

# Cemetery 1213, Union Of The Rats

it's always finders keepers  
this moves too slow  
down with the crawly creepers  
what you borrow you owe

- now here we go -

set the pace / set the tone  
the strangest thing  
you've ever known  
nothing left to die for  
bitter seed / sour grapes  
the point from where  
there's no escape  
nothing left to die for

undead & unfamiliar  
they trim the fat  
unlocked & unpeccable  
we're the union of the rats

- we're the union of the rats -