

Emanuel "Scenotaph"

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Landlocked, its Saturday night at the end of the world.
And there's a pharmacy in my pocket,
And I've had my eye on you since the tide got low.
(You're so obvious)

Spread your legs,
And fuck the world,
This is war. (Yeah)
This towns a virus,
And you're a whore,
We are war.

Silence, the sky is an ocean, were being swept out.
My arms reaching up to the drowned,
We are a monument in this twilight now. (Let's get
underground)

Spread your legs,
And fuck the world,
This is war. (Yeah)

This towns a virus,
And you're a whore,
We are war.

A godless,
Rapture,
Is coming.
Save yourself.

The sun burns out, sky goes black like curtains drawn.
Will you say your vows,
Take a bow as the breath slips out between your lips?
I can't stand....

Spread your legs,
And fuck the world,
This is war. (Yeah)
This towns a virus,
And you're a whore,
We are war.

A godless,
Rapture,
Is coming.
Save yourself.

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