

The Procession

Manchester Orchestra

The procession went smoothly, the lights low and dim.
I raised my clear glass and I toast times to heaven,
But you're not the same love that I used to know.
Well, I'll break this guitar and board up these windows.
Just make sure they know that I won't return.

With my bloody lips, and your broken arms,
We'll turn into one and we'll sing the same song.
With my sinking feet and your heavy heart,
No don't you start. no don't you start this again.

This house screams of memories and half-written songs,
With the chance of completion depending on love.
This disconnected phone, well, it is seldom to speak.
Although, when it does its so harsh and complete.