

Cemetary

"Far From God"

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Encode the aftermath
Choking on the grapes of wrath
Dying is what this is for
"Cause dying is the art of war
Put the blade to the runner
Another slip, another suicide summer
In this game nothing is what it seems
It's time to let go, time to kill the dream

Save yourself
No one else
On your own
Guess I'll see you down below

See me I'm the vulture
I drink the blood of your apocalypse culture
Man is nothing but dirt in space
Just dead smoke burning off the base
All closed down so stand aside
Ain't your choice 'cause it ain't your ride
No use for those higher stakes
It wasn't meant to last 'cause it was built to break

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