

Cursive

"The Great Decay"

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this is the bed that i have made this is the grave where
i will lay i dont believe in wasting time these are the
hands where i will bury my face searching for truth you
never find nobody moves we live in the great decay all
these ghost towns share a name anywhere, usa all
these strangers look the same day after day after day
this great decay, the great decay from birth to the
grave and ive seen what it can do and im afraid its got
me to cause i can feel it suck me in cause i can feel im
losing grip day after day its static life week after week
is sacrificed month after month you meditate this is the
life that i embrace all of the years that waste away
falling into the great decay this is the world that i
create give in give in give up all these verses share a
theme its the day after bloodsucking day we dont
amount to anything this great decay, this great decay
asleep in your grave

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