

Burdens Of A Dying World

Conducting From The Grave

The land now cast into darkness, a riptide of plagues in its wake. Here is your purity in our childrens hands. Empty eye sockets reflect of burnt out stars and hollow graves. Everything becomes nothing sooner or later. Its when the piece doesn't fit that all hell breaks loose. Your legends crumble beginning with their foundations. The wind carries their pleas to our ears. A society on broken knees screaming to a god who doesn't care. Build and build we'll bury the past before day. You've jumped in too soon and broken your neck. Exile is the only breath you'll catch around here. Time is running out. The weight is becoming unbearable. If only there was a way to go back, reverse the damage and heal the broken. Maybe then the tables will turn and the victims will control the wrath. Every structure for miles is collapsing, leaving them to pick up the pieces. Pull back the sky, let the sun flourish. Blind eyes haven't seen dead stars in decades. Bring the flood. Wash away every impurity.