

Cowards Starve

Protomartyr

Suddenly
I had the whip hand
I've been waiting
I'll get it right now

Friends
Look upon me
As a sodden priest
Takes a middling vow

Suddenly it seemed
I had to take them to the sheltered eyes
I had to show them that the weakest hands
Can still make impressive fires

I'm gonna show them where the smoke is born
And spoken backwards then it shall form
I'm gonna show them that the field of bones
Will never never never be joined, right!

Wide-eyed sleeper
I'm gonna drown them in the breakers
Uh-huh
I'm gonna tear that mountain down
I'm gonna turn it out
And go out in style

Cowards starve
Like a weed sick man
In the throes of a bummer

Social pressures exist
And if you think about them all of the time
You're gonna find that your head's been kicked in
You're gonna do it all for the grind

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Uh-huh
I'm gonna tear that mountain down
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And go out in style

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And go out in style
Go out in style

I'm going out in style
I'm going out in style
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I'm going out in style
I'm going out in style

I'm going out in
I'm going out in