

Century, Pantheon

They see through walls
They watch us sleep
And it never ends
It only gets worse
And we'll be sorry one day
The page that we never turn past
The night that lasts for days
And when skin becomes paper
We'll know why we couldn't stay here
What have we done?
What have we learned?
Our fables become our dedecations
Black ocean
We never saw it coming
Our towns become prisons
They hunt us down and wear our hides
To keep their fur dry
Tie yourself to the stake
Peel your skin back
Become their prey
And it never ends
It only gets worse
And we'll be sorry one day when the lives we build
Are worth no more than the lives we take