

The Stills

"Statue Of Sirens"

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Here is your home, and all of your friends
Your dreams, your whole life
Stretched to its end
To never be sullen, never be sad
Powder of rust in the palm of your hand

I'm bringing up the past
To put it all to rest
Spirits taking off through the holes in my chest
A statue of sirens sinks at high tide
Singing all admissions for me now

And all this because
I lost my mind when it mattered the most
And all this becomes
A weight in your heart that you carry alone

Everybody's taken on a mission of faith
Crumbling earth that you carry away
Messages relayed between the heart and the brain
Quietly, all leaving from me now

And all this because
I lost my mind when it mattered the most
And all this becomes
A weight in your chest that you carry alone

And all this becomes
The end of a war that I battled alone

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