

Easton Legacy

"Traitors Of The Lost Ark"

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Brother bears the weight of the world on his shoulders
but he never
lifts a hand

The small-time thief has crowned himself king in his
head.
Sacrifice is a four-letter word in this holier than town
We are but self-appointed saints at war amongst
ourselves.

Hey there, you can run your mouth off
All night long, but soon you'll savor every word as you
choke them
down.
A meal fit for a traitor; a serpent-tongued sycophant
and all along
Continue to convince yourself that you've done no
wrong.

Loaded words; cocked and spouting venom profusely
like a wound. You
decay us every time you open up your mouth.
As much as we love to torturing ourselves, we'll gladly
carry on
without
you. Blame yourself and cut your losses. Au revoir.

Embrace the lie, consume the pain, accept this as your
fate, or cover
up
with pleasantries while you burst with jealous rage.

We've all made peace with who we are, there's no one
left to blame. So

Sew your lips shut if it will help you to stop dropping our
name

Ignore the truth or just walk away (any day now, any
day now)

They'll be no call; no need for you to stay (any day now,
any day now)

Hey there, you can run your mouth off all night long.
But soon you'll
savor every word as you choke them down.
A meal fit for a traitor; a serpent-tongued, sycophant
and all along
you'll keep telling yourself that you have done no
wrong

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