

411**"Union Of The Rats"**Visit "[Union Of The Rats](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

It's always finders keepers
This moves too slow
Down with the crawly creepers
What you borrow you owe

- now here we go -

Set the pace / set the tone
The stangest thing
You've ever known
Nothing left to die for
Bitter seed / sour grapes
The point from where
There's no escape
Nothing left to die for

Undead & unfamiliar
They trim the fat
Unlocked & unpeculiar
We're the union of the rats

- we're the union of the rats -

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