

# Primal Breath

## At the Gates

Look the herons in the green billed water  
Their wet ash wings wear medallions of patience  
We drift on, we have stories as old as the great seasBreak through the chest, flying out the mouth  
Noisy tongues that once were silenced  
All the oceans we contain, coming to lightAll the dark birds rush from the river  
Leaving only the stillness of their language  
There are no clocks to measure time  
But the beating of our single heartsYou will know it is winter  
By the way your dreams tremble like stones  
When the wind comes through  
The wind, full of hearts that beat quick and strong

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