

Superjoint Ritual "All Of Our Lives Will Get Tried"

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Yeah

[Incomprehensible]

There is no sound in here
A dim bulb swinging slowly

As I'm looking down, it's my life that gets tried
As I said before, it's me hanging inside the whipping
cell
The brightness surrounds us in spite of hell
All our lives will get tried

[Incomprehensible]

There is no sound in here
A dim bulb swinging slowly
There went my precious self
Last chance where prayer will lead you

As I'm looking down, it's my life that gets tried
As I said before, it's me hanging inside the whipping
cell
The brightness surrounds us in spite of hell
All our lives will get tried

Test it, study it
Think about it when you're lying in a ditch
All our lives will get tried
All our lives will get tried

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