

It's Unsustainable

Chris Walla

I was busy, I was occupied
I was burning the fields
A wind of black was blowing over me
And when the cilia revealed All the ash lining my lungs
I heard a song, I heard a whispering
I gave my torch to the flame
I counted out the numbers silently A list of places and names
That I'd best get back to, at least
Were I soon to find leave or release?
To sing again, now and then, now at least On to death and on to dignity
On to flowering the grave
On to faith and on to piety
On to sending away All the tools our dynasty yields
All these papers and axles and wheels
On to quiet, on to silence
On to still It's not unsustainable So don't even try to explain me away
We can make it, love
We can bend at the knee, we can fall
And still we can recover It's not unsustainable
Don't say it
It's not unsustainable

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