

Cult Of The Subterranean

Strung Out

Tonight we're gonna burn it up
till too much feels alright
The feast has been laid out
to the hungry eyes inside our minds
We are not without a cause
the passion's in our vice
We are not content to judge
or fit to moralize

We're on the outside looking in
unbreakable in all we are
Enemy of the Sun we are the subterranean
Apocalyptic daydream casual delirium

So take a deep breath and close your eyes
and be glad that you are here
Let each passing moment sterilize
and wash away like tears

Any means to an end
are the means that I use to get by
And I try to be good
but it's understood
that tonight we'll both look the other way

The smoke of all our thoughts
and cigarette exhaust
all possibility
of ever getting out
of this place
Nodding off
but still aware of all
that's pulling us to do
the things we always do

Any means to an end
are the means that I use to get by
And I try to be good
but it's understood
that tonight we'll both look the other way

We are not without a cause
we are not without a vice
We are not content to judge or moralize
So close your eyes and see
take a breath and believe
That tonight we'll both look the other way