

Signs Of Betrayal, Bellicose

Is this what we came here for,
To be painted bellicose?
Set the path for the weak to follow.
Misinterpret what you taste,
Fill the void and recreate,
Ignorance where the weak surrender.
Landslide hold still,
Thought you'd make it out of this.
Landslide hold still,
Did you think you would be missed?
Like a footprint in the sand,
Washed away and.... forgotten.
One by one the crows will cry,
Ringing judgments full of lies,
Stack the pile,
Shit-grinned and single file.
Hang the words upon the wall,
And inscribe into the stone,
Stretching miles,
Hundreds in their catacombs.
Landslide hold still,
Thought you'd make it out of this.
Landslide hold still,
Did you think you would be missed?
Like a footprint in the sand,
Washed away and.... forgotten.
One more begging pleads reasons to heal,
Too late the flood is already here.
Landslide hold still,
Thought you'd make it out of this.
Landslide hold still,
Did you think you would be missed?
Like a footprint in the sand,
Washed away and.... forgotten.