

# Dead To Fall, Blood Of The Moon

Are we going to die? I think so.  
Going nowhere fast, and if it's all we know  
Tied up, beaten, tortured, with no place else to go  
We've all been through this, some with scars to show  
Driving forward, falling toward impending doom  
Intoxicated by the blood of the moon  
I've driven the final nail into my coffin  
My head is killing me, reminding me  
Of what I have done to myself  
This is the end of life as we know it  
Following the path chosen by our guide  
A giant of a man, living two different lives  
Not a moment's grace, this is where we draw the line  
Face our fears or face the facts, this is where we die  
We're on our own  
But in this together  
This is the end, prepare to die