

The Endless March

After the Burial

Eyes flare, this glow becomes our lanterns
We are searching for truth, but find dust and dirt
Though sight falls hard, trudge headfirst and forget what matters
Caught in the trample of the tow, bones scrape against the asphalt
Gaze into the depth and try to find the fire within

I try to pick up the pieces, try to pick up the pieces
Pick up mud and reinvent these limbs
Caught in tow we are a sight of endless marching and swaying lights

We leave lumber for the need - Rebuild this broken body
Lumber for the need - rebuild this broken soul

Try to pick up the pieces, but timber becoming decay
Excavate bone and sculpt mud into limbs, following the sequence
Leave a little bit of ourselves behind with every step
Broken teeth fractured and spread out
Blending in the scene hands swell and branches break becoming lumber for the need

This glow becomes our lanterns, though sight falls hard
Trudge headfirst and forget what matters
Gaze the depth and try to find fire within pick up mud and reinvent these broken limbs

Forcefully held down, friction burns our bones that scrape against the asphalt
Forcefully held down, fragments of our broken teeth spread out around us
Forcefully held down try to pick up all the pieces, become decay