

# The Jungle

Phinehas

Can you point us all to something to run from  
They're biting at our heels  
Can you point us all to something to run from  
And slay us if you will  
We soak our tattered shirts with our brothers' blood  
Instead of ringing out it clings to us  
The snares we set only trapped the dead  
And the chains never wash away they just sink further into the  
mud  
The tombstone to the casket  
All hell in a handbasket  
Pray the chains cut deep cut deep  
Ugh!  
Can we cast our demons out to sea (drowning the savagery)  
Punch our fists straight through the ceiling (yeah we'll take t  
he heat)  
We suffer to the beat  
Then release our beasts ON THE STREETS  
We soak our tattered shirts with our brothers' blood  
Instead of ringing out it clings to us  
The snares we set only trapped the dead  
And the chains never wash away they just sink further into the  
mud  
Pray the chains cut deep cut deep  
Pray the stains sink deep sink deep  
  
WHAT WILL BE LEFT THAT IS NOT HELL'S  
WHEN WE'VE DESTROYED THE WORLD OURSELVES  
We destroyed the world ourselves  
Don't look back if you're gonna rebel  
Bring in the cavalry (bury your infantry)  
Prepare your graves, but don't stop  
Bring in the cavalry (bury your infantry)  
Prepare your graves, but don't stop  
Running.