

Fear Before The March Of Flames, The 20th Cen

On the surface where we fought
That's where your insides rot
So with a blow to your bow, take on water
A diver descends
Hey, did no one tell you?
Sunken ships belong underwater
In their slow descent to the ocean floor
They are so quickly forgotten
So as you disappear into the night time waters
How many will you take with you?

So when your insides rot
A diver descends in pursuit of riches
As he drifts along your bow
He will laugh at the gaping void
That was the cause of your demise
He will enter to find there is no treasure here
Just a hollow mass of waste and death

Take on water
We knew you didn't have it in you
(to sail among the ships)