

Cursive, The Great Decay

this is the bed that i have made
this is the grave where i will lay
these are the hands where i will bury my face
i dont believe in wasting time
searching for truth you never find
nobody moves we live in the great decay
all these ghost towns share a name
anywhere, usa
all these strangers look the same
day after day after day
this great decay, the great decay
from birth to the grave
and ive seen what it can do
and im afraid its got me to
cause i can feel it suck me in
cause i can feel im losing grip
day after day its static life
week after week is sacrificed
month after month you meditate
all of the years that waste away
this is the life that i embrace
this is the world that i create
falling into the great decay
give in give in give up
all these verses share a theme
we dont amount to anything
its the day after bloodsucking day
this great decay, this great decay
asleep in your grave