

# Safe House

## The Boxer Rebellion

I'm climbing out of the hole  
That I've been digging  
Throwing out all the blue prints  
I have drawn up for the safe house I stashed away enough food for forty days  
Gallons of water, first aid and propane  
And some wine to entertain I'm always planning for the worst  
I signed my will right after birth  
I've got my eulogy rehearsed I fall to pieces  
And I get weak in the knees  
When I think about eternity Have I been led astray?  
Feeling like they forgot me  
He had the right name  
But the wrong street I'm pulling nails out from the coffin  
I'm gasping for air  
My eyes are full just like the moon  
I've got a silver bullet stare The holy grail that I was taught  
Was fiction but the fact is that  
It's not in communion with my thoughts The vultures circle overhead  
Hanging like halos for the dead  
But I'm not suited for one yet I fall to pieces  
And I get weak in the knees  
When I think about eternity Have I been led astray?  
Feeling like they forgot me  
He had the right name  
But the wrong street I'm a number in a lottery  
Life's a boardwalk game  
God rigged to cheat As the snow falls  
All along the peaks  
My minds an avalanche  
I'm digging through to reach All the things I've tried  
To shove down deep  
My minds an avalanche  
I'm digging through to reach If I could run but with this speed  
I'm bound to be buried here underneath  
A tidal wave triggered to teach  
That life on an island isn't what it seems I'm cutting off my toes  
Just so that I can spite my feet I fall to pieces  
And I get weak in the knees  
When I think about eternity Have I been led astray

Feeling like they forgot me  
He had the right name  
But the wrong street

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