

## Dicey

GEL

Finally, soon she sees  
You're out of luck  
Fire, I breathe

Brace yourself  
Take all the things you need  
To prepare a fight against the creed

A little late, I called your bluff  
Deadbolted shut, I'm feeling stuck

Pace yourself  
Take all the things you need  
To prepare a fight against the creed

You'll regret to say so here I fucking stay  
Forever a part, a piece of your display