding an empty house  
I have lost everything I had found  
Sorrow will overcome

Sorrow will overcome

Songwriters

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