

Circle Of Death (PUBG Song)

The Living Tombstone

Hop, hop out the aeroplane
You better not be scared of pain
There's a hundred other motherfuckers out there
Want you dead and they're insane
It's tough to see upon descent
Which one of us'll be the one per cent
Dropping like frogs
Or fallen angels that the gods have sent
Hey maybe the goal is population control
That would explain why the voice channel's saturated with trolls
Because this game and frustration go together like bacon and rolls
We're not playing a role
That's just the way that we roll
Clubbing your face in with a spade
Heartlessly making you fold
Players who play their deck correct
Can get to be the ace in the hole
Prey never see me patiently wait in the cold
Shaking then take a patrol
Out like the pin pulled from your grenade and then bolt
'Til there's smoke on the horizon
I'm going for the diamonds
Hope is ever rising
With the stakes and so you're frightened
But mate, it's too late to panic
And it won't exactly help
If God put a hundred cards in the pack
Which one'll be the last he dealt?

Falling down
We dropped onto the ground
Into the massive circumference of death
There's only one who makes it to the centre
Fighting on
The circle closes in
As all the bodies, they build up within
There's only one who makes it to the centre

Scraps of ceiling plaster fell
Scattered round ramshackle towns
A massive match of cat and mouse
In that you have to catch 'em out
A man with shattered health
Trying to find a faster route
As a vast amount of metal shells rattle
Clatter down like acid stratus clouds
Lashing out and I'm mad as hell
Should be thrashing about in a padded cell
In a satin gown, that aroused
Crap, did I say that aloud?
Welp, that's my natural style
Settle down, blabbermouth
I'll neuter you like Latin nouns
Testing out this frag I found
Ask Jack, I don't act the clown
You'll be scattered where your ashes fell
Fucking hell, is that allowed?

What the heck's all that about? (oi!)
Don't have a cow, man
I'm sure you'll soon have it fathomed out
Spotted the pattern now?
Better batten down the hatches, hell
No matter how, there's no backing out this battleground
So you might as well sit back and chill
Until the matter's dealt with, happy now?
Anyway, it's too late to panic
And it won't exactly help
If God put a hundred cards in the pack
Which one'll be the last he dealt?

Falling down
We dropped onto the ground
Into the massive circumference of death
There's only one who makes it to the centre
(Bombs over battlegrounds)
Fighting on
(Bombs over battlegrounds)
The circle closes in
As all the bodies, they build up within
(Dan Bull, Roomie, The Living Tombstone)
There's only one who makes it to the centre