

Demons

Strung Out

You build my churches with the bones of skeletons and fire
You're a modern day catastrophe
Weaponized in style
Bury this
In the machinery of time
All the nations that I burn cry out in streets of fire

Calibrated visions in my mind
Here we rise
We fall
In grey we fade away
Nothing burns like freedom when we got nothing to say
And do you know who are
Show me something more than scars
In ceremonies of all this wasted time
We are nothing more than
Spirits in decline

Resurrected deities are nailed to your floor
Like the skin of your profession I am an amputee of war
My heart and mind won't reconcile these distances of time
At the bottom of the sea

Everything I own takes me farther from my home
The ocean at my feet wants me to drown
My Gods are all around me
Just don't let em think I know
And I'm appetite like the heroin of love

Cross sections of the human mind
Fortify the beats within
There's no more room left underground
You can't afford the cage you're in
Demons of Los Angeles