

Chasing Victory, Barbarians

I'm walking through the city of the dead.
I'm thinking of the words that I should have said.
The world has chewed me up and spit me out the end of it's tongue.
When the wolves licked their lips,
I could've swore they were falling in love.
I've got the remedy for you.
Throw out those medicines you normally consume.
I've got the remedy for you.
No needles and blood and swallowing tongues.
Oh, brother, we're falling in love.
So brace yourself.
We're cleaning you out of all your sickly addictions.
So pace yourself.
The clock is freaking you out and tearing you down.