

Living in a 3-D world,  
Where the clock is in control.  
He sits on his throne on top of my wrist and tells me what I know.

The devil tries to plague my mind,  
But he can't quite get inside.  
I'll place my jar in a burial grounds that only I can find.

Winding up the back road hill,  
Looking for God's acre still.  
And just when I gave up, a headstone was seen near the top of the military kill.

As I hear the horses drawing close,  
Over all the corpses we loved most.  
But I never see them, I never see them.  
I never see them, I never see them.

There's a figure watching from the knoll.  
All the myths and stories we were told,  
But I never listen, I never listen.  
I never listen, I never listen.