

Norma Jean

"Coffinspire: Multitudes, Multitudes In The Valley"

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They rest on the coast and the tide is impending.

We pull at the motionless and static,
But the torrent has crowned their heads.
It fills their ears and it makes them ill.

They do not struggle at all.
They will speak of the end, and will not prove false.

It is time to move on with the weapons of faith and love.
Synchronize your steps to the sound of guns.
This world is damned to hell and it's a revelation.
And this is a shallow grave, and it's on the highest rise.

Stand on it's highest crest.
I'll set myself on fire.
Come on, watch me burn.
Poisoned now enough to kill ten hundred men.
The harvester's mouth has not gone dry.

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