

The Fold, Evermore

Once in a dream I chased you down in a cloud
I'm certain now I'm the one who's changed
I have determined that my tongue is the culprit, everyday
And I can do nothing on my own

January's going fast
February almost certainly will not last
Wake me next year (what is, what was, what will be?)

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I'll tear this down
I'll tear this down
I'll tear this down, take it away
I'll take this, I'll take this

I will destroy this place
I will destroy this place
Oh, what is, what was, what will be?

I will destroy this place
I will destroy this place
Oh, what is, what was, what will be?
What is, what was, what will be?
Forevermore