

The Red Jumpsuit Apparatus

"Thy Devourer"

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Pick up these feet, can't stand infected lies,
You're just a messenger behind that perfect smile,
Until they mention, disguising apprehension,
Beyond your eyes they're only there for show,
So please your god and leave the rest for dead,
Plant your seeds before our fractured throne,
You make me sick how you destroyed such beauty,
But when I come to pluck your throat,

Thy kingdom come thy will not die,
They're pleading us to fucking move,
These words are whispered for we care,
You desecrate the prayer,
Redemption failed us,
Pray,
This crushed your hour of your plague,
Were beyond your capture, your plague,
This crushed your hour of your plague,
Well beyond your capture.

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