

St. Broadrick Is In Antarctica

The Sound of Animals Fighting

I know you don't want change
But nothing is ever what it used to be
Grab the rope, hoist yourself up
With a copy in hand
Comforted by, the Lions of substance
A solitude parade
Grab the rope, hoist yourself up
And drift like ants in hole's water
These three angels used to be attorneys
It is such a serious thing to me
Oh, how i search through the memories
Such an experience for me
Silence creating bold letters
Like not and better
These three devils used to be apologies
These three angels used to be monuments
I tried to find that feeling from that letter
For my consistencies
It was such a painful thing to see
When the shadows didnt bend
Like now and then
These three devils used to be apostrophes
So I destroyed a monument
So what
I know you don't want change
But nothing is ever what it used to be
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