

# The End Is Begun

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Watch what you say  
Words can be heard from your grave  
Pluck from a fist full of straws  
You cannot resist your tragic flaws

Then you said what you said  
You might be better off dead  
Than be fed into the furnace  
Of the monster  
Shall I die, shall I cry  
Shall I be shot through the sky  
As I fly into the furnace  
Of the monster?

Goodbye number one  
You know what must be done  
Set sail through the sun  
The end has begun

Lay down the law  
Take to the air  
See how they crawl  
Sparking a trail  
Angels may fall  
The single mistake  
Kills us all

Now you say what you say  
And then we blow them away  
Everyday  
You know I like to keep it simple  
Shall I die, shall I cry  
Shall I be shot through the sky  
As I fly into the furnace  
Of the monster?

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