

## **Reign Of Frogs**

### **"GRAVE CONCERNS"**

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Now the prophets have had their say  
You know we're hoping for a little silence  
Now the altars are in decay  
We've been abandoned by our gods  
See the weapons in disarray  
Maybe we're looking for an end to violence  
And the people forgot to pray  
We're moving closer to the truth

We've got to find our own security  
It waits outside of the cave  
We've got to find our own mortality  
And make peace with our graves

See the preachers blinded by greed  
You know they're dying from a lack of spirit  
See the saintly down on their knees  
They've been abandoned like old bones  
Pray the righteous don't spread their seed  
You know they're screaming from a crooked pulpit  
And we silent just heed our creed  
We're moving closer to the end

We've got to find our own security  
It waits outside of the cave  
We've got to find our own mortality  
And make peace with our graves

Let Go!

Now the golden turn into lead  
You know they're sinking in a lake of deceit  
See the gospels locked and unread  
They've been abandoned to the wind  
See the children safe in their beds  
I hope they're dreaming of a better future  
On your bosom I lay my head  
I need your kisses girl, so hard (I forget)

That you and me we dance that dance of death  
And make the least of our lives

And you and me we share that one last breath  
But we'll always survive  
We've got to find our own security  
It waits outside of the cave  
We've got to find our own mortality  
And make peace with our graves

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