The American Tragedy "Amberlith"

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You arise to the color of Amberlyth You step through my skin and out And we stand under a sequin sky Eyes filled with fireflies and pages

Out of the sun
We all become
Things of radioactive blood
And Indian ink, blackwater's teeth
Forged with needles and bones
How do we act now you've gotten back
The wings you've missed for so long

Where do you wanna go Where do you wanna be Where do you wanna go This trips on me

You look like the desert wind Discovered from end to end the earth And our guide is the atom bomb It learns all that we've become, rejoice

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