

To The Teeth

The Famine

The way I see it, the choice is clear. Why would we run when we can hide?

The day of reckoning is drawing near. Gather the virgin suicides.

Dig us the shallowest graves in which to lie, foolishly.

Make peace with the ugly truth we never knew.

Sleeping so fitfully, wrestling with what we have done.

The mark of the beast. The fate of a nation. A painful release.

There is no justification.

So there we have it, our minds are made. Better to play dead than to fight.

And after all, we are afraid of sabers rattling in the night.

Dig us the shallowest graves in which to lie, foolishly.

Make peace with the ugly truth we never knew.

Sleeping so fitfully, wrestling with what we have...

Sleeping so fitfully, wrestling with what we have done.

If this place doesn't make you sick,

it's because you've suppressed your reflex to tell right from purely... evil deeds.