

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)