

When

Murder by Death

When it finally hits 'em
When they finally see
When it finally hits 'em
Almost feels like relief

When it finally hits 'em
When they finally see
When it finally hits 'em
Almost feels like relief

Run for your life
Run, don't look back

Our homes are tinderboxes
And we are made of pitch
Shoulders brush these paper walls
Restless, burrowed in

Run for your life
Run, don't look back

I don't want to be
A man without a country

Run for your life
Run, don't look back

When it finally hits 'em
When they finally see
We've been stripped for parts
We were never free
When? When? When?
When?
When? When? When? When?