

Academy Is, The "Memento Mori"

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Narrative: Fear. A Fever is Dancing in stride
with our metronome memory.
Hypocrisy here.
Painting a portrait that's dripping with crass
composition.
Fumbled trust, the father is dead.
Cathedrals are burning.
lies fueled fires,
fear burns red, now I'm cold.
Going inside, going inside of our heads.
When we whisper: danger, danger,
pull the lever.
Turn the page
and I'll burn better in the morning.

Heartlessness.
Narratives.
Christ, where did you go?
Impassioned.
Abandoned.
Why, you were wrong.

This will die out.
Narrative Fear. A fever is dancing in stride. Metronome
memory. Hypocrisy here.
It's painting a portrait that's screaming "The Silence of
Dying."
Fumbled trust, the father is dead.
Cathedrals are burning.
Lies Fuel fires. Fear burns red and I'm cold.
Going inside, going inside of our heads.
When we whisper: danger, danger,
pull the lever and I burn better in the morning.

Heartlessness.
Narratives.
Christ, where'd you go?
Impassioned.
Abandoned.
Why, you were wrong.

We've forgotten how to read.

We've forgotten how to believe.
The text has gone dark.
The author recedes. (2x)]

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