

Pioneers

From Autumn To Ashes

Dismiss the telegram, this is no exhibition
A pile of papers that are bound and tethered
We know the end of man will stem from stale tradition
Relaying opinions changing like the weather

And this will never be
And this will never be
Reversed an installation
Sending an open invitation

To all the pioneers, driven by suspicion
The old world's gone and we keep wishing
For a new frontier to sink our teeth in
Forget what you thought you believed in

The plans we execute are far between and few
But I'll go around the world just for something to do
Existence is fleeting you, spend your life dreaming
The shores are exhausted, the tide is receding

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And this will never be
Reversed an installation
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And those who resisted
Were dragged out from their homes
This necklace was fashioned
Out of their teeth and bones

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