

Sacred Shapes

Arcane Roots

How low is the reason for all this exhibition
I see the little something you hide
And my lungs are filled with habits you hold
And I see nothing fortold but smiles
I seeth from inside

We've grown old like all good lust should, end with us
So as lights stream intermittent
And shoulders fallen, risen
We'll see our measure

Time in my hands, I only see what we had
The harder the horror the more there's to cut loose
No more trying to picture this in my head
As your friends sing this song back to you

You hold like envisioned
So gentle but incisioned
You mix the basest crows with the light
And like sums repeat
The gravity holds me to the space
That the autumn leaves like love at your side

Only we've known all the love strewn, ending us
So we stay on our decision
With careless inhibition
We are no better

Time in my hands, I only see what we had
The harder the horror the more there's to cut loose
No more trying to picture this in my head
As your friends sing this song back to you
As your friends sing these songs back to you
As your friends sing these songs back to you

Time in my hands, I only see what we had
The harder the horror the more there's to cut loose
No more trying to picture this in my head
As your friends sing this song back to you
As your friends sing this song back to you
As your friends sing this song back to you
I'm undone

Is love just forgetting the horror
Is love just forgetting the horror
Is love just forgetting the horror
Is love just forgetting the horror

Is love just forgetting the horror
Is love just forgetting the horror
Is love just forgetting the horror
Is love just forgetting the horror