# Monuments

## Yann Tiersen

Harsh spoken cadence are these crooked lines we walk by,
Yet brilliant beasts of flight.
Don't cease to line our roads home,
Drowned amongst a sea of faintly falling ashes.We cannot come back here.
Speaking through the slit in your tongue.
Crying out that you belong.
Just for you are bitter in thought,
And you ate of your own heart.In gathering the fragments of the time we've sowed,
We never chose the crops nor the tares.
In burning what's left of every single field,
How could you ever forget?What is left to build here?
Of which do first we destroy?
Ancient sullen anger.
Put your hands in the earth.
You were once the roots of something whole.
Right there where you stand; put your hands in the earth.
There is nothing left to set us apart.There can never be an end to all the graves and the dust
And we will never wash it from our hands,
In carving your name into the marble stone,
How could you ever forget?We cannot come back here.
Speaking through the slit in your tongue.
Crying out that you belong.
Just for you are bitter in thought,
And you ate of your own heart.Immensity is now your greatest fear,
As it calmly tracks your steps.
In planting the seeds along your very home,
How could you ever forget?
And all we have left are the monuments.

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