

The Getaway Plan "A Toast To The Burning Estate"

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They'll take you by the hand.
And bring you to your knees.
The infected scene.

Crashing kerosene waves into a sea of fire.
Detrimental flames.

You won't be getting out of here too soon.
Surrender all your assets it's your turn.
Where are your friend's now?
Threaten yourself, to try to please the crowd because
they want it more than you.

Stuck behind a plaque.
Descending mass.
Potential death.

When will we rise?
Because you're never coming back; no, not again.

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Surrender all your assets it's your turn.
Where are your friend's now?
Threaten yourself, to try to please the crowd because
they want it more than you.

Please, leave me breathless through this [x2]
(Tear this place apart.)

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