

# Elegiac

## This Or The Apocalypse

My place lies not in that immortal sea.  
I am just a penance; diurnal unbalance.  
A fissure is shutting off in between the song that we don't hear,  
The end that we don't feel. We will walk ever calmly in the sound of your warfare,  
No motion, no force.  
Rich beyond the wealth of kings.  
Of bane we know of not to witness,  
But in the grass that rises from the grave. That is us.  
A thousand notes ring out. That is us.  
The chill that is in your gut. That is us.  
The acknowledgment rash in all your solitude,  
Is the weight of the human nature.  
A busy spade left unremembered in plain view, again.  
Alive in thoughts too deep for any tears,  
The silence of the spirit, a mutilated bower.  
We throw in vein against our very earth.  
The sky is bearing down.  
Piety in guilt.  
All we are is the debris.  
Spinning around and around, betrayed.  
Go and gather all we know in purest silence.  
Then nothing more.

Lyrics provided by <https://www.omusic.in/>