

To the Burial

Story of the Year

Bleed us, bleed us
For their capital
Lead us, lead us
To the Burial

Yeah...

Yeah,
Step aside and watch the lions roar as they rule
With an iron fist and boundless force
Like a plague - their epidemic spreads across the floor
Just let me introduce you
To who's behind that door

A smiling face
With style and grace
they'll show you to the fire

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They built their reign of wealth through manufactured wars
As they ship all our factories off to foreign shores
Just to keep their pockets full and leave the people poor
This is the kind of system we've been slaving for

Eventually,
like sheep we'll be,
led blindly to the slaughter

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Headstones bleeds admiration
a Backhanded eulogy
In the face of devastation
Gladly they'll sing our praise

For a life of slaving and digging our own graves
Now just let the usher show you to the final resting place
Yeah, what a disgrace

We are...
Now!

Just learn to breath
And you will see
Your life is what you make it

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Oh!