

## The Great Decay

Cursive

this is the bed that i have made  
this is the grave where i will lay  
these are the hands where i will bury my face  
i dont believe in wasting time  
searching for truth you never find  
nobody moves we live in the great decay  
all these ghost towns share a name  
anywhere, usa  
all these strangers look the same  
day after day after day  
this great decay, the great decay  
from birth to the grave  
and ive seen what it can do  
and im afraid its got me to  
cause i can feel it suck me in  
cause i can feel im losing grip  
day after day its static life  
week after week is sacrificed  
month after month you meditate  
all of the years that waste away  
this is the life that i embrace  
this is the world that i create  
falling into the great decay  
give in give in give up  
all these verses share a theme  
we dont amount to anything  
its the day after bloodsucking day  
this great decay, this great decay  
asleep in your grave