

Faith we abate, a perfect design of which we deprecate
We can't decipher this suppressive surge of desire
As I watch the hands of time cradle circumstance and consequenc
e
I reiterate that the hourglass is near its end and depleting sw
iftly
Trace the edge along this line we drew within this narrow space

Memories I can't recreate
Wreckage beyond what we could calculate
An affection that fluctuates
Familiar speech in a new tongue that I can not translate

Who's to say that our faith was kept in a safe place
As we witness a weaker pulse and shallow breaths
The innocent fight to take their life back, no surrender of lig
ht from their eyes
Perpetrator, give back what's not yours to keep
Stolen destinations of contingency, ripped apart and vanishing

Memories I can't recreate
Wreckage beyond what we could calculate
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These wandering eyes provide confirmation of idle actions
Holding keys to open doors we're too afraid to enter
We scrutinize but execution falls short
Disgust for lack of action
Cover your face with your hands and look away

Memories I can't recreate
Wreckage beyond what we could calculate
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Perpetrator, give back what's not yours to keep