

Hour "Burn The Beautiful"

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i've drunk this moon this sky
from the final glass tonight
i breathe this air one last time
before we slip away
soak up the stars, wilted flowers
from the place i watched endless crumbling hours
this mind this world soon to know
the end of their decay

so we all hold hands and one by one
we'll lead each other down
the spiral staircase clockwork steps
of twisting blind descent
and we think we escape
some maelstrom above
but it's inside
it's us

miserable whirlpool
underground we delve

the hypnotic journey
that should be deep into ourselves
to discover what we always knew
our world above will follow too
utopia's not a dream
as long as it's without us

i never want to see
another bleeding face
i never thought i'd know
the pain that i deserve
but inside i know we'll never learn
if we could we'd start again
then watch it burn
hearts and words
blood and water burn

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