

The Hoard

As Cities Burn

They say that good boys walk straight on white lines.
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 from.

'Cause when heaven comes,
They won't be caught being young.

Grace make your way to the well,
To those who deserve it.
After all they've earned it.
But vain, it's in vain,
'Cause they don't need it.

They're steady, steady breathers,
Who won't lift a finger for the gasping weaker.
You just hoard your hollow completion,
Like it's something wearing thin.
Like it's gonna get you in, When heaven comes.

'Cause when heaven comes,
I swear it comes in love.

Grace make your way to the well,
To those who deserve it.
After all they've earned it.
But vain, it's in vain,
'Cause they don't need it.

Now I let go of your hand somewhere between,
Love and what it demands of me.

Grace make your way.