

# 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 waySave us  
Stay your hand

We are born too far from moralityThis 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 waySave us  
Stay your hand

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

No time for demands, time moves against usDawn 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 murderSave us

Stay your hand  
All we need is one more chance at life

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