

Jacky Heretic "Burial Songs"

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Think about it; the wrong places, the wrong faces
would start with the killing of every child. This is not a
matter of life and death anymore. We will show them
for sure. Bitch. Smoking out won't hurt you, but
someone will lay down these roses and pray for death.
I've seen the water break down more than you've got.
So bury the roses. Blessed are your words instead.
Bury the roses in oceans of decay and make out what
i've written: "Revolution comes.". This will feel like a
good thing, but even good things end.

Forget all that we trust in. It's not that nice, but today I
woke up broken. And I wasn't telling all these lies to
myself in random order. All this treason to myself. This
treason breaking down everything I have ever had.

Bury the roses in oceans of decay and make out what
i've written: "Revolution comes.". This will feel like a
good thing, but even good things end so give me
something to hold on to; make these memories stick
and tell me why the last thing you mentioned was an
approval of things to come.

Endless path, call my name, take these children's
minds and sing. Cleanse these rivers and stories they
tell. It's not a thought when all this ends well. And it's
too late to take down. And it's too late to kill these
thoughts. When all this ends well:
Dance carelessly.

Forget all that we trust in. It's not that nice. But today I
woke up broken and I wasn't telling all these lies to
myself in random order, all this treason to myself.
Dance carelessly. Drop these thoughts and fucking
dance carelessly.

And it's too late to save you now.

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