

Brand New**"The Archers Bows Have Broken"**

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Who do you carry the torch for, my young man?
Do you believe in anything?
Do you carry it around just to burn things down?

Meet me tonight on the turnpike, my darling,
'Cause we believe in everything.
If we sweat all these debts then we're sure to drown,
So we'll strap ourselves up to this engine now,
With a god who we found laying under the backseat.

What did you learn tonight,
While shouting so loud, you barely joyous, broken
thing?
You're a voice that never sings, is what I say.
You were freezing over hell.
You were bringing on the end you do so well.
You can only blame yourself, is what I say.

Oh, order your daughters to ignore me,
Think that will sort me?
And sweep me under the rug?
While you're beating with a book,
Everyone that book tells you to love.
There is an ember in the heart of the kiln,
And it's burning hot with love.
Burning out my center until there's nothing but dust.
Rolling me with care into your cigarette,
'Cause the god I believe in never worked on a
campaign trail.

What did you learn tonight,
While shouting so loud, you barely joyous, broken
thing?
You're a voice that never sings, is what I say.
You were freezing over hell.
You were bringing on the end you do so well.
You can only blame yourself, is what I say.

Who do you carry the torch for, my young man?
Do you believe in anything?
Do you carry it around just to burn things to the

ground?

What did you learn tonight,
While shouting so loud, you barely joyous, broken
thing?

You're a voice that never sings, is what I say.
You were freezing over hell.
You were bringing on the end you do so well.
You can only blame yourself, is what I say.

Feels like,
We could escape this.
I might,
Throw it away,
For fear of the silver sun.

If you try,
Running a maze,
Of your lies,
It's too hard to save.
You've thrown out every one.

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