

Kicking Your Crosses Down

Circa Survive

In case it gets away from us
Dont pull it closer,
the damage revealed the cost
And it wasnt worth it, but theyll never know
To keep in mind the line that separates idols
If the world is a dream and nothing is worth it
Unless you have a god. (Were all going to hell)But we wont be saved well live as slaves to love
What god takes away, lets refill all your holes with mud
Purchase your tickets; Im kicking your crosses downAnd all the voices sound just like you
Ill be there-
Breathe in-
Its been so long (Ive felt so wrong again)
I fixed myself up nice but you never came
The words rolled off our backs and sound the sameIll be waiting-
I hope that its worth it but Ill never know

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