

Tripping Over Tombstones

DevilDriver

He who hesitates is lost, against the grain, no matter the cost
.

Many hands make light work
You'll get cut short with my words!
In the end you know a pilot in the storm,
Hope you die well
Its fucking farewell.
The chip on your shoulder looks heavy as Hell.
I hope you're blackballed
You're fucking stonewalled

You thumb your nose at all you've learned.
Just turn your back as bridges burn.

In my heart I'm a war
Tripping over these tombstones
In my heart I'm at war
I keep tripping over these tombstones

It's your fucking final hour.
I've laid out my tattered heart.
Into the blinding light.
To avoid the dark
What did I fall into?
I'm through,
You've skewed the view.
Sometimes salvation ain't but a door away... from you.

There's no saving grace, we're at a crossroads
You don't know, you don't know me at all, know me at all.

Fucking Farewell
This is war.
Fucking farewell.
Fucking Farewell.