

Son Of The Morning

Oh, Sleeper

And they call him the son of the morning...
I am the rival. I am the one who speaks in whisper.
Hear me now, dear, weak forgiver.
Hear me now, weak forgiver. Hear me now...
Don't send an angel to face the devil.
You're wasting power on grace.
A maggot will always seek to feed from the grave,
where I'll lead them and teach them to feast on the skin that d
efeats them, the skin they crave.

"If you could see like me you'd see you haven't won anything (a
nything)
If you could see like me you'd see, it's by my grace that you'r
e breathing (breathing)
If you could see like me you'd see you haven't won anything.
If you could see like me you'd see."

Every night I start my rise, climbing high into the morning sky
,
but soon after I lose your bride and I damn your son for steali
ng my light.
This world is mine...
They call me the son of the morning.
They call me the son of the morning.
I can mound all your fallen past the clouds as they roll in,
and when I do I will claim your throne through all these coward
s you call your sons.
I am the lord of air and my dawn will last forever.
Go on pouring out because in the end I will have them.

"If you could see like me you'd see you haven't won anything (a
nything)
If you could see like me you'd see, it's by my grace that you'r
e breathing (breathing)
If you could see like me you'd see you haven't won anything.
If you could see like me you'd see, your precious light is fadi
ng.
Your light is fading."