

Trap Them

"They Followed The Scent Of Jihad All The Way To Thieves Paradise"

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It's alright, I'll sit this out.
And see how bad you fuck your virgin voyage.
Kiss the blood on the back of your hands,
And lick the necks for the water you've spilled.
Are you ready to fall?
Ready to break?
I've never told you, but I've been changing the locks on
these goddamn doors.
So you can't make your way out.
So get in that room.
Stand on that chair.
Kick it out from under your feet, and let's get on with
the show.
The greatest revengers.
It's the ones who got fucked so subtle,
The ones who remained so quiet as they marked their
turns.
And the greatest remembrance?
It's when we buried you with your glamour and a blank
page.
Because that's all you've ever meant.
Put your hand on the bible.
Put your tongue in this cheek.
This is holy gospel choirs choking on the dirt we
fucking speak.
The greatest revengers.
I've walked in your churches,
Your halls and your schools.
And your warehouses.
And I've pissed in your pools.
I'm starting with one.
I'm ending with all.
There won't be flags flying or sirens wailing,
Distress calls or towers falling.
Just the sound of shovels digging.
The greatest revengers.
The greatest revenge.
We end unbelievable.
We end in battles.
We end unforgettable.
We end in holy wars.

We are the greatest revenge

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