Boneyards

Gnarwolves

Take all the sentiments
Of a cold blooded cynic
So believe me when I say,
I would love nothing more.
Than for everything,
To end unpleasantly
Concrete shoes, rising tides,
Grey skies, Let none survive.
Go.
Don't say I didn't warn you.
I would rather see your face in Hell
Than speak another word
Of this perfect world.
I would rather see your face in Hell
Than speak another word
Of this perfect world, Ohh
Of this perfect world.
Oh, to be buried beneath the waves,
A sailors grave is all I crave.
Bury me (bury me),
5000 fathoms deep,
And leave my bones,
For the depths.
The serpent's teeth await our skin.
The serpent's teeth await...
Blood runs through,
Upon our worthless existence.

The Devil's teeth (the Devil's teeth),
The Devil's teeth,
Beneath our skin.
Whispering of silent vengeance.
Blood debts remain unpaid.
Now every breath of life
Has been betrayed.
Every ideal
Has rusted through.
Nothing we hold brings solace,
Feed us to the sharks.

So let nothing remain,
Feed us to the sea.
To be buried,
Beneath the waves.
A sailors grave it's all I crave.
Bury me (bury me),
5000 fathoms deep.
And leave my bones,
For the depths.
There's blood in the water,
(Sinking, always, sinking).
There's blood in the water,
(Sinking, always, sinking).
There's blood,
In the water.
I would rather see your face in Hell
Than speak another word
Of this perfect fucking world.

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