

Phinehas "The Jungle"

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Can you point us all to something to run from
They're biting at our heels
Can you point us all to something to run from
And slay us if you will
We soak our tattered shirts with our brothers' blood
Instead of ringing out it clings to us
The snares we set only trapped the dead
And the chains never wash away they just sink further
into the mud
The tombstone to the casket
All hell in a handbasket
Pray the chains cut deep cut deep
Ugh!
Can we cast our demons out to sea (drowning the
savagery)
Punch our fists straight through the ceiling (yeah we'll
take the heat)
We suffer to the beat
Then release our beasts ON THE STREETS
We soak our tattered shirts with our brothers' blood
Instead of ringing out it clings to us
The snares we set only trapped the dead
And the chains never wash away they just sink further
into the mud
Pray the chains cut deep cut deep
Pray the stains sink deep sink deep

WHAT WILL BE LEFT THAT IS NOT HELL'S
WHEN WE'VE DESTROYED THE WORLD OURSELVES
We destroyed the world ourselves
Don't look back if you're gonna rebel
Bring in the cavalry (bury your infantry)
Prepare your graves, but don't stop
Bring in the cavalry (bury your infantry)
Prepare your graves, but don't stop
Running.

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