

State Radio, First One Shot

Offered by just the man he
used to know
many years before and twenty
and vertigo
scarlet billows he breathes the sigh of
relief of a killers

So tip your hat
to the gentleman
or at least
nod your head
for only he, knows what stands in front of
what is
medicinal at best

cause the first one to be shot
is the last to know
and the garden that grows apart
is it's only soul
Don't ask me to follow suit
it's just too late now
our god isn't what you preach

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We Stand, Stand, Stand up (3x)
you fool yourself but you know fool us

cause the first one to be shot
is the last to know
and the garden that grows apart
is it's only soul
and the line that you stand before
is a line that you alone draw
with the world on the killing floor
will history not teach us all
that your god isn't, your god isn't
your god is no different