

Fear Before The March Of Flames "The God Awful Truth"

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The devil plays hits
where you'd least expect
Its cold and dark when you're buried alive

See how it feels marching into the flames.
Its warm and bright when you're burning alive

The spotlights search for you as long as the dust
collects here
Lost in a cast of millions all in line before you.
That's what the rats call eternity
All in before you.
No one watches anyway.
No one watches anyway.

Oh shit man who am I to think I won't be marching in to
the flames right along with you?
Oh shit man who am I to think I won't be here waiting in
a line for hell with you?

Voices distorted. Specks of grey
Good looks converted. Specks of grey
Voices distorted, good looks converted.
Specks of grey.
Specks of black and white
Oh shit man who am I to think I won't be marching in to
the flames right along with you?

Spotlights search for you as long as the dust collects
here.
Lost in a cast of millions
Fall in line

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