

## **Trap Them "Collapse & Marathon"**

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Saw the price tag you put on your eyes and ears  
And watched as you sold your mouth for the lifestyle of  
a saint  
You got on your caps and buried your mug in that hole  
It's always the ones with the most cracked driftwood  
imagination  
That buy into the thickest of crucifixes  
The biggest of brick walls  
The brightest of whitewashes  
We won't serve any boundaries  
No borders of blood, no altars of worship  
No buildings of damnation  
No kingdoms built on rape and slaughter  
We'll never be sacred lives  
Only traitors  
Our war is the war you won't listen to  
The war you won't speak of  
The battle for the battle of the breath  
When it fades, when it settles  
When it burns and crumbles  
We'll be your traitors  
And we survive  
We survive

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