

## Ulrich Firelord Breaker Of Mountains

lwrestledabearonce

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...