

The Long Defeat

Thrice

The tyranny of deterioration
Worries me that it's all just a waste of time
Taking one step forward, two steps back
Still I believe there's a breadth through the thorns
And I believe the summer's warm
And I believe that it's ever bright beyond this black

So keep holding on to hope without assurance
Holding on to a memory of light
But will the morning come? For all I know
We'll never see the sun, but together we'll fight the long defeat
at

Suffering that I see all around
It's enough to keep me crashing down
Till I, I'm wrecked and wreathing from these falls
Still I believe there's a word in the wire
And I believe there's a way through the fire
And I, believe, there's a joy that blooms beyond these walls

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Holding on to a memory of light
But will the morning come? For all I know
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