

This Or The Apocalypse "Two Wars"

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Of all the wars you've fought
Which one is etched along your headstone
Bygone, remote, and cast aside?
Did you hold your hands every single night?
Did you wash them in the waters of a grave?

Silence in sovereign fleet the hand that dare seize the
fire
Struggle to sound above the piercing
Echo trill of this hapless, bloody sigh

Stalking in this fearful symmetry the trail back
To the hammer, the chain, and the furnace

Slowly they will tarnish and break
The tiger utters not his own name

And in triumph, and in glory
Our earth is blackened
In solace do we sing

I'm not ashamed
If blood is what you ask

Then I have nothing to offer [x2]

Your ghost is leaving; it has undone itself
In death they do speak low into our ears

"I've been waiting for this" [x2]

Slowly they will tarnish and break
The tiger utters not his own name

And in triumph, and in glory
Our earth is blackened
In solace do we sing [x5]

Unchanging

