

# 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 comes  
Hearts 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 dawn  
Cinder and stone (brick and mortar)  
Everybody folds (up against the water)  
Cinder and stone (brick and mortar)  
Everybody folds, everybody folds  
Cinder and stone (brick and mortar)  
Everybody folds (up against the water)  
Cinder and stone (brick and mortar)  
Everybody folds, everybody folds  
Hearts 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 dawn  
Cinder and stone (brick and mortar)  
Everybody folds (up against the water)  
Cinder and stone (brick and mortar)  
Everybody folds, everybody folds  
Cinder and stone (brick and mortar)  
Everybody folds (up against the water)  
Cinder and stone (brick and mortar)  
Everybody folds, everybody folds  
Memories 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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