

The Great Escape

The Autumn Offering

Swallow your own scarred loss of inhibition
Substance over consequence, and you don't mind Kill your thoughts
Annihilate your senses
Accept involuntary intoxication Well, you see it all the time and you can't stop
Time's a ticking, kill the clock
Propose a toast with me, to the ills of the world
It's all you need Before it's over sing this god damned song
One last time, one last time
One last time, one last fucking time, yeah Last shot, before last call
Chase my glare behind your bloodshot eyes
It's brighter than the hope for a better tomorrow Kill your thoughts
Annihilate the senses
Accept involuntary intoxicants

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