

The Last Lost Continent

La Dispute

The Last Lost Continent :

I felt your sickness brush against my arm as I walked by you ?
heard your voice but couldn't tell that it was you.

And, slowly, watched your sickness slip away into a place
that I'd once feared but I was not afraid this time

So I gave chase and found it, finally, slowly feeding from your head,
And from my friends, and from my family, so I grabbed it by the neck.

"For every lover you have ruined..." I dug my nails into its flesh.

"...and every life that you have taken..."

Slammed its head against the brick.

Its blood poured out onto the pavement,

I stirred it in with dirt and spit,

"I will take a part of you."

I made mortar from the mix.

Tore every organ from its body,
broke its bone and fashioned bricks,

I laid the mortar in between,

I made a throne for hope to sit.

"Too long you've torn us into pieces,
firmly held onto our wrists. Today I bury you in me."

I swallowed every inch of it.

I'll hold you, as you have held me -
you've held me in your heart, we'll be set free from fear.

We've felt our failures.

We've watched our passions leave, but we're still breathing on.

I'll hold you, as you have held me,

You've held me in your heart.

(And I will hold you in my heart)

But I still see him dead in the parking lot at the gas station just down the street.

And I still hear my friend say,

"You know, you wouldn't believe the things I saw when I was stationed overseas."

But he somehow keeps smiling in spite all of that,

while I keep finding ways to push the good out for the bad

Oh, how selfish of myself to always say that it was more than I could take,

like it was pain I could not shake,

like it could break me with its fingers, throw my body in the lake,

and I would slowly sink away

but the Truth is it was sorrow that I made and would not face.

See, I keep falling for the future after tripping on the past.

And I am always tearing sutures out to make the anguish last like it defines me.
Or reminds me I've found comfort in my suffering
and uncertainty in happiness and death,
because what's next is such a mystery to me.

I am terrified of all the things I feel but cannot see.
Friends and family, put your hand into my hand and lay your head into my chest.

You are all that I have left here

We are all that we have left.

We are the lovers, We are the last of our kind.

Link your arms and keep your chin up
and I swear that we'll be fine.

We are the lovers, We are the last of our kind.

Though we're not sure who we are, though we're not sure where we're from,
though we're not sure when we'll leave, though we're not sure where we'll go,

we keep our heads up

we keep our hearts up

we keep our hopes up

Keep your head up. we're fine. Just keep your head up. I swear we'll be alright.
Keep your head up. Oh, my friends, keep your head up. and I swear we'll never die.

I swear we'll get home safe and sound, we'll live on underground

I will give your heart a place to rest when everything you had has turned and left.

I'll weave your names into my ribcage; lock your hearts inside my chest.

Regain the passion I once carried; do away with all the rest.

I tore the sickness from your bodies; smashed its head against the bricks.

I made a castle from its bones that you may always dwell in it.

So sing for every buried moment that you'd thought would never end.

And sing your fears about the future; and a dirge for faded friends.

For all the love that you had held to, why it somehow failed to keep.

And sing each minute you've been frightened; every hour that you've lost sleep

And sing for all your friends and family; sing for those who didn't survive.

But sing not for their final outcome; sing a song of how they tried.

We live amidst a violent storm; leaves us unsatisfied at best,

So fill your heart with what's important, and be done with all the rest.

We are what's left of what we once were

We are falling far behind.

There's so much stacking up against us and we're running out of time.

We are but hopeful children, and we're the last of our kind.

But if we let our hearts move outward, I know we will never-

We are but friends and family, we are the last of our kind.

So hold my hand, I'll lift your head up, and I promise we'll be fine.

We are but hopeful lovers, and we are running out of time.

There's so much stacking up against us, and we're falling far behind.

We are but hopeful lovers, we are the last of our kind,

But if we let our hearts move outward, I know we will never-

We are but lovers, we are the last of our kind.
And if we let our hearts move outward, I know we will never-
We are but lovers, we are the last of our kind.
And if we let our hearts move outward, we will never die

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