

# The God Awful Truth

## Fear Before The March Of Flames

The devil plays hits  
where you'd least expect

Its cold and dark when you're buried alive  
See how it feels marching into the flames.

Its warm and bright when you're burning alive  
The spotlights search for you as long as the dust collects here

Lost in a cast of millions all in line before you.

That's what the rats call eternity

All in before you.

No one watches anyway.

No one watches anyway. Oh shit man who am I to think I won't be marching in to the flames right along with  
you?

Oh shit man who am I to think I won't be here waiting in a line for hell with you?

Voices distorted. Specks of grey

Good looks converted. Specks of grey

Voices distorted, good looks converted.

Specks of grey.

Specks of black and white

Oh shit man who am I to think I won't be marching in to the flames right along with you? Spotlights search for  
you as long as the dust collects here.

Lost in a cast of millions

Fall in line

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnyrics.com/>