

The Academy Is..., Memento Mori

Narrative fear.

A fever is dancing in stride metronome memory.

Hypocrisy here is painting a portrait that's dripping with crass composition.

Fumbled trust, the father is dead, cathedrals are burning.

Lies fuel fires, fear burns red.

Now I'm cold, is this over?

Going inside of our, going inside of our heads.

When we whisper, "Danger, danger," pull the lever, turn the page
and I burn better in the morning.

Heartlessness narratives. Christ, where'd you go?

Impassioned, abandoned. Why, you were wrong.

This will die out.

Narrative fear.

A fever is dancing in stride metronome memory.

Hypocrisy here is painting a portrait that's screaming, "The silence of dying."

Fumbled trust, the father is dead, cathedrals are burning.

Lies fuel fire, fear burns red.

Going inside of our, going inside of our heads.

When we whisper, "Danger, danger. Pull the lever,"
and I burn better in the morning.

Heartlessness narratives. Christ, where'd you go?

Impassioned, abandoned. Why, you were wrong.

[Talking]

Heartlessness narratives. Christ, where'd you go?

Impassioned, abandoned. Why, you were wrong.

We've forgotten how to read, we've forgotten how to believe.

The text has gone dark, the author recedes.

We've forgotten how to read, we've forgotten how to believe.

The text has gone dark, the author recedes.