

[I. A Clot Of Tragedy]

Bring this entire crowd, bring this to its knees
Marching would slow our pace, swelling shades of mystery

We have the motive to breathe and to feed from the mouth of deceit

Bring this underground, bring this to its knees

Mutual fear will bring us peace, the raven builds its nest

We have the motive to breathe and to feed from the mouth of deceit

[II. A Swarm Of Dedication]

I'm haunted by the strength of human limitation.
We're all dead.

We have the motive to breathe and to feed from the mouth of disease

I'm sending you letters like I'm daring you to, in relation to you going astray.
What seemed like a lifetime spent riding on the wings of backwards devils.

It was like I had fled from a lion, only to meet a bear.
Cut off when I saw the unseen.
Sending me home, covered with dust and ashes.
Humiliation and insignificance.
Roll out the chariots, teeth of a bear, those fangs, a continual lash and spur onto dedication.
I will not be moved or shaken.
I will not be misled.
Messenger follows messenger follows messenger follows.....