

Thrice, Lost Continent

Was there a time that we knew peace;
when all the children had a place to sleep;
when rhetoric was not enough?

Was there a time we weren't at war;
when we knew what our hearts and hands were for?
I don't believe there ever was.

It's always been a lie,
a soothing lullaby;
we'll soon be swallowed by the sea.

Was there a time we looked around;
and do we really even want to know what's going down?
Well I think no one really does.

We'd rather close our eyes;
sing soothing lullabies.
We'll soon be swallowed by the sea.

The water's rising now;
and we will surely drown,
if we don't turn around.