

The People Under The Stairs

Ice Nine Kills

there was a time it seemed so long ago
the world was painted gold
before the hope began to corrode
and all the people awoke to the cold
that they had let the evil grow

and then came the masses
we questioned the presence of god
can anyone hear us?
these cries, these screams , will these footsteps be our last

So they let us die the hate behind the smiles- it took them by
surprise
and the silence left us hanging while we lit up like the 4th of
July
if ignorance is peace pretend we didn't say never again
and let forever belong to the dead

the time is now
this chance could be your soul redemption
or these tombs will bear your denial, deception, and tragedy
one that you'll help build when you let us burn
biting off your nails won't heal the scratches on your eyes

and there is no excuse
there is no lie big enough to hide behind
the blinding lights struck the people divided
what were they waiting for

our time is now