# Soil

## Counterparts

Tragedy is all we have in common, and at times we allow it to swallow us whole. Drawing the marrow from our misfortunes to ignite the fire that's inside, inhale the smoke from the burn that leaves you breathless. Breathing life into the lifeless, dragging them into the sun and exposing them as apparitions. But is there dignity in living as an entity? "You could have made history, and we are already forgetting about you." Humanity is poison, and we are lost without a cure. So stop your heart and start the healing process. I am not fit to walk among you, but I don't want to end my life. And just know that If I knew of any common ground, I'd leave here now, and I would find a home that I could die in. Just to say I tried to rest in peace. Erase me from your memory. The ones we love will let us down, and the rats will feed off of our failure. Eventually, this is something that we must accept. The world moves on without us. We leave only footprints that fade away in time. Walk with fire, and save yourself from vagrancy. We leave our spirits to retrace our steps. You are your memorial, find your mark and make it. The soil is the last thing we ingest, we watch our ashes scatter. You are your own memorial, find your mark and make it .

Songwriters
Eric James John Bazinet, Kelly Alexander Bilan, Jesse Diamond Doreen, Brendan Murphy, Alexander John
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