

The Golden Age Of Knowhere

Funeral Party

I saw the ages brought down by fear
Watched them run off and return for years and years
Sought out the lights making all lost clear
As we dried out are blank stares from ear to ear
Here we are

Suit up, we're ready to fight the war
Watch the birds carry on as we set for more
Crawled out our houses to mend the scars
As we weld together, they fall so far

Soon all the pieces of broken time
Held together for seconds what's left to find
Throw out your backs and hold up your arms
As we march out the temples, return to stars
Here we are

Complicated matters in my frame
As we make our way out to the sun
Journey through it all and try to tame
And we're doing it before it's done

Make our markings out through all the woods
As we fling are bodies in the sun
And it was coming up, it's come away too clear
It's a feeling I can never sell

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