

Go Wash Your Mouth, I Don't Know Where It's Been

Fear Before The March Of Flames

Today I watched the sunset in the East
Turns out it was the sunrise
(And I walked a path as I told a story)

(I watched you through your window)
I watched the sky as the moon was left reflecting on the day
I scared you away, so

If I can't have you I'll just close my eyes
And pretend she is you.. Pretend you are mine
I can see the world through your window
And I sing to you every night from here

Today I prayed my plane would crash
You'd hear the news
And you'd think of me as much as I thought of you

And if you never repeat my words
You said them before, and I remember the sound
I keep the lights off
I know you're right here
No matter what, you can't say no to me in my dreams

Your routine is so divine. I have it memorized
As you walk to your window with your light on inside
I know you'll never find me here
As you admire the view
Do you know how pretty you look with your hair down?
I walk to the window admiring the view

(She cried when she found it.
It's feathers were matted and pressed to its side.
It's wings were no longer able.
Still she begged it to fly.
It's body as frail as paper and wet from her tears.
She knelt in the damp grass praying it to heaven.
Gently pressing its head to her heart.

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The sun slips so we dance upon the image nonetheless.
The sun slips so we danced nonetheless)