

## 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