

In Keeping Secrets of Silent Earth 3

Coheed and Cambria

Broad incision sits across the evening
The victim to our fathers' lost war
The restless children sit and mourn the graves
Of those they've never seen before
Will they be buried here among the dead in the silent secret? The pioneers, in dealing with it, they march for
dawn
Of will and worthy
The truth be told, the child was born Man your own jackhammer, man your battle stations
We'll have you dead pretty soon, and now
Sincerely written from my brother's blood machine to yours
Man your battle stations, we'll have you home pretty soon, and now Awakening motion, we're curious to curtain
your first move
Over arms' length they'll break protocol
Jealous envy for the youngest one
To be the hero is all I'll ask Can I be buried here among the dead?
With room to honor me here in the end
You'll be better off too soon
You'll be better off when you get home The pioneers, in dealing with it, they'll march for dawn
For will and worthy
The truth be told, the child was born Man your own jackhammer, man your battle stations
We'll have you dead pretty soon and now
Sincerely written from my brother's blood machine to yours
Man your battle stations, we'll have you home pretty soon, and now For you, I'd do anything just to make you
happy
Hear you tell me that you're proud of me
For them, I'll kill anything, cut the throats of babies
For them, break their hearts for they were them
Waiting for you to say, "I love you too" The navigator, the pilot, her favorite
The one they call the vision that bears the gift
The navigator, the pilot, her favorite
The one they call the vision that bears the gift Will, do the children really understand
The things you did to them?
And why, oh why should they conjure up the will
For you, my love, I would kill him
We're coming home pretty soon, coming home In the seventh turning hour, will the victims' shadow fall?
Should the irony grow hungry?
With the victory and all they sought for
We were one upon the fence, one among the fence We are, we are, now we're coming home
Man your own jackhammer, man your battle stations

We'll have you dead pretty soon, and now
Sincerely written from my brother's blood machine to yours
Man your battle stations, we'll have you home pretty soon, 'til then

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