

Tombs

Throwdown

You look at me, you see depraved execration
You stare a while then look away
I look at you, I see a slave to convention
Grieving for another day
My wars begin with suffering and fire
And end the same
Sleep well, for where you lay is where you'll die
In your grave
You wanted war, I gave you more than attention
I saw that fire in your eye
You wanted more, I'm giving pure insurrection
At least you can say that you tried
My wars begin with suffering and fire

And end the same
Sleep well, for where you lay is where you'll die
In your grave
In your tomb