

Million Dead "Gnostic Front"

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it's tragic to concede geothermals, to take the deus
from the machina, and yet what could i have done? i
bowed my head and just injured my neck. what could i
have said? oh yes, TS, i have stuttered your words.
what could i accept? because if it's all or nothing, then
i've made my choice. what must i reject? and i know
that in silence there is wisdom, but i know that this
beauty is marred with peter's scars. and i know that in
this vastness is veneration, but the bone was broke
when nicea spoke. the beauty becomes the model
becomes the law becomes the weight becomes the
wisdom. not so far from surrendering myself, not so
far from letting my sandcastles get washed away, not
so far from wallowing in the pity, effaced or striking my
own damn pose. but i know that in silence there is
wisdom, and i know that this beauty is marred with
peter's scars, and i know that in this vastness is
veneration, but i know that i can't walk this road with my
bones broke.

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