

Thrice, So Strange I Remember You

So strange I remember you in protest of a prayer,
and falling back from seas we fear to sail.

I swear I saw the shooter, gold teeth and a double dare,
Postmodern warnings seem inclined to fail.

Feigning an apology.
Those words they never left your lips.
Those 5 years in Bermuda slide by like the lights of passing ships,
So strange that I remember you,
kneeling deep in Nietzsche's lies
my throat was an open grave i drank your stained glass eyes

and they taste like dead cathedrals
that are crumbling beneath a weight, ten thousand jaded tourists
who've traded in their hearts and hands for
disposable cameras, set to document to decay,
set to capture just enough of life to catalogue the things we throw away.

(...breathing the fumes of our machines...)
We've lost our way.
(...breathing through television dreams...)

If we could only see us now.
If we could only see us now.

The words of the dead ring in our ears,
but its only a lie.
The voice in your head brings you to tears,
but you don't know why.
The words of the dead ring in our ears,
but its only a lie.
The voice in your head brings you to tears,
but its only a lie,
yes, its only a lie,
...isn't it?