

The Offering

Shaman's Harvest

We are the offering of your dead
We are the used to be mislead
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 mislead
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
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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