

Crumbling Arches, Tree Of Evil

Fingernails worn to the bone from excavating only mud,
what good would fossils be if fossils don't prove anything..
im searching, im searching, im searching for something to find me.

and you turn at the green light facing everything with it could be's,
leaving dead behind you the debris,
and u-turn at the stop signs, better than just standing still,
giving up the shovel for the key,

so we followed, we opened, the doors, the doors,
we've splintered, we've opened, the doors, the doors.

mans search for meaning is more than living, but understanding why.
mans search for meaning is not believing but understanding why.

stiffening when rigor mortis sets in, pushes you deeper into your grave,
reminding you of all the questions that you have, and all the answers never made.

fingernails worn to the bone from excavating only mud,
what good would fossils be if fossils don't prove anything..
im searching, im searching, im searching for something to find me.

and you turn at the red light, always better than standing still,
giving up the shovel for the key,
following and opening yet wondering where doors could take us,
continue splintering.

always digging, finding nothing, understanding why.
(we followed, we opened, the doors, the doors,
we've splintered. we've opened, the doors, the doors)

and u-turn at the stop signs- it's better than just standing still,
giving up the shovel for the key