

Ungrateful Dead

Amen

We live with blindfolds on
To protect our jaded eyes
We live with blindfolds on
To assert our demented lives
Too long in this invention
To judge your fuckin' life
Too long in this infection This city's paralyzed
This city's paralyzed
This city never lies
This city's paralyzed
In this city's shit We live with blindfolds on
We live with blindfolds on
We're cut from this infection
Cut to a perfect defection Ungrateful, unwilling
Untouched by Human eyes
Unwanted, unfitted
Uncut formally blind We are the city of the dead
We live in the city of the dead
We are born in the beds
Of all the dogs that you fed Don't believe a word
Because I pray to you
This is as far as you get
Don't believe a word
Because I betray you too
This is the wounds of the dead This is the city of the dead
This is the city of the...
Go put your blindfolds on
Go put your blindfolds on
Don't believe a word
Because I take you too
All of the wombs of the decayed Dead city
Ungrateful dead
Turn this skin out We lay torn in their beds
We lay born in their dead
Ungrateful dead
Turn this skin out

Songwriters

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