

## All Is Found... In Time

Neurosis

In time the silence gives way  
The grain betrays our larval state

Seethe Burns All

Standing wild on ragged stones  
Waiting to be  
To be found  
To be found

The water flowing slow and black  
The air of the blackbirds all

Standing wild on ragged stones  
Waiting to be  
To be found  
To be found

Looking away from the fall of tomorrow  
Tunneling through the black that will follow  
Tearing the sickness from hearts that are hollow  
Cracking the bones to get at the marrow