

## **At All Cost**

### **"Polish The Nightmare"**

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They see the automation and they will not default.  
We accept these devious schemes because there are  
no morals in this economy.  
No heart.  
Polish up the nightmare and call it the american dream.  
Blood runs from your sockets and fills their pockets.  
They laugh while we scream.  
They see the automation and they will not default.  
We accept these devious schemes because there are  
no morals in this economy.  
Wait wait wait wait, your placation is your grave.  
Facade, facade, just look at his body.

He is broken, serving jihad.  
Appease god?  
Oh please god, your young feed the flames of the  
firing squad.  
They see the automation and they will not default.  
We accept these devious schemes because there are  
no morals in this economy.  
Wait wait wait wait, your placation is your grave.  
No morals.  
I can't stand to see you die, so follow me into this fight.  
Sound check, can they hear the drums that we sing to  
now play new beats?  
Follow me with arms tonight.

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