

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