

# The Death Of Us

## The New Amsterdams

I don't think that you're one of us  
A coated chrome doesn't rust from the inside out  
It's a ways down to ghost town

I don't think that you're serious  
That alone could be the death of us  
And the way we know, we move slow

I wanna like your way  
It's hard for me to tell you wrong  
I see it in your eyes  
I don't think you could lie for long  
Taken like a child  
Sold the silver for us all  
But you're gone

Mop the ground where the wound was bled  
I pray to god that he'll strike you dead before I get back  
Fear my wrath

The darkest suit but I wear it well with a smile  
On the way to hell with your arms and legs bound  
All the way down