

Epitaph

Make Them Suffer

Lost in the void
They came to watch our burial
Engraved upon a plastic plaque
Our names they etched with aeriols
Our shame left on the epitaph

They came in chariots
To come and carry us
They came to save ourselves
From we we've done
They sent the messengers
To come deliver us
They came to save ourselves
From what we have become

Lost in the void
We spread like a cancer
And it's far too late for answers
Our crimes were inexcusable
Upon our graves, they'd stand and laugh
Amazed with how we threw it all away
Epitaph

They came in chariots
To come and carry us
They came to save ourselves
From we we've done
They sent the messengers
To come deliver us
They came to contemplate our ways
There's no escape
And all the winds of change
Won't save us

Death won't save us
Death won't save our souls

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To come and carry us
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