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 moralizeWe're on the outside looking in
Unbreakable in all we are
Enemy of the sun we are the subterranean
Apocalyptic daydream casual deliriumSo take a deep breath and close your eyes
Be glad that you are here
Let each passing moment sterilize
And wash away like tearsAny 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 wayThe smoke of all out 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 doAny 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 wayWe are not without a cause
And we are not without a vice
We are not content to judge
Or moralizeSo close your eyes and see
Take a breath and believe
That tonight we'll both look the other way

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