

# The God Awful Truth

## Fear Before The March Of Flames

The devil plays hits  
where you'd least expect  
Its cold and dark when you're buried alive

See how it feels marching into the flames.  
Its warm and bright when you're burning alive

The spotlights search for you as long as the dust collects here  
Lost in a cast of millions all in line before you.  
That's what the rats call eternity  
All in before you.  
No one watches anyway.  
No one watches anyway.

Oh shit man who am I to think I won't be marching in to the flames right along with you?  
Oh shit man who am I to think I won't be here waiting in a line for hell with you?  
Voices distorted. Specks of grey  
Good looks converted. Specks of grey  
Voices distorted, good looks converted.  
Specks of grey.  
Specks of black and white  
Oh shit man who am I to think I won't be marching in to the flames right along with you?

Spotlights search for you as long as the dust collects here.  
Lost in a cast of millions  
Fall in line