

# The Suits, the Law & the Uniforms

Graveyard

Standing at the base of the pyramid  
But it's never gonna meet the end.  
You're not supposed to know that it exists,  
When nothing set us, nothing do deny.

If you leave your place in the fond days  
To see the castles made of sand.  
Watch it fall into the sea or either way  
And you don't see how you're feeling okay.

Your suits, the law, the uniforms,  
They agree on the same patrons.

Time is what you got,  
So do you know who you're standing on  
When they say it's cheap, that's how hard it goes  
And cause the swiipe of the game it suppose.

Your suits, the law, the uniforms,  
They agree on the same patrons.  
You know that life was made for so much more than this  
More you wait, the more lose life control.

Oh, I don't want your job,  
No, I won't live your life,  
No, I won't live your life.  
So I won't live for you  
No, I ain't got a boat,  
No, I ain't got a boat.

I see yourselves tonight, I'll understand  
What it is that makes a man.  
When I hear them say that the lots you own  
I hear insistance to broke your mouths.

If we can make it through the uny,  
The world'll become a jungle in doubt.  
It's the suits, the law, the uniforms bringing grieve on the sand patrol.  
You know that life was made for someone more than this,  
More than wait is profit and control.

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