

So Strange I Remember You

Thrice

So strange I remember you in protest of a prayer
Falling back from seas we fear to sail
I swear I saw the shooter gold deep and double dare
Postmortem warnings seem inclined to fail Feigning an apology
Those words they never left your lips
Those five years in Bermuda
Slide by like the lights of passing ships So strange that I remember you
Knee deep in Nietzsche's lies
My throat was an open grave
I drank your stained glass eyes And they taste like dead cathedrals
That are crumbling beneath a weight
Ten thousand jaded tourists
Who've traded in their hearts and hands for Disposable cameras
Set to document to decay
Set to capture just enough of life
To catalogue the things we throw away Breathing the fumes of our machines
We've lost our way
Breathing through television dreams If we could only see us now
If we could only see us now The words of the dead ring in our ears
But it's only a lie
The voice, in your head brings you to tears
But you don't know why The words of the dead ring in our ears
But it's only a lie
The voice, in your head brings you to tears
But its only a lie
Yes, it's only a lie isn't it?

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