

Scream Silence, And This Is What We Left Behind

Where we crossed the land
And built around a world
And laid were all married
with our wounds

Leant on
Wrote the measures
On the walls unfading
But cursed

And this is what we left behind

While we coursed the row - we
Left heritage among
Millions
of dear faults
Just to run steady on the walls

The same reward
A single fraud
The same old pleasures
That we cursed

Sing with us
Of every fault
The same old chorus
What we cursed

In this world