

Goldie

"The Mystery Of William Lawrence"

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Turn the hour glass over.
Time is moving backwards.
There's no gravity.
Tear down the walls of anguish.

All my heroes were martyrs, teachers, and enemies.
These days won't live long past tonight.
This is getting out of hand.
The dust has gathered on us.
I don't want to live and die here, and fade away just
like our memories.
My memories don't serve me well these days.
Innocence compromised.

Home.
Embers still burn...
Home is where the heart dies.
...in the ashes of our past.
So saturate the wick...
Home is where the heart dies
...that casts the light.

Ghosts will haunt this town after we're gone.
Dreams may come but nightmares last forever.
We're doomed.
The dust has gathered on us
I don't want to...
...fade away just like our memories
My memories don't serve me well these days.
Innocence won't live on.

Burn your bridges down.

This is acceptance.
Dried the ashes and made my peace with death,
...because knowledge retained will be lessons learned
when they are given.
You were the catalyst.

Turn the hour glass back over.
There's no time anymore.
We spent it all thinking about the past we can never
change.
Congratulations.

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