

Coheed & Cambria

"In Keeping Secrets of the Silent Earth:3"

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A broad incision sits across the evening
A 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, for Will and
worthy
The truth be told the child was born

(Chorus)
Man your own jackhammer
Man your battle stations
We'll have you dead pretty soon
Sincerely written from my brother's blood machine
Man your own battle station
We'll have you home pretty soon

Awake through motion with curiosity 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

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
they're 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

Will,

Do the children really understand the things you did to them?

And why oh whyâ€¦!

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 victims 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

(Chorus)

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

tonight

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