

Crime in Stereo, I, Stateside

If I apologize for the swift and sudden rise in the recurring themes of love and God and war, will you

I'm so sick of this fate, I felt compelled to create. I left it for you, waiting in the nylon space of record

So we're all going to hell, but with one hell of a plan. Presented in folded flags, embedded in foreign

God please save these troubled states.