

Distance Will Save Us

Madder Mortem

This is where the bodies fell
Feel the pressure on the surface
Too long buried arrogance
Rising up to reign
Palpable and crystal pure
Sovereign and without master
Perfected and far too sure
It is on its way Save us

Stay your hand

We are born too far from morality This is where it all began,

Where the wounds were left to fester

Here the feeder will unhand
Those that could not choose
Here, at last, it all comes true
See the pity and devotion

In the scar that marks you, too

It is on its way Save us

Stay your hand

We are born too far from morality The stones in our hands uncloud the senses

No time for demands, time moves against us Dawn is breaking in the clouds and the starkness of light is blinding

Give us a moment to savour your face and to worship and love our murder Save us

Stay your hand

All we need is one more chance at life

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