

The Searchers

"Double Slaughter"

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We're planning our own burial while riding this
apocalypse
Is this Dead End St. or is it a fucking blessing?
We will merge with shades of gold but for now a cold
breath rips the inside
A sudden twist. An unlocked cage. We fall.
We break our bones and we taste the sweetest blood
from the wounds of our dirty hands
Almost dead and amused
Double slaughter
I invite you to your own beheading
Double slaughter
We will collect the fools' gold
A cursed glimpse came out tonight with open wrists
The perfect malady of a road sleepwalked
But blindness holds nothing
Double slaughter
I invite you to your own beheading
Double slaughter
We will collect the fools' gold
Double slaughter
All of our dreams were lies

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