

# Well if the Earths are Stopped, then the Fox Faces the Hounds

Phinehas

I shake the dust from off myself  
And set my face like flint.  
Scorch the thorns entangling me  
And pull me closer into you,  
Because this city's full of devils  
And the streets clad with coal.  
I remember every waking day  
As I chewed on your soul.

On and on,  
A recollection of our failure  
On and on,  
Forget the past, we're moving onward.  
Tell my devils I'm never coming back

I can see that your motives are not pure, and I feel ashamed.  
I can see that your motives are not pure, they're not yours!

THROW THE STONES, THEY WEIGH HEAVY IN YOUR HANDS!  
THROW THE STONES, THEY WEIGH HEAVY IN YOUR HANDS!

On and on,  
A recollection of our failure.  
On and on,  
All the people crushed on the threshing floor.

I can see that your motives are not pure, and I feel ashamed.

This body, a burning building,  
It's nothing but flesh and bone.  
This body, a burning building,  
Turn and run or face the hounds.  
FACE THE HOUNDS!

Tell my devils I'm never coming back.