

Riders of the Plague

The Absence

So salvation, here runs the flood, here dies the love
The banner of the ungranted and our darkest days
The feelings that were forced
Out of fear without a drop of remorse Now, that the pain is released
With cryptic seals and signs
Running over the heartstrings wretched and run dry
When the feathered begin to fall With a voice like glass
Born to splint and shatter
The touch of sunlight
Like heavens plague, the birth of black
With hung halos of wrath and decay
The furthest of faith, the rider of plagues Our hands have reached the end of skin
Sifted straight to bone
Bare and broken As the inventors hope
Unseen by the believed
Unbelieved by all who see So when you become every dream abhorred
A being so bitter not worth
The weight of ice in his words With a voice like glass
Born to splint and shatter
The touch of sunlight
Like heavens plague, the birth of black With hung halos of wrath and decay
The furthest of faith, the rider of plagues
With a voice just like glass
Born to splint and born to shatter
The touch of sunlight
Like heavens plague, the birth of black With hung halos of wrath and decay
The furthest of faith, the rider of plagues

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