

## **InnerPartySystem**

### **"This Town, Your Grave"**

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Face down in a population that God has left behind,  
In these barren streets the neon lights will be your  
guide.  
All their limbs are stretched holding tight what could  
have been,  
No-one here is innocent because we can't forgive.  
God made this place a haven for the motionless and  
weak,  
A paradise of endless hope no progress to be seen.  
The houses are abandoned by those who could escape.  
While we will be the future and you,  
You will never change.

Washing your hands in blood won't take away the stain.  
Since there's no room in heaven, He made this town,  
This town, your grave.

The cross they bear,  
A burden that they just can't stand.  
They're holding on to nothing, time is slipping through  
their hands.  
So easily they point the finger the first to pass the  
blame.  
While we will be the future and you,  
YOU WILL NEVER CHANGE.

YOU WILL NEVER CHANGE.

Washing your hands in blood won't take away the stain.  
Since there's no room in heaven, he made this town,  
This town, your grave.

(Stop.. This town is your grave)

(YOU WILL NEVER CHANGE.)

Washing your hands in blood won't take away the stain.  
Since there's no room in heaven, he made this town,  
This town, your grave.

