

This Or The Apocalypse "Mauna Kea"

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What was it about that outstretched knight
That made you tie your hands?
With your soul fastened to the earth, and no birds sing

My best man hears the golden verse but he don't even
know

But he don't even know

We've loathed ourselves more than our vices [x2]

You're two handfuls of soil
Thrown against the pavement

Why won't you grow? [x4]

Batter this nation; batter it's heart
Just like an usurped town, to another due
There is rhythm underneath the failing arches

Just let me through [x2]

I'll come like a foreign tirade
With anguish moist and fever-dew
Enmeshed in all the shackles of decline

And they'll scream to you that I have thee in thrall
Just let me through [x2]

Just let me through [x2]

We are the rain fall
We break apart across the stones

And we seek another river
Half flushed like my lady's throat
Joined back together and tumbling wayward

Tumbling wayward

But we are not the water
No, we are no water at all

For our earth is cold and dry, and no birds sing

We've loathed ourselves more than our vices [x2]

You're two handfuls of soil
Thrown against the pavement

Why won't you grow? [x4]

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