

## Drill 187

### "Arterial Black"

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I know you can't recall anything at all or why we're  
standing here.  
The day you figure out your words had crumbled just  
below your feet.

This is how a mountain gathers, purposely directed  
shadows.  
This sinking ship has information that will tear us apart.

Along the way we learn things too hard.  
Whisper out the way to stop my heart.

The things you used to say before the day I used to  
care at all.  
It's in the fingertips, I caught you looking; hazing down  
on me.

This is how a mountain gathers, purposely directed  
shadows.  
This sinking ship has information that will tear us apart.

Along the way we learn things too hard.  
Whisper out the way to stop my heart.

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