

Garrison

"Commit Commit Commit"

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With everyone so dead
It's harder to pretend
We're passionate for crime
When chaos is the end
But in the end there's more
An end without a means
We don't care who we hurt
Because no one's ever clean
And how could we admit
We only had your name
It seemed more than enough
To point and place the blame

A scene no one could stop
With hopeless in our hands
So tight around your throat
No words would understand
Wrapped so tight around your throat
Wrapped so tight around your throat
We will not last much longer
(Everything we thought, everything we read,
By time we had a chance the spaces had been bled)

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