



It's a real fear  
For you and me  
Burning clothing just to keep the winter warm  
My fingers trace the gumline  
Of a skeleton key  
Not caring whether it could open up the door  
The faces at the window  
Are children in the womb  
Black-eyed and still  
But growing every day  
You'll die on the outside  
Or die in this room  
Either way

Our infancy's receding  
We're a heartbeat from the end  
Did you hear the madmen lost the war?  
I bet they could use a friend  
Right now supper's getting cold  
Right now God is growing old  
Right now dialect is evolving  
Outside this house  
Or so I'm told

**Gm** **Bb**  
We're stockpiling warheads

**F**  
We're stuck in the past

**C**  
Death is art Truth is beauty

**Gm**  
And the first shall be last

**Bb** **F**  
You'll call me Athena, I'll call you Monet

**C** **Gm**  
When the world is falling down crumbling like clay  
We're hiding in caverns  
Forgetting our names  
We dissolve in our mythology  
Like blood in the rain  
You'll call me the lion  
I'll call you the lamb  
I am lost in all you are  
You're alive for what I am