

From the bowery to the brimstone, I tried to find your heart.  
With drugs of initiation, bottom of the barrel that drops.  
I understand your causes, sympathize the motivation.  
But all the details of this war are just self-infatuation.

1 2 3

Nothings for free

4 5 6

Pick up the sticks and go home.

Manic blood runs thick my friend, are you looking for a clean escape?

What's left when the locks have all been broken, young children of authority?

How long can you be agile, dancing between the alter and the mercy seat?

Here's a chance to make a choice, are you aware of the fire beneath your feet?

1 2 3

Nothings for free

4 5 6

Pick up the sticks and go home.

The basement lies within us, the fear comes through the door

There's nothing left between us, the fear becomes a roar.

Once that wheel is in motion, don't you lose what you have found.

I'm talking about that burning wheel of tongues, everything that makes it go around.

We're all born in the devils scorn, they want to see you die.

Are you true? Everything they say is a lie.

1 2 3

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Pick up the sticks and go home