

# Throwdown "Tombs"

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You look at me, you see depraved execration  
You stare a while then look away  
I look at you, I see a slave to convention  
Grieving for another day  
My wars begin with suffering and fire  
And end the same  
Sleep well, for where you lay is where you'll die  
In your grave  
You wanted war, I gave you more then attention  
I saw that fire in your eye  
You wanted more, I'm giving pure insurrection  
At least you can say that you tried  
My wars begin with suffering and fire

And end the same  
Sleep well, for where you lay is where you'll die  
In your grave  
In your tomb

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