

Coheed & Cambria "In Keeping Secrets Of Silent Earth"

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A broad incision sits across the evening
The victim to our fathers lost war
The restless children sit and mourn the graves
Of those they've never seen before
Will they be buried here among the dead? In the silent
secret

The pioneers, in dealing with it they march for dawn
Of will and worthy
The truth be told the child was born
Man your own jackhammer
Man your battle stations

We'll have you dead pretty soon and now
Sincerely written from my brother's blood machine
Man your battle stations
We'll have you home pretty soon and now

Awake through motion with curious to curtain your first
move
Over arms length they'll break protocol
Jealous envy for the youngest one
To be the hero is all I'll ask

Can I be buried here among the dead?
With room to honor me here in the end
You'll be better off too soon
You'll be better off when you get home

The pioneers, in dealing with it they march for dawn
For will and worthy
The truth be told the child was born
Man your own jackhammer
Man your battle stations

We'll have you dead pretty soon and now
Sincerely written from my brother's blood machine
Man your battle, battle stations
We'll have you home pretty soon and now

For you, I'd do anything just to make you happy
Hear you tell me that you're proud of me

For them, I'll kill anything, cut the throats of babies for
them
Break their hearts for they were them
Waiting for you to say, I love you too

The navigator
The pilot
Her favorite
The one they call the vision that bears the gift

The navigator
The pilot
Her favorite
The one they call the vision that bears the gift, yeah

Will, do the children really understand the things you
did to them?
And why, oh why should they conjure up the will for you
my love
I would kill him
We're coming home pretty soon
Coming home

In the seventh turning hour, will the victim shadow fall?
Should the irony grow hungry with the victory and all
they sought for?
We were one among the fence
One among the fence

We're coming home

Man your own jackhammer
Man your battle stations
We'll have you dead pretty soon and now
Sincerely written from my brother's blood machine
Man your battle, battle stations
We'll have you home pretty soon, tonight

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