The Hoard

As Cities Burn

They say that good boys
Walk straight on white lines
And good boys keep their livers clean
And smoke out of their lungs
Cause it's all about what you've done
Good boys don't make mistakes to learn fromCause when heaven comes
They won't be caught being youngGrace, make your way to the well
To those who deserve it
Cause after all they've earned it
But vain, its in vain
Cause they don't need itThey're steady, steady breathers
Who won't lift a finger for the gasping weaker
So just hoard your hollow completion
Like it's something wearing thin
Like it's gonna get you in when heaven comesCause when heaven comes
I swear it comes in loveGrace, make your way to the well
To those who deserve it
Cause after all they've earned it
But vain, its in vain
Cause they don't need itGrace, make your way to the well
But its in vain
Cause they don't need itNow I let go of your hand somewhere between
Love and what it demands of me
Now I let go of your hand somewhere between
Love and what it demands of meGrace, make your way, make your way
Grace, make your way, make your way
Grace, make your way, make your way
Grace, make your way, make your way
Grace, make your way, make your way

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