

Hour of Rats

The Red Chord

Maybe I should thank you for all you have done.
The troll rears its ugly head.
Read the warnings before you say you will take an oath
that will not break.
All the years and devotion out of the window.
My eyes are open but are we looking at the same thing?
Let it ride, take the trip and watch it shatter
Splinters the thickest of hearts and heads
I don't sweat it anymore.
When I was counting seconds, you were counting breaths.
You said you can't remember, I swear I won't forget.
I've learned I just won't sweat it anymore.
When I was counting seconds you were counting friends.
When the hour of rats begins maybe its time to make
amends.
We have known each other too long to be friends.
It seems so trivial in matters of life and death.
Cower, scream-stand up for what you've done.
Let it ride, take the trip watch it shatter.
Splinters the thickest of hearts and heads.
Scream, cower-hide from the shards of the hour of rats.