

Every Time I Die, Cities And Years

play with the bow at the bridge.
tune your voices to minor chords.
this is the lowest we've ever been until we bend for the offering.
we're giving a knee jerk response to the awe.
we come strapped to the bed, on display from the duty of tour.
they picked up the signals we tapped to the visitors
our sea legs were lost on the march from the graves to the cross.
we brandish the plague of the middleman's heart.
sing the rats through the gate.
I was still in one piece when they tied me to the back of the car.
but I met the road and I've slept with thousands of miles since the day I was born.
our shoes are milled to the sole and our souls are skin and bones.
if I'm a stranger still just move the severed pieces around.
so course is the world.
we're going back and forth and back and forth grinding our bodies into dust.
we'll never make it home alive.
play with the bow at the bridge.
all girls buy the enemy line. woe. such remarkable woe. hold sight of him.
point him out.
I was still in one piece when they tied me to the back of the car.
but I met with the road and I've slept with thousands of miles since the day I was born
our shoes are milled to the sole and our souls are skin and bones.
if I'm a stranger still just move the severed pieces around.
so course is the world.
we're going back and forth and back and forth grinding our bodies into dust.
war. come with us home.