Visceral (Commentary)

John Mark McMillan

A visceral love runs the length of our veins
As we sit above the miles of pain
Till all of our fears become skinny ones
And from your window I can see a kingdom comesHearts will wage war, but in the settling dust
What remains at the end of us
Our skinny fears for our cold resolve
When from your window I can see the ages dawnCinder and stone (brick and mortar)
Everybody folds (up against the water)
Cinder and stone (brick and mortar)
Everybody folds, everybody foldsCinder and stone (brick and mortar)
Everybody folds (up against the water)
Cinder and stone (brick and mortar)
Everybody folds, everybody foldsHearts will wage war, but in the settling dust
What remains at the end of us
Our skinny fears for our cold resolve
When from your rooftop I can see the ages dawnCinder and stone (brick and mortar)
Everybody folds (up against the water)
Cinder and stone (brick and mortar)
Everybody folds, everybody foldsCinder and stone (brick and mortar)
Everybody folds (up against the water)
Cinder and stone (brick and mortar)
Everybody folds, everybody foldsMemories rust and trophies fade
In the remnants of our glory days
Will we regret the thing that we've made
From your table I can see a better way

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