

# The Swellers, What's At Stake

False alarm, theres no sympathy for time cut short  
The mind is numb to the feelings hooked on life support  
To sustain this dead world  
Brain alive with faulty wires that run their eyes

Lost in hotels with Bibles under TV guides  
Kill them all and hope things get much better  
Were all addicts looking for the next fix

Why do we always stare into the headlights?  
We can only burn the witch one time  
Were falling like power lines  
Its too late to start over

Burned alive, but one at a times not fast enough  
Adrenaline pumps from the silent screams they hear from up above  
Kill them all  
And let God make more killers  
Its entertainment for the massive empty graves

Why do we always stare into the headlights?  
We can only burn the witch one time  
Were falling like power lines  
Its too late to start over

Sanding wide eyed, they get chills  
Waiting for the next one  
To burn down

Whats at stake is more than just the martyr  
Its us all  
Even as heat rises, well watch some smoke fall

What if the departed hoped to be something while you were pointing fingers like a gun?  
Is it so hard to see both sides of this?  
Your answer is not the only one  
You are not the only one