

Shallow Believer

Fall City Fall

Dead saints, shallow believers,
all fakes the best deceivers no love for the broken
hearted just a broken road for the dear and departed.
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all fakes the best deceivers no love for the broken
hearted just a broken road for the dear and departed.
You're just a coward with a crutch lube and leach burned
all that you've ever touched walk with me I'm born
to lose forced to walk a mile in cowards shoes no sleep
in heaven for this life. This is the hell I choose
dead saints all slaves. Just get a clue you fucking
crook, you fucking crook

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all fakes, the best deceivers.
No love for the broken hearted.
Just a broken road for the dead and departed
Dead saints, shallow believers,
all fakes the best deceivers no love for the broken
hearted just a broken road for the dear and departed.
there must be a better way to draw rest to these withered
eyes. Other than a leap from the edge for a cowered
in disguise and I'm confused as to why you all look
so fucking surprised that id rather cast this body
to be washed out with the tides my mind it runs deeper
than the darkest of oceans,
and these thoughts and feelings should have been locked
and never been opened and they say the only thing to
fear is fear itself, I believe the only thing to fear
is ourselves and after everything is all said and done
there can be no remorse no compassion for the monsters
we become. for the monsters for the monsters for the monsters w
e become.