

DevilDriver, Monsters Of The Deep

Is there a promised land or am I on the journey going to nowhere?
Are the streets paved with gold or am I slipping on the mold that slowly grows there?

Every man has his conscience, sanity
Left along the way, carried in this vessel
Setting forth together now, out towards the monsters of the deep

Set your sights on the rocky shores, you might just run aground on the reef
The journey and the destination, mention fear, you're falling on deaf ears

[Chorus]