

Cease

Greg Graffin

Blacktop pavement cover me
Like a chemical reaction or a steamroller spreading randomly

There's a distant buzz and low frequency
It tickles my ear, rumbles under my feet
And it shakes the leaves off of every tree
Violently

What pretension, everlasting peace
Everything must cease

Institution on the hill
Like a beacon in the mind of an ancestor to unite a peoples' will

There's a shadowed stain on the west facade
It has spread like decay to enshroud the fraud
And the descendants find it oh so odd
Oh so odd

What pretension, everlasting peace
Everything must cease

Grave memorial, hewn white stone
Like the comforting caress of a mother or a friend you've always known

It evokes such pain and significance
What was once is reduced to remembrance
And the generations pass without recompense

What pretension, everlasting peace
Everything must cease