

The Death of Us (Live at Dubin's House)

The New Amsterdams

I don't think that you're one of us
A coated chrome doesn't rust from the inside out
It's a ways down to ghost town I don't think that you're serious
That alone could be the death of us
And the way we know, we move slow I wanna like your way
It's hard for me to tell you wrong
I see it in your eyes
I don't think you could lie for long Taken like a child
Sold the silver for us all
But you're gone Mop the ground where the wound was bled
I pray to god that he'll strike you dead
Before I get back
Fear my wrath The darkest suit but I wear it well
With a smile
On the way to hell with your arms and legs bound
All the way down

Songwriters

MIKAEL FRITZ, DAVID NYGARD, LARS SKOGLUND, MARKUS ANDERS KRUNEGARD Published by
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