

Coffinspire

Norma Jean

They rest, they rest, they rest, they rest
They rest on the coast and the tide is impending
We pull at the motionless and static
But the torrent has crowned their heads
It fills their ears and it makes them ill
They, they do not struggle at all
This will speak of the end and will not prove false
And it's the time to move on with the weapons of faith and love
Faith and love and faith and love
Synchronize your steps to the sound of guns, yeah
Synchronize your steps to the sound of guns
This world is damned to hell and it's a revelation
This is a shallow grave
[Incomprehensible] It's on the highest rise, we stand on its highest crest
I'll set myself on fire, come on, watch me burn
Come on, watch me burn, come on, watch me burn
Come on, watch me burn, come on, watch me burn
Poisoned now enough to kill, poisoned now
Poisoned now enough to kill ten hundred men
Poisoned, poisoned
Synchronize your steps to the sound of guns, yeah
Synchronize your steps to the sound of guns
The harvester's mouth has not gone dry
The harvester's mouth has not gone dry
The harvester's mouth has not gone dry, gone dry

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