

## Pioneers

### From Autumn To Ashes

Dismiss the telegram, this is no exhibition  
A pile of papers that are bound and tethered  
We know the end of man will stem from stale tradition  
Relaying opinions changing like the weather

And this will never be  
And this will never be  
Reversed an installation  
Sending an open invitation

To all the pioneers, driven by suspicion  
The old world's gone and we keep wishing  
For a new frontier to sink our teeth in  
Forget what you thought you believed in

The plans we execute are far between and few  
But I'll go around the world just for something to do  
Existence is fleeting you, spend your life dreaming  
The shores are exhausted, the tide is receding

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And those who resisted  
Were dragged out from their homes  
This necklace was fashioned  
Out of their teeth and bones

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