As Cities Burn "The Hoard"

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They say that good boys
Walk straight on white lines
And good boys keep their livers clean
And smoke out of their lungs
?Cause it's all about what you've done
Good boys don't make mistakes to learn from

?Cause when heaven comes
They won't be caught being young

Grace, make your way to the well To those who deserve it ?Cause after all they've earned it But vain, it?s in vain ?Cause they don't need it

They're steady, steady breathers
Who won't lift a finger for the gasping weaker
So just hoard your hollow completion
Like it's something wearing thin
Like it's gonna get you in when heaven comes

?Cause when heaven comes I swear it comes in love

Grace, make your way to the well To those who deserve it ?Cause after all they've earned it But vain, it?s in vain ?Cause they don't need it

Grace, make your way to the well But it?s in vain ?Cause they don't need it

Now I let go of your hand somewhere between Love and what it demands of me Now I let go of your hand somewhere between Love and what it demands of me

Grace, make your way, make your way Grace, make your way, make your way

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