

This Or The Apocalypse "Monuments"

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Harsh spoken cadence are these crooked lines we walk
by

Yet brilliant beasts of flight
Don't cease to line our roads home
Drowned amongst a sea of faintly falling ashes

We, we cannot, we cannot came back here [x2]

Speaking through the slit in your tongue
Crying out that you belong
Just for you are bitter in thought
And you ate of your own heart

In gathering the fragments of the time we've sowed
We never chose the crops nor the tares
In burning what's left of every single field
How could you ever forget?

What is left to build here? [x2]

Of which do first we destroy? [x2]

Ancient sullen anger
Put your hands in earth
You were once the roots of something whole
Right there where you stand; put your hands in earth
There is nothing left to set us apart.

There can never be an end to all the graves and the
dust
And we will never wash it from our hands
In carving your name into the marble stone
How could you ever forget?

How could you ever forget? [x2]

We, we cannot, we cannot came back here [x2]

Speaking through the slit in your tongue
Crying out that you belong
Just for you are bitter in thought
And you ate of your own heart

Immensity is now your greatest fear
As it calmly tracks your steps
In planting the seeds along your very home
How could you ever forget?

And all we have left are the monuments
How could you ever forget? [x2]

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