

Herod

"When You're Dead, You're Dead"

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Oh god is this what they wished for
Is this what they pray for
Speak of salvation
It reserves your place in the ground
Except they painted your picture
With the blood of the damned
You hold your glass
Promise and gaze
As if something were there
You must be staring through the sun
For you're blind to your false salvation
Still you swipe the sky hoping to catch a star
Don't call this blaspheme
We are all sinners
The soil will welcome you with the end
Don't call this blaspheme
You've paid a high price for your wings
So don't fall from grace
It's all going to hell
You can't save us
They took my angel
I can't win this war

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