

The Lisbon Girls, Oh The Lisbon Girls

Fear Before The March Of Flames

This empty chest.
This hollow throbbing.
This empty shell. Will help you sleep.
And your name will come in time.
For now take a number. This is a surrender skin
This is hanging on
Sing the high notes, touch his hand.
This is giving up
Faces on! Faces on! We are pretty when we are faking.
I am such a liar when I smile. Son comes home to take solace in his mirror
(the stains of God's loving embrace still ripe around his throat)
Only to find he's no longer human. Father don't you cut the rope I want to die here
Open eyes, dimmer, a chandelier. This empty chest.
This hollow throbbing.
This empty shell. Will help you sleep.
And your name will come in time.
For now take a number. A chandelier.
Not another breather.
The sirens must flock to a new destination.

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