

Ascending

...And You Will Know Us By the Trail of Dead

From a crashing light
I was forced awake
Clutching bloodshot eyes
Wide & afraid
Stark impressions of a
vague translucent day
Distorts the room in a lazy way
A stubborn case of the young man's blues
Has gotten me scouring the streets for you
Where shattered souls and cheated hearts
Descent into a Bedlam of scars
Parading past ancestral skulls
through calloused and bruised urban sprawls
Hot sweat pours down a sunlit road
where life and death meet and explode
What can't be ignored and
can't be explained
I captured in a song's refrain
Each fear I forced on to a page
I read the word and choked with rage After the war we left the dead on the shore
But their screams and cries still haunt us wherever we go
Our little boat caught in the ebb and the flow
on the seas of wine where time has but forgotten us Donde estÃ¡ el oro, donde estÃ¡n los heroes?
Donde estaba el dia del sol para ellos?
Where is the gold? Where are all our heroes?
Where is that day of sun that we have waited on?
Thrown by the wreck into the Eye of the Storm
We cling to life though the gods have all abandoned us Are forced to be in the wrong place
Being forced to fit
being forced to taste
misguided moments I was caught
by the sound of a bell
on a police car The scars, fresh upon my hands
The child emerges a new born man
Vandals, Martyrs, ragged purist stands
Eyes wide like saucers rake the land

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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