

Helmets Down

Diorama

Brother are you safe where you are?
Beyond the exit signs beneath, the trap doors
The youthful dream is always sent to sleep...
Behind a wall in a cold white room.

Brother there is nothing left to fear,
No entwined opacity, no regretting.
All that we've been all we could have been
Remains unharmed in a cold white room.

Helmets down, we've lost the war,
It's not my fault, I've been too far away.

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All the exit signs, all the trap doors
The youthful dream is always sent to sleep
Behind a wall in a cold white room.

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It's not my fault, I've been too far away.