

Prong, Decay

In A State Of Arrested Decay
Determined To Repeat
The Same Mistake
Cross Section Where Our Lives Meet
Crumbling Foundation Beneath Our Feet
Cross Section
Where Our Lives Meet
Ghosts In Our Houses
Never To Begin Again
Never To Be The Same
In A State Of Arrested Decay
Our Time Slips Away
[Repeat Chorus]
It's Been Decided