

Thrice

"So Strange I Remember You"

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So strange I remember you in protest of a prayer
Falling back from seas we fear to sail
I swear I saw the shooter gold deep and double dare
Postmortem warnings seem inclined to fail

Feigning an apology
Those words they never left your lips
Those five years in Bermuda
Slide by like the lights of passing ships

So strange that I remember you
Knee deep in Nietzsche's lies
My throat was an open grave
I drank your stained glass eyes

And they taste like dead cathedrals
That are crumbling beneath a weight
Ten thousand jaded tourists
Who've traded in their hearts and hands for

Disposable cameras
Set to document to decay
Set to capture just enough of life
To catalogue the things we throw away

Breathing the fumes of our machines
We've lost our way
Breathing through television dreams

If we could only see us now
If we could only see us now

The words of the dead ring in our ears
But it's only a lie
The voice, in your head brings you to tears
But you don't know why

The words of the dead ring in our ears
But it's only a lie
The voice, in your head brings you to tears
But its only a lie
Yes, it's only a lie isn't it?

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