

Blackmail, Armory

we both hide the truth in the back of the cemetery
we gotta take all the lust
after the fire we were lost in the military
we want to save the national trust.
move to a place where we find some of our fleeting instincts
bold to the point until they rest.
tell all my friends that i'm coming to get affected
i gotta get this off my chest.

i got to get back
got to get back until i got it.
i've got to get rid of all the pictures of it.
i got to get back
got to get back until i got it.
i've got to get rid of all the pictures of it.