

Autumn Offering "The Great Escape"

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swallow your own scarred lose of inhibition
substance over consequence and you don't mind

kill your thoughts
annihilate your senses
accept involuntary intoxication

well you see it all the time
and you cant stop
times a tickin, kill the clock
propose a toast with me to the ills of the world
its all you need

before its over sing this god damned song
one last time
one last time
one last time
one last fucking time, yeah

last shot before last call
chase my glare behind your bloodshot eyes
its brighter than the hope for a better tomorrow

kill your thoughts
annihilate the senses
accept involuntary intoxicants

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