

A Textbook Tragedy "Enjoying The Company Of Bears"

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Kill this notion
Everyone's dying
We must flee this island quickly
Look at us wasting precious seconds
Just push the weak aside They'll bleed out underwater
Run run run run run
Before you get your chance to meet the maker
You'd better give him reason
To guide you on your way home
And if you're in your Sundays best he'll let you in his
chariot to ride along with Bacchus
Please God
They all gasped in time
Show us a sign
Bow before me
Brothers I am
Here to save you
Time is fleeting
For now you are the lucky ones
Pretend that this never happened I will lift you from this
foul soil

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