

We are the fucking dead.
We will walk these streets in desperation.
Stop living in denial, we know that we are the dead.
We are the dead.
You can't kill what no longer exists.
Open up your eyes and see that we've thrown it away.
We will walk these streets in desperation.
Stop living in denial, we know that we are the dead.
Where are we now? Do you know what you've done?
We were meant for more than desolation.
We will, we will rot.
We will rot.
Hopeless, wandering farther into the dark, we are fending for ourselves.
We search for truth, finding nothing.
In harmonious decay, we fucking rot to nothing.
Stop living in denial, the truth that we know is we are the fucking dead.
Where are we now? Do you know what you've done?
We were meant for more than desolation.
This is relentless. This is the inevitable.
The end is here and there's nowhere to run.
It's time you learned to accept your fears.
Accept your fears.
You can't kill what no longer exists.
Open up your eyes and see that we've thrown it away.
We will walk these streets in desperation, we have nothing.
Stop living in denial, we know that we are the dead.
We will, we will rot.
We will rot.