

# Everything Dies

The Bronx

All seven days we crawl up to the ground  
All seven sins we wear just like a crown  
Angels will cry, and angels will moan  
When will they leave us alone?

Lolo, this is far from over  
Lolo, look over your shoulder  
Look right in our eyes  
And tell us why everything dies

Everything dies.

All seven spirits emerge from the clouds  
Seven last words never spoken out loud  
Angels will plot, and angels will scheme  
To never wake up from the dream

Lolo, this is far from over  
Lolo, look over your shoulder  
look right in our eyes  
And tell us why everything dies

Loloooooo (3x)  
Look over your shoulder  
Look right in our eyes  
And tell us why everything dies

This is far from over