

Trap Them "Pulse Mavens"

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Saw him get his death march on...
Saw him light the aisles with hidden handjobs
Sheltered from the masters' baiting crowns.
In overzealous crowds.
In undernourished sounds.
I know what you want, grey wanderlust.
You want to walk into each and every room
And see a photograph that shreds your chest,
And makes it hard to see, but makes it worth it to
breathe.
They don't sell it 'round here no more, so put your
shoes back on,
And get your hopes all gone.
It's all come up wrong.
It's all come up unbelonged.
Well, if you want to stay 'til dawn,
I can tell you where the guns are kept
And you can shoot your warning shots
And hear the cries of all of those in debt.
Because you see here, beginner reconstructor, we've
planted fruits of labor
Wrath that find themselves fully ripened on every
passing bloody path.
And they are free to those who knew the names of
crime design and love unkind.
They are free to those like us...
Those who've been left behind.
It's all wrong.
It's all unbelonged.
And the sadist air raid blares to faces in the tar
As we murder the ghosts that held this town.
Saw the structures fall apart
And raise foundations into forget city under exhiitionist
regimes.
Stamp the hands, pull the teeth
And kill the ones in need.
So I'll tell you, runner... I'll tell you
You can live the life, you can take your time
And you can fuck 'til you feel.
But it won't break the bread they make, they own, they
sell, they steal.
Because as long as they have bones to snap

And grind into the welcome wheel,
They'll take your fix for another meal,
And they'll send you to the end of the line
You can live your days like I've fucked my nights...
With a death march on our minds

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