

The Agonist

Bury Tomorrow

Hail the sound
With your back on the ground
Your soul is bound
Time misspent for a life in agony
Hail the sound
With your back on the ground
Your soul is bound
Time misspent for a life of tragedy

We didn't feel it as it started to shift
Now the world stands still and we're the cause of it
This isn't a parlour trick
And we played with fire now we're burning this
We're not ready for what comes next
The smoke is rising, we will live for death
We will raise our arms to the sky
Hope someone hears this time

Pray
That the flame doesn't burn
Beg
That the axe doesn't swing
Ask
For your end to come quick
One last time the matches lit

Pray
That the flame doesn't burn
Beg
That the axe doesn't swing
Ask
For your end to come quick
One last time, matches lit

I've lost the will to breathe, is it over?
Is it over for me tonight?
It's taken all my life to discover
It's not over until we die

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Can you feel it?
Can you feel it?
Can you feel it?

Our backs are broken from the years of the whip
Tired of living inside of your grip
What are we made for?
Can you tell me?
Is it to suffer or for us to endure?

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Beg
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Is it over for me tonight?
It's taken all my life to discover
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We spent our whole lives searching
For one chance to be free
I can't stop, always listening
The agonist in me