

Comes the sign of wasted times
I will wait no more
Ever trudging through the aimless
Forests we explore
In our boots and money chains
Misfitting cloaks we can't contain
Hidden hates of urgency
Declaring our emergency
And up the tallest window world
The distance was not clear
Unoccupied my brutish thoughts
We had no cause to fear
A lesson so severe
Hotter than the fire we built
Darker than the truth
Ignorance reflected in the windows of our youth
Push me now beyond the bounds
Of healing hands and thorny crowns
And all the sadness it implies
I've tasted with my own two eyes
And as the cattlerack was cleared
The floor was brightly stained
And larger though we grew in size
Not a thing was gained
...The fate as so ordained