

The Plot Sickens

Ice Nine Kills

We'll make it out alive

Lord hear our prayer across the air
The captain's screaming, "Mayday!"
Is God's intent final decent or just a test of our faith?
This oxygen is wearing thin, the ground is fast approaching
Our fears intact upon impact, so brothers here's to hoping

If we have to crawl out, in spite of this hell
We'll find a way out, we'll find a way out
Left behind by God or the devil himself
To find a way, find a way, to make it out alive

The sight at hand, gruesome and grand, cannot be rectified
Searching for signs of life in wreckage we can't recognize
We cry out for those who can't be saved
One foot on sacred ground and one foot in the grave

If we have to crawl out, in spite of this hell
We'll find a way out, we'll find a way out
Left behind by God or the devil himself
To find a way, find a way, to make it out alive

Steady we climb, ready to die
To look salvation in the eye
If we have to crawl out, in spite of this hell
We'll find a way, find away, to make it out alive
Sixteen souls left in the cold, to be alive is a miracle
It all comes down to flesh and bone
It's hard to swallow the unthinkable

The final course we won't concede
Desperate times call for desperate deeds
Forgiven in our time of need
Desperate times call for desperate deeds
The final course we won't concede
Desperate times call for desperate deeds
Forgiven in our time of need
Desperate times call for desperate deeds

Crawl out, in spite of this hell
We'll find a way out, we'll find a way out
Left behind by God or the devil himself
To find a way, find a way, to make it out

Steady we climb
Ready to die, to look salvation in the eye
If we have to crawl out, in spite of this hell
We'll find a way, find away, to make it out alive

We'll make it out alive
We'll make it out alive