

# Hour, Burn The Beautiful

i've drunk this moon this sky  
from the final glass tonight  
i breathe this air one last time  
before we slip away  
soak up the stars, wilted flowers  
from the place i watched endless crumbling hours  
this mind this world soon to know  
the end of their decay

so we all hold hands and one by one  
we'll lead each other down  
the spiral staircase clockwork steps  
of twisting blind descent  
and we think we escape  
some maelstrom above  
but it's inside  
it's us

miserable whirlpool  
underground we delve  
the hypnotic journey  
that should be deep into ourselves  
to discover what we always knew  
our world above will follow too  
utopia's not a dream  
as long as it's without us

i never want to see  
another bleeding face  
i never thought i'd know  
the pain that i deserve  
but inside i know we'll never learn  
if we could we'd start again  
then watch it burn  
hearts and words  
blood and water burn