

Religion of Speed

Every Time I Die

I can't continue on without a sign
One wing to haul the weight of only one third of an eye
The voice I'm leaning into has been thrown
When all the meat is stripped away I'm chewing on the bone I'm condemned until the moment I forget
That I haven't learned a goddamn thing yet
My soul is sticking out like a talon through a shell
You can wait until the rapture I will hightail it to hell
Water everywhere but no water fit to drink
I've got endless proof and I don't know what to think
Nothing but time, not a minute left to spare
Gallons of fuel, I can't get anywhere When all I am is a stone that says the name I had and the years that I had
been,
The quiet depths and the measured steps won't echo like the shriek of riot did Sever the anchor you drag or be
frozen at the stake
Choke down all the prey in your path before you become the prey
No one likes a company man
Nothing but a snake, nothing but a snake Look at my war it's the prettiest thing alive
I traded it for sanity now all you see is mine
Open the throttle, feel the thunder in the sails
Pick up the scent of fear and follow the trail When all I am is a stone that says the name I had and the years that I
had been
The quiet depths and the measured steps won't echo like the shriek of riot did I can't move the dredge without
heat
Stillwater of a puddle and the ocean never meet
I've wandered off a path into a storm
A trance into a fury, a mantra for a sword Doomed until I recall how to fire up an engine that has stalled
I would trade what I have lost for the things that I have left. Some clarity just to see darkness best? My flower in
your barrel hasn't stopped the slaughter yet So spent, we can't be saved
We lost sleep but we found our way
Sharpen your axe against the road
Don't hold out hope Such courage pulls us down. We ride on
Such courage pulls us down. We ride on Our songs refuse a grave
These beating hearts make violent waves
Push the pedal right through the floor
Want so much more When all I am is a stone that says the name I had and the years that I had been
The quiet depths and the measured steps won't echo like the shriek of riot did

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