

## **Haste The Day**

# **"Sons Of The Fallen Nation"**

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This is a celebration  
Of the ones who lost  
Their chance to die  
Will you believe the masses  
Or will you overcome?

We are the sons of the fallen nation  
We hold the keys to our demise  
And grace will kiss your head  
As you fall asleep

I'm so tired of always letting you down  
Still you offer to turn it around  
I just can't seem to get my feet on the ground  
Still you offer to turn it around

This is your one distraction  
Weakening your ability to grow  
So you'll push yourself further away  
Eyes of zeros, of nothing  
Still you throw it all away  
And you'll push yourself further and further away

I'm so sick of the desire  
To throw it away  
And I feel so expired  
So I'll bury my head and dissolve

I'm so tired of always letting you down  
Still you offer to turn it around  
I just can't seem to get my feet on the ground  
Still you offer to turn it around

Sever the head of a snake  
Lie there and wait for distraction  
Sever the head of a snake  
Lie there and wait for the pain to sink in

I'm so tired of always letting you down  
Still you offer to turn it around  
I just can't seem to get my feet on the ground  
Still you offer to turn it around

Sever the head of a snake

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