The Plot Sickens

ICE NINE KILLS

We'll make it out aliveLord hear our prayer across the air
The captain's screaming "Mayday!"
Is God's intent final descent or just a test of our faith?This oxygen is wearing thin
The ground is fast approaching
Our fears intact upon impact
So brothers here's to hopingIf we have to crawl out in spite of this hell
We'll find a way out, we'll find a way out
Left behind by God or the devil himself
To find a way, find a way to make it out aliveThe sight at hand, gruesome and grand
Cannot be rectified
Searching for signs of life
In wreckage we can't recognize
We cry out for those who can't be saved
One foot on sacred ground
And one foot in the graveSteady we climb
Ready to die, to look salvation in the eye
If we have to crawl out in spite of this hell
We'll find a way, find a way to make it out aliveSixteen souls left in the cold
To be alive is a miracle
It all comes down to flesh and bone
It's hard to swallow the unthinkableThe final course we won't concede
Desperate times call for desperate deeds
Forgiven in our time of need
Desperate times call for desperate deedsWe'll make it out alive
We'll make it out alive

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