

The River

10 Years

Just keep digging, digging, digging
down that hole
clawing, scraping, tearing to the bone
never wait or hesitate to feed the hollow
biting off more than we could ever swallow
here we go around that halo of hope
keeping close the miracles we chose
we keep tilling, churning, turning over every stone
running, chasing to and from the hollow the river wont tell us which way to go
chaos of the lost
filling that hole with our weight in gold
careless of the cost voices clashing causing a prophecy of noise
crosses cracking, crumbling, fall in to the void
dare we know the halo's hanging low
waiting to choke every opposing throat the river wont tell us which way to go
chaos of the lost
filling that hole with our weight in gold
careless of the cost confusion of the lost
in the land of scatterbrains who will lead the way
chaos comes from the cross
monetary masquerade
religious rat race
do or die and down the drain, fight or flight para the river wont tell us which way to go
chaos of the lost
filling that hole with our weight in gold
careless of the cost confusion of the cross

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