

Ulrich Firelord Breaker Of Mountains

Iwrestledabearonce

In three months and a day your homes will plague you
Your paychecks will haunt you
And your love life will own you
This is it
We'll expect the cost (we'll expect the cost)

Spring does not exist, neither does Jesus
To whom inquires first
While you sit their praying hard to a god that doesn't exist
As your head follows down
It's in your mouth
Forty years, into nights
Child this will end your life
Forty years, of your life

A bad taste
A terrible sense of smell
Fool yourself
For the books your children bleed for

Were going to throw the burning bodies
Down the wishing well...

During a raping
You can't get back your pennies
During a raping you can't hold yourself on trial

All we are, are fitter men
Cast us as violent
All we know can't hold us back
Beautiful children with wreck less hands
Will doubt them...