

Until The End

"The Look, The Games, The Lies"

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Cut out your tongue.
For every lie that's escaped from it.
Every word you've ever spoke,
Has been proven meaningless.
Cut out your tongue.
You've cried so much about revenge,
Who will buy your deceptions now.
Next time you shed a tear.
You will think of us again.
What the water can't cleanse,
it burns holes in your soul.
We'll find pieces of your face, all over the interstate.
Thanks for all the empty memories,
Now there nothing sort of lies.
Your five minutes sermons,
Pulled the wool over our eyes.
You've cried so much about revenge.
Who will buy your deceptions now.
The next time you shed a tear.
You will think of us one again.
What the water can't cleanse, burns your soul.

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