

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

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

This is far from over