

In Keeping Secrets of Silent Earth: 3

Coheed and Cambria

A broad incision sits across the evening
The victim to our fathers' lost war
The restless children sit and mourn the graves
Of those they've never seen before
Will they be buried here among the dead
In the silent secretThe pioneers
In dealing with it they march for dawn... of will and worthy
The truth be told the child was born
Man your own jackhammer
Man your battle stations
We'll have you dead pretty soon
And now
Sincerely written from my brother's blood machine
Man your battle stations
We'll have you home pretty soon
And nowAwake through motion
With curious to curtain your first move
Over arms length they'll break protocol
Jealous envy for the youngest one
To be the hero is all I'll ask
Can I be buried here among the dead
With room to honor me here in the end
You'll be better off too soon
You'll be better off when you get home
The pioneers
In dealing with it they march for dawn... of will and worthy
The truth be told the child was bornMan your own jackhammer
Man your battle stations
We'll have you dead pretty soon
And now
Sincerely written from my brother's blood machine
Man your battle stations
We'll have you home pretty soon
And nowFor you I'd do anything
Just to make you happy
Hear you tell me that your proud of me
For them I'll kill anything
Cut the throats of babies for them
Break their hearts for they were them
Waiting for you to say
I love you tooThe navigator
The pilot

Her favorite
The one they call the vision that bears the gift
The navigator
The pilot
Her favorite
The one they call the vision that bears the gift Will, do the children really understand the things
you did to them
And why oh why
Should they conjure up the will
For you my love I would kill him
we're coming home pretty soon
We're coming home In the seventh turning hour
Will the victims shadow fall
Should the irony grow hungry
With the victory and all they sought for
We were one among the fence
One among the fence Woah... Woah (15X) Woah...
Woah...
Woah...
Coming...
Coming...
Tonight...
Tonight...
Now we're coming home... Man your own jackhammer
Man your battle stations
We'll have you dead pretty soon
And now
Sincerely written from my brother's blood machine
Man your battle stations
We'll have you home pretty soon
Till then...

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