

Pride War

Further Seems Forever

You'd trade our starving eyes
for a tar and feathered heart
a 25cent execution
to hear your anthem praises played
on frequency decayed
a breath of frigid self-made winter.

Sing out and
sing loud
we'll sing as loud as you do
and hold on
hold on
cause this is the end of the line
I'm not falling.

Of beautiful
and sacred things
and your immaculate disguise
I'm trading it in
I'm trading it in
for my pride war emblem.

As if id fall to pieces.
As if id fall to pieces in the wake of your design.

I'm not falling

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I'm not falling.

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I'm not falling