

Dead To Fall, Blood Of The Moon

Are we going to die? I think so.
Going nowhere fast, and if it's all we know
Tied up, beaten, tortured, with no place else to go
We've all been through this, some with scars to show
Driving forward, falling toward impending doom
Intoxicated by the blood of the moon
I've driven the final nail into my coffin
My head is killing me, reminding me
Of what I have done to myself
This is the end of life as we know it
Following the path chosen by our guide
A giant of a man, living two different lives
Not a moment's grace, this is where we draw the line
Face our fears or face the facts, this is where we die
We're on our own
But in this together
This is the end, prepare to die