

# Fear Before The March Of Flames, The Lisbon G

Mirror: this is a surrender skin  
In another room: this is hanging on  
The sirens know what they are in for.  
Sing the high notes, touch his hand.  
This is routine.

To a spinning ceiling: this is giving up  
On the ambulance: faces on! faces on!

Father don't you eat the rope I want to stay here  
Open eyes: dimmer beneath a chandelier

We are so pretty when we are faking.  
I am such a liar when I smile.  
Look up and never smile again

Son comes home to take solace in his mirror  
(The stains of God's loving embrace still ripe  
around his neck)  
Only to find he is no longer human

This empty chest. This hollow throbbing.  
This empty shell. Will help you sleep.  
And your name will come in time.  
For now take a number.  
The sirens must flock to a new direction.  
Singing: again a chandelier.  
Not another breather.  
Close your eyes and let your family eat.