

Suit Sacrifice

The New Amsterdams

So the battle ground is a border-town
Do you want to come home?
Is the gutter full of the pitiful?
Do you want to atone?
I can make all the poison go down
Like a sweet wine
You'll be just fine
So we're bottled in
We're shelved in
Ashamed of ourselves
We don't let it
Will my life suit sacrifice?
Know that I have but just one try
Like a masochist
I'm loving this
The pain, the pain, the pain is bittersweet
And the tyranny is taking me
It's turning the screws
I'm deserving, deserving of this