

La Dispute "The Last Lost Continent"

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The Last Lost Continent :

I felt your sickness brush against my arm as I walked
by you " " " "

heard your voice but couldn't tell that it was you.

And, slowly, watched your sickness slip away into a
place

that I'd once feared but I was not afraid this time

So I gave chase and found it, finally, slowly feeding
from your head,

And from my friends, and from my family, so I
grabbed it by the neck.

"For every lover you have ruined..." I dug my nails into
its flesh.

"...and every life that you have taken..."

Slammed its head against the brick.

Its blood poured out onto the pavement,

I stirred it in with dirt and spit,

"I will take a part of you."

I made mortar from the mix.

Tore every organ from its body,

broke its bone and fashioned bricks,

I laid the mortar in between,

I made a throne for hope to sit.

"Too long you've torn us into pieces,

firmly held onto our wrists. Today I bury you in me."

I swallowed every inch of it.

I'll hold you, as you have held me -

you've held me in your heart, we'll be set free from
fear.

We've felt our failures.

We've watched our passions leave, but we're still
breathing on.

I'll hold you, as you have held me,

You've held me in your heart.

(And I will hold you in my heart)

But I still see him dead in the parking lot at the gas
station just down the street.

And I still hear my friend say,

"You know, you wouldn't believe the things I saw when I
was stationed overseas."

But he somehow keeps smiling in spite all of that,
while I keep finding ways to push the good out for the
bad

Oh, how selfish of myself to always say that it was
more than I could take,
like it was pain I could not shake,
like it could break me with its fingers, throw my body in
the lake,
and I would slowly sink away
but the Truth is it was sorrow that I made and would not
face.

See, I keep falling for the future after tripping on the
past.

And I am always tearing sutures out to make the
anguish last like it defines me.

Or reminds me I've found comfort in my suffering
and uncertainty in happiness and death,
because what's next is such a mystery to me.

I am terrified of all the things I feel but cannot see.

Friends and family, put your hand into my hand and lay
your head into my chest.

You are all that I have left here

We are all that we have left.

We are the lovers, We are the last of our kind.

Link your arms and keep your chin up
and I swear that we'll be fine.

We are the lovers, We are the last of our kind.

Though we're not sure who we are, though we're not
sure where we're from,

though we're not sure when we'll leave, though we're
not sure where we'll go,

we keep our heads up

we keep our hearts up

we keep our hopes up

Keep your head up. we're fine. Just keep your head up. I
swear we'll be alright.

Keep your head up. Oh, my friends, keep your head up.
and I swear we'll never die.

I swear we'll get home safe and sound, we'll live on
underground

I will give your heart a place to rest when everything
you had has turned and left.

I'll weave your names into my ribcage; lock your hearts
inside my chest.

Regain the passion I once carried; do away with all the
rest.

I tore the sickness from your bodies; smashed its head
against the bricks.

I made a castle from its bones that you may always

dwell in it.
So sing for every buried moment that you'd thought
would never end.
And sing your fears about the future; and a dirge for
faded friends.
For all the love that you had held to, why it somehow
failed to keep.
And sing each minute you've been frightened; every
hour that you've lost sleep
And sing for all your friends and family; sing for those
who didn't survive.
But sing not for their final outcome; sing a song of how
they tried.
We live amidst a violent storm; leaves us unsatisfied at
best,
So fill your heart with what's important, and be done
with all the rest.
We are what's left of what we once were
We are falling far behind.
There's so much stacking up against us and we're
running out of time.

We are but hopeful children, and we're the last of our
kind.
But if we let our hearts move outward, I know we will
never-
We are but friends and family, we are the last of our
kind.
So hold my hand, I'll lift your head up, and I promise
we'll be fine.
We are but hopeful lovers, and we are running out of
time.
There's so much stacking up against us, and we're
falling far behind.
We are but hopeful lovers, we are the last of our kind,
But if we let our hearts move outward, I know we will
never-
We are but lovers, we are the last of our kind.
And if we let our hearts move outward, I know we will
never-
We are but lovers, we are the last of our kind.
And if we let our hearts move outward, we will never
die

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