

# God Lives Underwater, The Rush Is Loud

They saw him from the rooftops  
They saw him from way up there  
They just couldn't come down to where he was  
They studied for years on end  
They were always confused  
They just couldn't believe how he abused himself  
It's with us all the time  
How he abused himself  
And we abuse ourselves  
They took lots of pictures  
Hidden microphones  
All he wanted was to be left alone  
After years of footage and miles of tape  
They're on their way down to him  
And he can't wait to be with them all the time  
We abuse ourselves and he abused himself  
It's with us all the time  
He abused himself and we abuse ourselves  
They were looking for answers to all the hits he sent  
There were way too many to document  
They settled on a theory that we all knew  
We just hide the fact that we abuse ourselves  
Shot in the arm or shot in the head  
It's killing me or all my friends  
It spreads like a disease  
We all become with ease  
Blood balloons like a mushroom cloud  
The rush is loud  
The rush is loud