

Sway of the Break

After the Burial

Iâ€™ve watched the lamplights fade,
a flare trembles and quivers that kept me safe
warm concrete streets, I used to call home
laid in brick and broken stone so a merchant I'll stay
staying caught in the sway of the break
set aflame, set aflame, set aflame

Oh the sand covers me, grains the colors of ash
they follow me here, I'll never leave, anchors of memories
melting iron made of hours forged through eras
hanging fire trapped in glass bulbs
bludgeon toxic burdens and unearth my roots
flip me over and set me free

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the sunlight fades and we still feel safe
settled like worn beacons fought in the flow
Lift the tide, and let the stoic moon still guide me

charmed by glow we follow and forget to even ask why we're here
become the practice by accident, we become the practice by accident
as time flows by it phases our lights, castaway, castaway
swept away not forgotten, so we will set aflame caught in the break

All will be set aflame, all set aflame

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