At the First Sign of Rust

Wretched

Agony drags on so sluggish. The winters long and my bones won't Accept the
check. Is the sun too much to ask for Just wait
I'll grab it, and smash it into fragments.Desperately making my stamp till I've lost my mind, my hell
on earth is life. To watch without any spec of sunlight, Stay
up just out of touch enough, to be happy, Grab hold, a tidal
wave is on its way to demolish, The ant farm we've built.We're all soaking wet in guilt, so expose yourself, I know
you're excited to see, It all comes crashing down,[Lead: Vail]
Crooked courts, and easy banks, It's the P.A,
that's maxing out, The last ears to bleed, and all the while
I'll be laughing...Love it or hate it, there's no time to dwell,
Angel or demon, we all belong in hell...Is there a line, to cross to kick?
This tomb is home and
I built this crypt[Lead: Vail]The stagnate nature of our lives continues, Until there's no
one left to rape with politics[Solo: Funderburk]Crooked courts, and easy banks, It's the P.A,
that's maxing out, The last ears to bleed, and all the while
I'll be laughing.Grab my hand let's watch it fall, This tombs called home and
I've watched it for years...
Is the sun too much to ask for, Just wait I'll grab it, and
smash it to fragments, Agony drags on so sluggish, The winters long and my
bones won't accept the check,I built this crypt, I built this crypt.
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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