

The Threat Posed by Nuclear Weapons

The Dillinger Escape Plan

I spoke to the sky but God was silent because I knew
So easy to be rolled into a tomb
Stripped of all desires
So easy to be
So easy to be rolled into a tomb
So easy to be rolled into a tomb
Into a tomb
Old tears spice the soil
New taste to pave the path
My medium

We were so compelled but I shoot when I saw you were the "I" recognize
Now that it's cold and the core never thaws I found you to keep me alive

Please run far and go faster
I'm a cancer for your life so leave
But still you're weaving your hair into rags

Fast-forward to far away
We've never changed
We just need to stalk our prey to make us stay
We're fucking spiders spinning to pass the time
Soul dividers eating our kind alive
You child don't you go forgetting mistakes or they'll keep reliving
Marrow numbered you awakened
Now let's burn this we created.