

(feat. AJ Borish of Path To Misery)

It starts and stops in little things
And as we age and lose desire
The middle line starts to blur
It slowburns to carelessness
The middle man who sinks to stay in grace

Friend to all
Loyal to none
But before I walk that Rope

I'll hang from it

So instead I'll bury them
Bring hammers to heads
Plant flowers on their skulls
Like there was nothing ever there

Friend to all
Loyal to none
But before I walk that Rope
I'll hang from it

My choice
Your time to disappear