

That Dog'll Hunt

Evergreen Terrace

Stop burning bridges.
When you know you can't swim.
You're always starting battles.
Just to bury men (just to bury men)

You can stare down the sun.
But when you turn tail and run.
I hope your feet don't fail you.
We'll carry on. We'll carry on.
Grind your teeth to the gum.
You're itching to jump the gun.
But when your feet have failed you.
We'll carry on. We'll carry on.

Rattle the walls you built to keep yourself in.
With only ghosts left to commune.

That's what you get for staring at the sun again.
Until the blood runs from your nose.
I know you burn your candles at both ends.
We all learn the hard way, I suppose.