

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 won't 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 into the void
Dare we know the halo's hanging low
Waiting to choke every opposing throat

The river won't 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

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 of flight parade

The river won't 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...