

Contra: Second Temple

Eidola

On the day you sold your faith for a chance to be heard
You spoke so softly that no one could make out your word
With all those thoughts on salvation you've yet to convey
And the constant maintenance of yourself on display
Are you okay?

I feel the weight of the world
Reshape, reform, and progress
I hear the dissonance of ignorance
Relive, retain and convalesce

Am I cursed to walk the earth empty handed and afraid
Of every tangible outcome or every possible mistake?
My eyes burn brighter with each passing gaze, and I know
That in the end, I have numbered their days
So it goes

I feel the weight of the world
Reshape, reform, and progress
I hear the dissonance of ignorance
Relive, retain and convalesce

Oh, contra, contra
We give you everything
To mean nothing at all
Oh, contra, contra
We give you everything
To mean nothing at all
(You're just a stranger)
Oh, contra, contra
We give you everything
To mean nothing at all
(You're just a stranger)
Oh, contra, contra
We give you everything
To mean nothing at all