

The Apathy Eulogy

"Add Mission"

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Behold the movie of the year
Taste like luck but feels clear
March on nails for bitter souls
Until rust becomes rare and cold...

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Taste like luck but feels clear
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You've made an error in misjudging us,
I'd be really be happy, if you'd just ask
You've been misled to believe
That we have nothing, less than this

...Same stories have been played out for ages
I'm ready to be given the chance
For saying our side, our version or choice
Cameras capture
Numerous nights of romance

Behold the movie of the year
Taste like luck but feels clear
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Where do they come from, the suspicious critics
Frazzled at the clever incisions
Mystic your way, but I learn my days
Greet me with your guilt and shame

...Same stories have been played out for ages
I'm ready to be given the chance
For saying our side, our version or choice
Cameras capture
Numerous nights of romance

Behold the movie of the year
Taste like luck but feels clear
March on nails for bitter souls
Until rust becomes rare and cold...

...Pass on null the essence
The undying patience
We're here for good

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