

Structures

"Encounter"

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Our lives are nothing but a means to an end.

And when the ground cracks beneath your feet,
You will find the only thing that's left is peace of mind,
Or any other fucking kind.

I've been reciting this with an imminent gaze,
And now I don't know if you've got it in you but,
Life will be the fucking death of me.

This is all just a repetition.
To everyone, make it a mission to be the change you
want to see.
Lay down the foundation and where you wish to be.
I promise that it won't be the place you'll find me.

Get ready for the calm, before the storm.

These are the words that we speak,
But have you seen the things that we've been seeing?
Buried beneath the walls, get ready for the calm I say.
Have you seen what I've been,
Waiting for the passage our light brings?
Have you seen what I've seen?

Get ready, buried beneath the walls.
Today resigns the peace through our decisions.

This is a calling to arms;
We cannot face our decisions in favor of you.

Don't you think it's time to go home?

You're always running from it.
This is what it feels to be torn,
But death will beat you to it.
Don't you think it's time to go home?
This is what it feels to be torn and this is what it is.

I bet you never saw this coming.

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