

Landscapes

The Getaway Plan

We are wandering aimlessly, with daggers at our side
(Is this an invitation?)
Acrimonious even know the road's been paved with gold
(Everything's coming back to me)
Nothing is ever as it seems

You carry the weight of the world
But your voice is never heard
Count your blessings, find yourself a safer place to hide
You carry the weight of the world
But you'll never breathe a... word

Oh, so slowly
Time is just ticking away
Everything's [?] back to me
We were but vessels lost at sea
(And so it goes...)

You carry the weight of the world
But your voice is never heard
Count your blessings, find yourself a safer place to hide
You carry the weight of the world
But you'll never breathe a word

So you've marched over barren lands
Oh so tried and true
Making cracks in the landscapes
As you make your way through
Now you float down the river
Toward the jaws of hell
And the only reprieve you'll ever feel is death it's fucking se
lf.

You carry the weight of the world
But your voice is never heard
Count your blessings, find yourself a safer place to hide
You carry the weight of it all
But I guess we'll never know
Take a moment, help me pull this thorn out of your side.
Yeah, you carry the weight of the world
But you'd never breathe a word