

Sound of Violence

Other Lives

Make some room for the afterlife
Golden gates, a happy wife
Nothing compares to the sound of your violence
Great destroyer, you plant the seed
Live in guilt and the loser's grief
But nothing compares to the sound of their violence
No, nothing compares to the sound of their violence

Somewhere we're laughing in far away places instead
Say what you will when you know we're just hanging by a thread
Take your time, take your time, don't lose your head

And all you pretty ones, you're sittin' still
The gettin's easy so have your fill
Well, nothing compares to the sound of your violence
Ain't it funny how the years go by?
Nothing changing long as we're alive
But nothing compares to the sound of our violence
No, nothing compares to the sound of

Somewhere we're laughing in far away places instead
Say what you will when you know we're just hanging by a thread