

The End Is Begun

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Watch what you say
Words can be heard from your grave
Pluck from a fist full of straws
You cannot resist your tragic flaws

Then you said what you said
You might be better off dead
Than be fed into the furnace
Of the monster
Shall I die, shall I cry
Shall I be shot through the sky
As I fly into the furnace
Of the monster?

Goodbye number one
You know what must be done
Set sail through the sun
The end has begun

Lay down the law
Take to the air
See how they crawl
Sparking a trail
Angels may fall
The single mistake
Kills us all

Now you say what you say
And then we blow them away
Everyday
You know I like to keep it simple
Shall I die, shall I cry
Shall I be shot through the sky
As I fly into the furnace
Of the monster?

Goodbye number one
You know what must be done
Set sail through the sun
The end has begun

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