What's At Stake

The Swellers

False alarm, there's 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
It's 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
It's 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
It's too late to start over

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

What's at stake is more than just the martyr
It's 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

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