

# Circa Survive, Suspending Disbelief

Twilight army,  
Coming home.  
Armor made of stone.  
He who recollects, forgive us.  
He who recollects, forgive us.  
On the way down, we understand what it means to break down.  
On the way out you decide you believe that on the way out its too late.  
It's the same.  
All lines you all used to know,  
It's the same.  
All lines you all used to know.  
Trembling with no limbs, crow skin; a perpetual startled breed.  
The ache, no one to fight  
The writing was still traced and shy and never really aimed to show you.  
We understand what it means to break down.  
On the way out you decide you believe that on the way out its too late.  
All lines you all used to know,  
It's the same.  
All lines you all used to know.  
Still watching you rolling on what's good for  
Mistaken but you were always once before you know.  
We understand what it means to break down.  
And on the way out you decide you believe that on the way out its too late.  
It's the same.  
All lines you all used to know,  
It's the same.  
All lines you all used to know.