

# Suit Sacrifice

## The New Amsterdams

So the battle ground is a border-town  
Do you want to come home?  
Is the gutter full of the pitiful?  
Do you want to atone?  
I can make all the poison go down  
Like a sweet wine  
You'll be just fine  
So we're bottled in  
We're shelved in  
Ashamed of ourselves  
We don't let it  
Will my life suit sacrifice?  
Know that I have but just one try  
Like a masochist  
I'm loving this  
The pain, the pain, the pain is bittersweet  
And the tyranny is taking me  
It's turning the screws  
I'm deserving, deserving of this

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