

Faith we abate, a perfect design of which we deprecate  
We can't decipher this suppressive surge of desire  
As I watch the hands of time cradle circumstance and consequenc  
e  
I reiterate that the hourglass is near its end and depleting sw  
iftly  
Trace the edge along this line we drew within this narrow space

Memories I can't recreate  
Wreckage beyond what we could calculate  
An affection that fluctuates  
Familiar speech in a new tongue that I can not translate

Who's to say that our faith was kept in a safe place  
As we witness a weaker pulse and shallow breaths  
The innocent fight to take their life back, no surrender of lig  
ht from their eyes  
Perpetrator, give back what's not yours to keep  
Stolen destinations of contingency, ripped apart and vanishing

Memories I can't recreate  
Wreckage beyond what we could calculate  
An affection that fluctuates  
Familiar speech in a new tongue that I can not translate

These wandering eyes provide confirmation of idle actions  
Holding keys to open doors we're too afraid to enter  
We scrutinize but execution falls short  
Disgust for lack of action  
Cover your face with your hands and look away

Memories I can't recreate  
Wreckage beyond what we could calculate  
An affection that fluctuates  
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Perpetrator, give back what's not yours to keep