

Keep the Dogs at Bay

Seether

When it all comes down, what will be the cost.
A cold hard ground is refuge for the lost.
Feed the flies, stave the hunger off.
Breath the lies expel them with a cough.

You'll never keep me safe from harm.
The hurt just keeps on coming on.
I'm still trying to figure it out.
I'm still finding reasons to believe in better days now.
I'm still trying to figure it out.
I'm still trying to figure how to keep the dogs at bay now.

When the leaves turn brown and all hope is lost.
Make no sound and brush emotions off.
Breed inside, a fear that leaves you soft.
Breath a sigh and write that epitaph.

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