

Perpetual Village

Liars

Time proceeds towards what has been a worn and well known road
A known road, a known road
If I could see what couldn't be I know I wouldn't run
No I won't, I won't
Time it speeds into itself, I've known it all along
I'm so old, I am old
Endlessly monotony dulls all alternatives
Life is long, way too long

This kind disease could run its course
This time will be a whole brand new route
This comforts all that ached before
I might just start to believe in trust
This kind disease, a new scapegoat
For my time to leave. New to all unknown

Time proceeds towards what has been a worn and well known course
I won't run, I won't run
Find in me what couldn't be I wrote it on a note
A new world, a new home

Poor estimation of
Poor estimation of
Poor estimation of life
Poor estimation of
Poor estimation of
Poor estimation of life

I'm watching you
I'm watching you
They form a line, to test my pride

I'm a one dream, one pitch sound
I'm a one dream, one pitch sound

I'm aware
I'm aware
Of your appeal
And I'm burning up
All my wondering's done
And I'm burning up
I am burning up
I am burning up

I eat what I kill, waste not
My reasons might have holes
All my wondering's done
All my wondering's done
Likely they will kill me for my reasons and my wants
I will clear a path
I will leave a path

This kind disease won't kill me yet
The chimes will ring with or without wind
Make light of me, a laugh or speech
A longer line, to feed my pride

I'm a one dream, one pitch sound
I'm a one dream, one pitch sound

I'm aware
I'm aware
Of your appeal
And I'm burning up
Yeah I'm burning up
All my wondering's gone
And I'm burning up
I am burning up
I am burning up