

# Fifteen Part 1

## 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 showed And 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 low A 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 In the heart of the base machine  
You can entertain yourself  
Entertain what you know  
And it came, and it blew out my fucking brain Uncandescently 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 you Lord, protect me from the violence  
Oh, my darling The 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 erased A 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 sides Give me a wall  
Give me a wall  
Give me a wall A 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 A 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

Songwriters

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