

A Toast To The Burning Estate

The Getaway Plan

They'll take you by the hand.
And bring you to your knees.
The infected scene.

Crashing kerosene waves into a sea of fire.
Detrimental flames.

You won't be getting out of here too soon.
Surrender all your assets it's your turn.
Where are your friend's now?
Threaten yourself, to try to please the crowd because they want
it more than you.

Stuck behind a plaque.
Descending mass.
Potential death.

When will we rise?
Because you're never coming back; no, not again.

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Where are your friend's now?
Threaten yourself, to try to please the crowd because they want
it more than you.

Please, leave me breathless through this [x2]
(Tear this place apart.)

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