

Is this what we came here for  
to be painted bellicose  
set the path for the weak to follow  
misinterpret what you taste  
fill the void and recreate  
ignorance where the weak surrender

landslide hold still  
thought you'd make it out of this  
landslide hold still  
did you think you would be missed?  
like a footprint in the sand  
washed away and forgotten

one by one the crows will cry  
ringing judgments full of lies  
stack the pile  
shit-grinned and single file  
hang the words upon the wall  
and inscribe into the stone  
stretching miles  
hundreds in their catacombs

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one more begging pleads reasons to heal  
too late the flood is already here

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