

Forward, Russia!

"Fifteen Part. I"

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Time is never a healer

You view the hourglass in this light

In a portent of removing logic

You took my head and built a supermarket on it

Digging while dusk still showed

And the marching band was just another fucking
mirage

Or a car key

A car key to help us flee the hole

In a pretence of inducing vomit

You took my head and built a supermarket on it

Trying to keep it low

A shattered ghoul, you hurl the mountain

Across the edge of fratricide

A shattered ghoul, you hurl the mountain

Until I've got nowhere to hide, hide, hide.

In the heart of the base machine

You can entertain yourself

Entertain what you know

And it came and it blew out my fucking brain

Un-candescently take the best of me

Turn me into a child
I'll try to take it, hide into you
Don't try to take it and watch it surround
I'll try to take it, hide into you
Lord, protect me from the violence
Oh my darling...
Time, it's a fickle thing
Through days, months and minutes
We forget how to sing
A skyline envelopes the east
And western misfortune is freely erased
A truncation of Caesar's might
We came, we saw, we set up our lives
To beg, to cheat, to lie, to steal
The parts of you that make up the forgotten sides
Give me a wall!
Give me a wall!
Give me a wall!
A shattered ghoul, you hurl the mountain
Across the edge of fratricide
A shattered ghoul, you hurl the mountain
Until I've got nowhere to hide, hide, hide

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