

## Religion of Speed

### Every Time I Die

I can't continue on without a sign.  
One wing to haul the weight of only one third of an eye.  
The voice I'm leaning into has been thrown.  
When all the meat is stripped away I'm chewing on the bone.

I'm condemned until the moment I forget  
That I haven't learned a goddamn thing yet.  
My soul is sticking out like a talon through a shell.  
You can wait until the rapture I will hightail it to hell.

Water everywhere but no water fit to drink.  
I've got endless proof and I don't know what to think.  
Nothing but time, not a minute left to spare.  
Gallons of fuel I can't get anywhere.

When all I am is a stone that says  
The name I had and the years that I had been,  
The quiet depths and the measured steps  
Won't echo like the shriek of riot did.

Sever the anchor you drag or be frozen at the stake.  
Choke down all the prey in your path before you become the prey.  
No one likes a company man. Nothing but a snake.

Look at my war it's the prettiest thing alive.  
I traded it for sanity now all you see is mine.  
Open the throttle, feel the thunder in the sails.  
Pick up the scent of fear and follow the trail.

When all I am is a stone that says  
The name I had and the years that I had been,  
The quiet depths and the measured steps  
Won't echo like the shriek of riot did.

I can't move the dredge without heat.  
Stillwater of a puddle and the ocean never meet.  
I've wandered off a path into a storm.  
A trance into a fury, a mantra for a sword.

Doomed until I recall  
How to fire up an engine that has stalled.  
I would trade what I have lost for the things that I have left.  
Some clarity just to see darkness best?

My flower in your barrel hasn't stopped the slaughter yet.

So spent, we can't be saved.  
We lost sleep but we found our way.  
Sharpen your axe against the road.  
Don't hold out hope.

Such courage pulls us down.  
We ride on.  
Such courage pulls us down.  
We ride on.

Our songs refuse a grave.

These beating hearts make violent waves.  
Push the pedal right through the floor.  
Want so much more.

When all I am is a stone that says  
The name I had and the years that I had been,  
The quiet depths and the measured steps  
Won't echo like the shriek of riot did.