

L.A.O. "Tornadoes On Our Breath"

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At first the gods cried big armageddon tears.
They left us floating away for years and years.
They flattened cities with whimpers so sinister.
Tornadoes on their breath like rosaries and ministers.
And inspiration, how it poured out
With every weakness compounding more doubt.

Why couldn't they just die young? Be remembered as
martyrs and children?

Birds are all living in buildings.
Kids are still singing and playing.
Life, it goes on without you.
Faceless and nameless, the shame...it's just a stupid
game.

And they were sorry we had to see 'em like this.
Cold and broken, so weak so pathetic.
Bow your head so that no one will remember
Like a letter unread; "return to sender."
Cold and tired, forgotten starletts
Drifting slowly like giant islands.

Birds are all living in buildings.
Kids are still singing and playing.
Life, it goes on without you.
Faceless and nameless, the same...it's just a stupid
game.

This suture won't suit you well.

Birds are all living in buildings.
Kids are still singing and playing.
Life, it goes on without you.
Faceless and nameless, the same...it's just a stupid
game.

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