

# The Offering

## Shaman's Harvest

We are the offering of your dead  
We are the used to be misled  
We are the bastards  
May you never take us home

Get in  
Give in  
Get in  
Give in  
Get in  
Give in  
Get in  
Give in

It's prophesied the world will end  
And culminate in fiery dust  
There's nothing left for those to come  
Caesar will bring the fall out and  
In an instance two deep breaths  
Using quickly what is left  
So put your back against the cliff  
There's naught but thin air to resist

We are the offering of the dead  
We are the used to be misled  
We are the bastards  
May you never take us home  
So take precaution when we come  
So make the best of all to some  
Take your shot you'll be much better when we're gone

Get in  
Give in  
Get in  
Give in  
Get in  
Give in  
Get in  
Give in

Now as they watch fires burning low  
And hope resides in fading trust  
Assimilate or be drawn in  
Never could add the sum  
I'll have an instant to take a breath  
Using quickly what is left  
So put your back against the fence  
It's naught but thin air

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When we're gone