Blankets Of Bullets

Our Last Night

I keep my kings in the back row,
but I will taste my glory.
Their crowns lined up, they look so good.
Gold medals are rare here and silver straight up dominates.
As my skin gets thinner, my body gets cold.
Get down or dodge blankets of bullets,
oh you know how opportunity seems to never stay on its feet.
The sky falls as chemicals react, I guess I'll wait in line for this one.
The victims will come back for their revenge with a motive and a truck full of motivation.
This ships the first to sing while it's the last to go down drowning.
I keep my kings in the back row, but I will taste my glory.
Their crowns lined up, they look so good.

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