

The Summer Drones

Inter Arma

Here, where the sun blooms with no respite
Crooked men and vagabonds seek the holiness of silence

We've spent a spell drifting on paths bygone
Where our voices wane against the breath of Gods

The summer drones

Here, where the spirit is purged of all earthly trespass
Crooked men and vagabonds desire a most desolate peace
But we'll tread on, through a season unchanged
Across barren expanse to the high desert plain
Where we'll accept our fate and take our rightful place
Among the devils and thieves nailed to the Joshua trees

The summer drones on