

Of Angels "Lock Out"

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Pay the man
We've been standing out here way too long
The gates are closed
Tall grass, and grave plots shall stand alone
It's safe to say
These graves won't dig themselves this fall
The alter boy
Just passed the picket line
This world's still dying

It's nice to meet the misses
She's buried up the hill

No matter what, no matter what
You're always right
You're always right in front of me
No matter what, no matter what
You're always right
You're always right in front of me

Lay the men
They've been rotting out here way too long
The families
Have been begging you a chance to mourn
Break these walls
Cause the graves won't dig themselves and all
The alter boys
Will spread a hope that men can cope with

No matter what, no matter what
You're always right
You're always right in front of me
No matter what, no matter what
You're always right
You're always right in front of me

Way up airplanes
Who fly for patriots
The life of these saints
Are trapped by fence gates
Please stay high airplanes

Because oh we will never make it through these walls!
We will never enter the cemetery gates!
So wake the dead!

No matter what, no matter what
You're always right
You're always right in front of me
No matter what, no matter what
You're always right
You're always right in front of me

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