

# Hella, World Series

The sun and the moon  
Have burned each other out to soon  
So sell me some doom  
Because I'm the only eyes wide open in the room  
Undress the truth  
So I can have the feeling that it has been used

Alone you sit  
Your heart bleeds quiet  
You seem afraid  
Loose lips sink ships!  
You have no grip  
Don't you know?  
You're gonna die die die all alone

The look on your face  
Has been making me lose sleep for days  
Asleep in the haze  
In the middle of where everything is gray  
The games that we play  
Are gonna be the death of us someday... somehow

And I've been told about  
How the dawning of the hour is finally here.  
(And) I could sing out loud  
If only the mighty and proud would all just disappear  
Did someone open an undertow?  
Or is this drowning feeling typical?  
It isn't really who you know  
It's how blatantly artistic you're completely hypocritical  
Don't you know you're gonna die die all alone?

Let this fire cover your vision for disintegration is a gift (this is a supernatural pandemic)