

Fifteen Part 1

Ã,Â;Forward, Russia!

The time is never a healer
You view the hourglass in this light
In a portent of removing logic
You took my head and built a supermarket on it
Digging while dusk still showedAnd the marching band was just another fucking mirage
Or a car key, a car key to help us flee the hole
In a pretense of inducing vomit
You took my head and built a supermarket on it
Trying to keep it lowA shattered ghoul, you hurl the mountain
Across the edge of fratricide
A shattered ghoul, you hurl the mountain
Until I've got nowhere to hide, hide, hideIn the heart of the base machine
You can entertain yourself
Entertain what you know
And it came, and it blew out my fucking brainUncandescently take the best of me
Turn me into a child
I'll try to take it, hide into you
Don't try to take it and watch it surround
I'll try to take it, hide into youLord, protect me from the violence
Oh, my darlingThe time, it's a fickle thing
Through days, months and minutes
We forget how to sing
A skyline envelopes the east
And western misfortune is freely erasedA truncation of Caesar's might
We came, we saw, we set up our lives
To beg, to cheat, to lie, to steal
The parts of you that make up the forgotten sidesGive me a wall
Give me a wall
Give me a wallA shattered ghoul, you hurl the mountain
Across the edge of fratricide
A shattered ghoul, you hurl the mountain
Until I've got nowhere to hide, hide, hideA shattered ghoul, you hurl the mountain
Across the edge of fratricide
A shattered ghoul, you hurl the mountain
Until I've got nowhere to hide, hide, hide

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