

Fear Before The March Of Flames, The God Awful

The devil plays hits
Where you'd least expect
Its cold and dark when you're buried alive

See how it feels marching into the flames.
Its warm and bright when you're burning alive

The spotlights search for you as long as the dust collects here
Lost in a cast of millions all in line before you.
That's what the rats call eternity
All in before you.
No one watches anyway.
No one watches anyway.

Oh shit man.
Who am I to think I won't be marching in to the flames right along with you?
Who am I to think I won't be here waiting in a line for hell with you?
Voices distorted. Specks of grey
Good looks converted. Specks of grey
Specks of black and white

Spotlights search for you as long as the dust collects here.
Lost in a cast of millions
Fall in line