

Anberlin, Embrace The Dead

Coming through your district
I see the red light on
I feel the warmth of the street
And I feel the drugs infecting me

Don't come screaming
Cold words, demands
Helpless you cry
Each night you pray that tomorrow you won't die
You're living, barely breathing

Embrace the Dead

Raise your hands
To the god in the sky
That let's you breathe tonight

Coming through your district
I see the red lipstick on
You sell yourself so cheap
Sleep with the night to carry on

Don't come screaming
Cold words, demands
Helpless you cry
Each night you pray that tomorrow you won't die
You're living, barely breathing

Embrace the dead

Raise your hands
To the god in the sky
That let's you breathe tonight

You're living, barely breathing
You're living, barely breathing
You're living, barely breathing
You're living, barely breathing

You're living
You're living

Embrace the dead

Raise your hands
To Christ the Lord
That let's you breathe too