

Pipedown, Horror

Drowned down like a heavy statue, with the softness of a wrecking ball
Weighed down, magnetic, stuck to the surface of a broken hull
Waiting 'til war, waiting to war, with every breath we're creeping closer to war
Drink down, the rejection, and fight the fear of natural selection
From Gheppetto men with the wooden hearts bent on a world of domination
Let's start a reaction
Let's start a reaction
Let's start a reaction
Let's start waiting, waiting
Waiting 'til war, waiting to war, with every breath we're creeping closer to this war

Waiting for the enemy, the broken glass that tears inside of me
Waiting for this enemy, the searing ember white as ivory
And I'm burning
Burning
Burning
Burning in this horror
Take this pain away from me, the broken glass that tears inside of me
Take this pain away from me, the sky raining down on me
Apocalyptic dream

Burning
Burning too slow
Burning
Burning
Burning too slow, and now the war begins with us
Go, go, go, start burning
Burning, and take control
Go, go, go, start burning
War
War
War for death