

Young Livers

"Of Misery And Toil"

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At it's core insincere,
Comes close but not to touch.
An obligation to deform.
And we were warned and in our own reaction,
Tied now to this push.
Martyrs to no cause.
Our direction not to follow.
It's some sensory misperception.
As it feeds in the shallows.
Heavy of our tongue lay these words onto you, and it's
obvious:
It's nothing but sound.

We push and we pull,
And if we don't get away or we just can't get enough,
We'll burn this all to the ground.

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