

Death of the First Born at the Hands of the Almighty

Captain, We're Sinking

If I'm lying being nailed to a cross are you the one that is nailing me in? Are you the one that's sulking it in? Are you the one that's rejoicing with all of your friends? Everyone's screaming they can't understand he left a note on the table a hole in his head and you know I still remember the name. But the faces they all look the same. We were young lost in a moment. And the time and these dreams as the memories fade. Last night I made my moves when it came to an end I had sold my soul and swore I was ahead and swore to god I'd never go back again. But when the morning came I forgot what I said, took my suit to the cleaners knowing damn well in 8 hours I'd be back to make the same mistakes. I lay awake in bed at night asking myself we had to die will all my heroes lie in graves?