

Birth of the Economic Hit Man

Circa Survive

Uprising within us,
A sense of total disillusion,
About what we're made of,
Or where we want to be.

It's not so important to collect
As many things as we can before our time is up.
Our life is more than a side effect,
We must learn to be lost graciously.

(Chorus)

We become everything we criticise.
Life gives way, the shadows peel over our eye,
Blinding us within.
Nothing is sacred, nothing is sacred,
(Oh), Nothing is sacred.

And maybe we have to
Forget everything we learned,
About where we came from,
To find out where we need to go

It's not so important to collect as many coins,
From the fountain before our time is up.
Our life is more than a side effect,
We must learn to be lost graciously

(Chorus)

We become everything we criticise.
Life gives way, the shadows peel over our eye,
Blinding us within.
Nothing is sacred, Nothing is sacred,
(Oh), Nothing is sacred, (Oh) Nothing is sacred.

Nothing is sacred, not that it ever was,
Nothing is sacred, not that it ever was,
Nothing is sacred, not that it ever was,
Nothing is sacred, not that it ever was.

Our life is more than a side effect,
We must learn to be lost, lost.