

The Dangers Of Being Stoked

Tear Out the Heart

Knee deep in regret yet still reaching out for a bloody hand.
We spend our nights living in sin (where to begin?)
We're on the prowl.
We're all viscous monsters hiding and waiting for our turn to kill.

I need a whole new perspective
if I'm not already too late.
Prepare for war.
Expect the worst.

Stray from the path you'll be eaten alive.
I was just a man, now i kill all that I can.

We sat perched like kings on top of this avalanche of death.
How many more must die, until we get this right?

Stray from the path you will be eaten alive.

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