Time to Die

Ancient Grease

It's time to die
all your pictures and all your pieces
two months to write
all your alibis to your pretense
i hear a voice
"am i following in your footsteps?"
i clear the noise
with the following of your footsteps
oh i recall
all the promises that you emptied
oh i recall
all the promises that you emptied
oh i recall
all the promises that you emptied
oh i recall
all the promises that you emptied
clipped off, pull the branches in
consumed, with the overhead
more room for everyone
relief, for they came in

good news
good news for everyone
good news
good news for everyone
we tuned, on the able heads
to the news, of the up ahead
no use for everyone
listen up for what the channel said
your pain
your pain is everyones
your pain
your pain is everyones
you're running off again
you're running off again
you're running off again
you're running off again
you're running off again
you're running off again

you're running off again
you're running off again

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