

Collateral

Twelve Foot Ninja

The deal is fixed,
The cards are cut,
All of the heathens,
They are drinking from the cup,
This crooked game,
Is not of luck,
Digging down,
To reach the top,
Followers all scream for more until
They're drunk,
And all god's children
Could give a f*ck.

The way of the beast is
Tragedy by design,
Collateral waste,
Will you drown
In the noise you have made?
Surrounded by darkness,
You won't hide from the lights,
There is no escape,
From the ones
Who would profit from shame,
Will you drown

In the noise you have made?

The wings are clipped,
The bird half-cut
Gone is the one who made her
Home among the stars,
A fall from grave,
Becomes her art,
Digging down,
No looking up,
When the riches and rewards
Are not enough,
And all god's children
Could give a f*ck.

They'll chew you up,
And spit you out,
The promise of demise
Is a religion,
The audience makes no sound,
They can't take their eyes
Off a collision.

When enough is enough,
Not enough is too much.