

Sons of the Fallen Nation

Haste the Day

This is a celebration
Of the ones who lost
Their chance to die
Will you believe the masses
Or will you overcome?

We are the sons of the fallen nation
We hold the keys to our demise
And grace will kiss your head
As you fall asleep

I'm so tired of always letting you down
Still you offer to turn it around
I just can't seem to get my feet on the ground
Still you offer to turn it around

This is your one destruction
Weakening your ability to grow
So you'll push yourself further away
Eyes of zeros, of nothing
Still you throw it all away
And you'll push yourself further and further away

I'm so sick of the desire
To throw it away
And I feel so expired
So I'll bury my head and dissolve

I'm so tired of always letting you down
Still you offer to turn it around
I just can't seem to get my feet on the ground
Still you offer to turn it around

Sever the head of a snake
Lie there and wait for distraction
Sever the head of a snake
Lie there and wait for the pain to sink in

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Still you offer to turn it around
I just can't seem to get my feet on the ground
Still you offer to turn it around

Sever the head of a snake