

# American Lesion, Cease

Blacktop pavement cover me  
Like a chemical reaction or a steam roller  
Spreading randomly  
There's a distant buzz and low frequency  
It tickles my ear, rumbles under my feet  
And it shakes the leaves off of every tree, violently  
What pretension  
Everlasting peace  
Everything must cease  
Institution on the hill  
Like a beacon in the mind of an ancestor  
To ignite a people's will  
There's a shadowed stain on the west facade  
It has spread like decay to enshroud the fraud  
And the descendants find it oh so odd, oh so odd

What pretension  
Everlasting peace  
Everything must cease  
Grave memorial hewn white stone  
Like the comforting caress of a mother  
Or a friend you've always known  
It evokes such pain and significance  
What was once is reduced to remembrance  
And the generations pass without recompense  
What pretension  
Everlasting peace  
Everything must cease  
Everything must cease