

# Cult of the Subterranean

## Strung Out

Tonight we're gonna burn it up 'til too much feels alright  
The feast has been laid out to the hungry eyes inside our minds  
We are not without a cause the passions in our vice  
We are not content to judge unfit to moralize We're on the outside looking in  
Unbreakable in all we are  
Enemy of the sun we are the subterranean  
Apocalyptic daydream casual delirium So take a deep breath and close your eyes  
Be glad that you are here  
Let each passing moment sterilize  
And wash away like tears Any means to an end  
Are the means that I use to get by  
And I try to be good but it's understood  
That tonight we'll both look the other way The smoke of all our thoughts and cigarette exhaust  
All possibility of ever getting out of this place  
Nodding off but still aware of all that's pulling us to do  
The things we always do Any means to an end  
Are the means that I use to get by  
And I try to be good but it's understood  
That tonight we'll both look the other way We are not without a cause  
And we are not without a vice  
We are not content to judge  
Or moralize So close your eyes and see  
Take a breath and believe  
That tonight we'll both look the other way

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