

Failure To Thrive

Faith and the Muse

The season's over
The season's done
Too slow to notice
The fire's gone
So thin on the ground
With a chemical heart
And a cheap excuse
I've played my part
A torch to the error
And a cold hard look in the eye
I wonder why
You still wander 'round in rain
A torch to the error
And a cold hard look in the eye
I ask you why
You still wonder...
Run as long as you can
'Til you know what I mean
Not even the rain
Can make me clean
The content of those tiny hours
Contemplate the price of those shadows
Ever screaming toward the anvil
What was the price of those shadows, brother?
A torch to the error
And a cold hard look in the eye
I wonder why
You still wander 'round in rain
A torch to the error
And a cold hard look in the eye
I ask you why
You still wonder 'round in rain
A face to the terror
And a long sharp stick in the eye
I can't deny
My trespass in poor domain
A face to the terror
And a long sharp stick in the eye
I still decry

Your judgment

Your vanity

Your name

(Carry on)

I found a new ring; taught it to believe again

No broken memories remain -- no bloodsick "friends"

The years behind us have all taken wing

In ill-remembrance of a Mad Drunk King

Those who go hiding all their tears in wine

Will find that they've grown rotten on the vine

So carry on, dear brother -- I wish you well

(Just carrion)

With brighter days in mind -- so long -- farewell

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