

...But Home Is Nowhere

AFI

Twenty-six years and seems like I've just begun
To understand my, my intimate is no one
When the director sold the show, who bought its last rites?
They cut the cast, the music, and the lights

This is my line, this is eternal
How did I ever end up here?
Discarnate, preternatural
My prayers to disappear
Absent of grace, marked as infernal
Ungranted in dead time left me disowned
To this nature, so unnatural
I remain alone

Twenty-six years end, still speaking in these tongues
Such revelations while understood by no one
When the new actor stole the show, who questioned his grace?
Please clear this house of ill-acquired taste

This is my line, this is eternal
How did I ever end up here?
Discarnate, preternatural
My prayers to disappear
Absent of grace, marked as infernal
Ungranted in dead time left me disowned
To this nature, so unnatural
I remain alone

Give me something, give me something
Give me something, give me something
Give me something, give me something real

I lay strewn across the floor, can't solve this puzzle
Everyday another small piece can't be found
I lay strewn across the floor, pieced up in sorrow
The pieces are lost, these pieces don't fit
Pieced together incomplete and empty

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We held hands on the last night on earth
Our mouths filled with dust.
We kissed under the trees
And in the fields
Screaming like dogs,
Bleeding dark into leaves.

It was empty on the edge of town
But we knew everyone floated along the bottom of the river.
So we walk through the waste
where the road curved into the sea.
And the shattered seasons lay
and the bitter smell of Burning was on you like a disease
In our cancer of passion you said
"Death is a midnight runner."

the sky came crashing down
like the news of an intimate suicide
we picked up the shards
and formed them into shapes of stars
that wore like an antique wedding dress
The echoes of the past broke the hearts of the unborn
as the ferris wheel silently slowed to a stop.

the few insects skittered away
in hopes of a better pastime
i kissed you at the apex of the maelstrom and asked
if you would accompany me in a quick fall
but you made me realize
that my ticket wasn't good for two...
i rode alone

You said the cinders are falling like snow.
there is poetry in despair
And we sang with unrivaled beauty.
bitter elegies of savagery and eloquence.
Of blue and grey.
Strange, we ran down desperate streets and carved our names in
the flesh of the city.

The sun was stagnated somewhere beyond the rim of the horizon
and the darkness is a mystery of curves and lines.
Still, we lay under the emptiness and drifted slowly outward,
and somewhere in the wilderness we found salvation scratched
into the earth like a message.

I cannot leave here, I cannot stay.
Forever haunted, more than afraid.
Asphyxiate on words I would say.
I'm drawn to a blackened sky as I turn blue.

There are no flowers
No, not this time.
There'll be no angels gracing the line.
Just these stark words I find.

I'd show a smile,
But I'm too weak.
I'd share with you,
Could I only speak,

Just how much this hurts me.

I cannot stay here, I cannot leave.
Just like all I've loved,
I'm make believe.
Imagine heart, I disappear
seems no one will appear here and make me real.

There are no flowers
No, not this time.
There'll be no angels gracing the lines.
Just these stark words I find.

I'd show a smile,
But I'm too weak.
I'd share with you,
Could I only speak,
Just how much this hurts me.

I'd tell you how it haunts me.
I'd tell you how it haunts me.
I'd tell you how it haunts me.
You don't care that it haunts me.

There are no flowers
No, not this time.
There'll be no angels gracing the lines.
Just these stark words I find.

I'd show a smile,
But I'm too weak.
I'd share with you,
Could I only speak,
Just how much this hurts me.

Just how much this hurts me.
Just how much you...