

Diggin' Up Hatchets

James Shayfer

We're diggin' up hatchets today
And sharpening the blades
In case, a stitch of hope remains
In this hell that we've raised

Hey! We're witnessing the waking of the dead
We're ripping all the wires from our heads
We're pumping all the poison from our veins
And scrubbing out these wicked stains

We're burying mercy and grace
In unmarked shallow graves
Today, the piper must be paid
For the tune that he played

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Let us pause and be thankful for this evening
And the fact that we are breathing
Maybe living has a meaning after all
There's a plan for us lunatics and liars
We have faulty gears and wires
They can't save us, but they'll do the best they can
Let us pause and be thankful for this evening
And the fact that we are breathing
Maybe living has a meaning after all
There's a plan for us lunatics and liars
We have faulty gears and wires
They can't save us, but they'll do the best
Save us, but they'll do the best
Save us, but they'll do the best
Can't save us, but they'll do the best they can

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