

The Searchers

"Pleasure In Self Destruction"

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This is the fire that will slowly burn us
This is the womb where we refuse to live
We have no choice. We have no options.
So close to death, never been so close to being alive
We're in this together. There's no escape
This is the rope from which we'll choose to hang
We live in this womb filled with misery
We have no choice. No fucking options.
Is it our instinct or the distinction between being alive
or dead
We're in this together. There's no escape
We're in this together. Welcome to the void.

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