

Tranzas

"The Iconflict"

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Where they cast the cults was where we dripped our walking sticks and we bit the suits of armor draped on every boneless body bound stripped and singed, so ride us in.

All they ever had to say was, "madam / sir, please take care of the ones that never set a swollen foot out of this town and got baked alive by the sun." they had set their working clothes out on the cardboard beds in the shacks and stands that paid the rent of a million wealths while they pissed out all the demands.

So here we are above your grandest plans on trace, and on call with our youngest firestarters lighting the rags in the alcohol. ignitor, this is where they left you. celebrator, this is where they leave us. let's see how long you drink to the narcotized brethren that provide all your elixir.

We shaped a color to deem your charge and it fit you well and it hit it's mark. we fed the mouths that you shut for fear of the lobes that heard what they had to list about subtle robs and unnoticed acts in the stores of the poor where will has prolapsed. warning hauled through the open air in your solid circle of well placed barricades. you had time to shelter your collected owns and fall back steady on righteous roles you play.

So here we are, so here we've been. so here is where we brand ourselves as the epidemics begin. here we hold the blackout rains the refusal hymns the death of praise and the rise of sins. here we leave our harm as we raise our arms to the march and we fill the rafts all soured and ashed with the last of of the killing yards

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