

# Cult Of The Subterranean

## Strung Out

Tonight we're gonna burn it up  
till too much feels alright  
The feast has been laid out  
to the hungry eyes inside our minds  
We are not without a cause  
the passion's in our vice  
We are not content to judge  
or fit to moralize

We're on the outside looking in  
unbreakable in all we are  
Enemy of the Sun we are the subterranean  
Apocalyptic daydream casual delirium

So take a deep breath and close your eyes  
and be glad that you are here  
Let each passing moment sterilize  
and wash away like tears

Any means to an end  
are the means that I use to get by  
And I try to be good  
but it's understood  
that tonight we'll both look the other way

The smoke of all our thoughts  
and cigarette exhaust  
all possibility  
of ever getting out  
of this place  
Nodding off  
but still aware of all  
that's pulling us to do  
the things we always do

Any means to an end  
are the means that I use to get by  
And I try to be good  
but it's understood  
that tonight we'll both look the other way

We are not without a cause  
we are not without a vice  
We are not content to judge or moralize  
So close your eyes and see  
take a breath and believe  
That tonight we'll both look the other way