

# The Threat Posed by Nuclear Weapons

## The Dillinger Escape Plan

I spoke to the sky but God was silent because I knew  
So easy to be rolled into a tomb  
Stripped of all desires  
So easy to be  
So easy to be rolled into a tomb  
So easy to be rolled into a tomb  
Into a tomb  
Old tears spice the soil  
New taste to pave the path  
My medium

We were so compelled but I shoot when I saw you were the "I" recognize  
Now that it's cold and the core never thaws I found you to keep me alive

Please run far and go faster  
I'm a cancer for your life so leave  
But still you're weaving your hair into rags

Fast-forward to far away  
We've never changed  
We just need to stalk our prey to make us stay  
We're fucking spiders spinning to pass the time  
Soul dividers eating our kind alive  
You child don't you go forgetting mistakes or they'll keep reliving  
Marrow numbered you awakened  
Now let's burn this we created.