

Feast Is Over

Johnny Booth

I've been living under the gun and it's taking aim
For all the hearts of the faithful, the blinded, the weakest minded,
the ones who can't speak
We never knew what we were up against 'til it's too late
A restless crowd on the hunt for a victim, a headless presence
rips us open
You took the first step just to be roped in

The ship has sunk yet you still grab anchors
The ship has sunk yet you still grab anchors
Citizens die with their eyes open
Citizens will die with their eyes wide open

Restrained by our fate
This is accepted by most, desired by heartless serpents
The graves that we dug were always way too shallow
Way too shallow
We took the first step, now find your purpose

The ship has sunk yet you still grab anchors
The ship has sunk yet you still grab anchors
His eyes are fixed on curtains
Bring on the bait and switch
I see right through it

From the first, to the last, you changed the past

Our deaths creep in slowly
Divisive acts rewarded with a roaring
Send it all back
Send it all back
Send it all back
Send it all back

Exist in the failure while they run free