



Sunsetters

ANCESTOR

The Fog

Skin-robed, they salute the fog
Voices charge out the fog
Thoughts are so easily carved
Am I to die frightened, hated, alone?

By day, the fog...
By night, the drought...
By day, the fog...
By night...

Eighty-one or nine Lis deserving a war
Starving, bleeding, screaming instead
Isolated, pain crawls south of the fog
Cold mortal abyss in perpetual restraint

Eighty-one or nine Lis deserving a war
Starving, bleeding, screaming instead
Isolated, pain crawls south of the fog
Cold mortal abyss in perpetual restraint

Come the contortions of my mind
Full hours forewarned in the night, in dreams
Grab at my skin, grab at my tendons
Pull out and sew a new robe

Come the contortions of my mind
Full hours forewarned in the night, in dreams
Grab at my skin, grab at my tendons
And I will die erected and stiff

Skin-robed, they salute the fog
Voices charge out the fog
Thoughts are so easily carved
Am I to die frightened, hated, alone?

The Drought

By day, the fog...
By night, the drought...

Skin-robed, they salute the moonlight
Emperor calls from my mind's fog
My veins are so easily carved
Deep cuts, now he wears a new robe

By day, the fog...
By night, the drought...

If I saw the world in just one word, would I say it?

Leaving, grieving, fall then rise.
Our ancestor's just our size.
Taking, giving glory, wrong.
We live to invent the song.

By day...
The fog...
By night...
The drought...

Elsie Carr - vocals, keys

Degan Allen - guitars

Remy Larson - guitars

Paul Blackwood - bass

Fin Jensby - drums

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