

Saints Never Surrender

Aim for the Sunrise

Exhausted we came, exhausted we go.
Struggled against a superior enemy.
Our similar talent in different species.

A bunch of wretch make demands.
Like death, this gave no defence.
Swallow your last spittle with fear.
Because this is going to hurt.

This is why we're searching
For pleasure in misery
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This is why we're searching for pleasure in misery
Cure the emptiness.
He has all you need in his treasury

Oh!

Block your brain from useless thinking.
Fight against the disease of weakness.

A white pigeon passed your left ear.

Everything is waking and as we watch those secrets fade away
Everybody needs a perfect failure.
This burning progress will decay

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