

A Gift To Afterthought

Caligula's Horse

Here and now it ends

We don't remember the first crack
But we will all recall the flood
There go the edges son, but just you wait
I never thought that we would go this way

We stand at the edge and watch the whole world crash around our feet

This is more than each of us
This will be the end of us now
I swear it
Believe me
Just one word
And welcome home was all we heard
Through bars we built ourselves
They've already won
Just one word
And welcome home the empty herd
She always said "I won't believe it - You've found your voice, now let me hear it!"

We left the tyrant, now undone
Drowning at his river's end
We turned our feet to run
The words had called us, son:
We knew the world could end by just one

Just one word
And welcome home was all we heard
Through bars we built ourselves
They'd already won
Just one word
We should have known
The empty herd
She always said that we would soon forget
But there's one word left in the box yet

As stone turns to dust around us
This gift to afterthought brings her own weaknesses
Opening the prison door comes as no consolation to us standing here at the end

There go the edges, son

We stand at the edge and watch the whole world crash around our feet

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Hope

When the world is quiet, just a whisper breaks your rest