

...And You Will Know Us By The Trail Of Dead, R

It's hard to imagine, it's so hard to perceive
To find an expression for what it all means
All panic and struggle, all death and decay
Are coming together in relative ways
This electric guitar hanging to my knees
A couple of verses I can barely breathe
But it's all right, it's o.k.k.
It's coming together in relative ways

It's o.k.k I'm a saint
I forgave your mistakes
It's o.k.k I'm a saint
I forgave your mistakes

It's started to happen, it's started to change
With the movement up on us, hope we make it o.k.
If it takes a life or a couple of days
It's coming together in relative ways
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A couple of verses I can barely breathe
But it's all right, it's o.k.k.
It's coming together in relative ways

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