

Curse The Mariner "We Own The Floor"

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(Raise up your hands) For this is our last stand (woah,
woah)
(Against the grain) We'll be here 'til the end (woah,
woah)

This city is burning
Has been for weeks
Under the darkened skies and trampling feet
We march the torch to the deafening beat
Of war drums and voice of a deity
Look far beneath
There's something more that keeps us holding on
Keeps us holding on

(Raise up your hands) For this is our last stand (woah,
woah)
(Against the grain) We'll be here 'til the end (woah,
woah)

(You say you do)
But do you even listen to a fucking second?

You say you do, but will never make amends
Or try to make sense
Stepping through your industries
We've stolen imposition that we will hold most dear
And when the aftermath of our destructive trail is far
behind we'll just keep
Moving on

(Raise up your hands for this is our last stand)
(Against the grain we'll be here 'til the end)

(Raise up your hands) for this is our last stand (woah,
woah)
(Against the grain) we'll be here 'til the end (woah,
woah)

(We own the floor)

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