The Great Decay

Cursive

this is the bed that i have made this is the grave where i will lay i dont believe in wasting time these are the hands where i will bury my face searching for truth you never find nobody moves we live in the great decay all these ghost towns share a name anywhere, usa all these strangers look the same day after day after day this great decay, the great decay from birth to the grave and ive seen what it can do and im afraid its got me to cause i can feel it suck me in cause i can feel im losing grip day after day its static life week after week is sacrificed month after month you meditate this is the life that i embrace all of the years that waste away falling into the great decay this is the world that i create give in give in give up all these verses share a theme its the day after bloodsucking day we dont amount to anything this great decay, this great decay asleep in your grave

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