

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 -