

The Temple

"An Endless Supply"

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Every call you never made,
Every call you waited for, it never came.
Every ancient sound that's passed through your ears
In an endless supply of ones and zeroes.
Every sun you never saw,
Every sun you said didn't make it at all.
Oh, the futuristic landscape's shaped like today,
But just a few days later.
I can feel it as one, I can feel it in the thunder.

Too many words in a day, too many words I don't want
to forget to tell you.
I wanna fire it all away, we want a tombstone as high as
the bible.
And every shred is fake, I'm afraid.
And every shred is contemplated.
And every shred you can keep your eyes on,
Check me while I check the horizon.
I can feel it as one, I can feel it in the thunder.
Here's what we do, we learn you the rules,
And if you get stuck, you can throw them the fuck out.

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