

Dead Salutes

This Is Hell

We're all just singing along to the same tired beats and hollow songs, as if there's nothing wrong.
These are familiar games.
They're well rehearsed on a well worn stage.
And everyone is lining up with dead salutes and lifeless praise
.
The actors are all droning on and underneath said tired song.
A battered throat, attempts to choke, and make a sound that's been gone for too long.
If tonight is all we'll ever know, then tonight I'm ripping flesh from bone.
I'm slashing throats from ear to ear.
I'm screaming so the deaf can hear.
(Tonight) is all we'll ever know.
(Tonight) I'm ripping flesh from bone.
(Tonight) slashing throats from ear to ear.
(Tonight) screaming so the deaf can hear.
Tonight is all we know.
These are familiar games, they're well rehearsed on a well worn stage.
Battered throats forever choke, to take back everything that's been taken away.
We take back everything.
These are the anthems for all your darkest days, get used to them they may not go away.
These are the lullabies for all your sleepless nights.
This is a latter to you hidden in plain sight.
(Tonight) is all we'll ever know.
(Tonight) I'm ripping flesh from bone.
(Tonight) slashing throats from ear to ear.
(Tonight) screaming so the deaf can hear.
So lock your doors, bar your windows, learn to love the solitude, run and hide.