

The Search

This Is Hell

We're up to our chests in last years debt and armed
to the teeth with spite and grief. It's the fine art of original
sin, fighting these wars we knew we'd never win.

We're searching for oil, we're searching for gold
We're searching for god, or so I'm told.

We're up to our throats in next years hope and armed to
the nines with malice inside, our heads and our hearts drowning
in false starts, standing in a flood trying to find a spark.

We're searching for oil, we're searching for gold
We're searching for god, or so I'm told.
We're searching for solace, we search for peace
We want everything that's out of reach.

The rains they came and you know they never stopped
knee deep in soil yet still missing the plot. The lies you told
are know the cards you fold. Pull the knife from our heart it's
dripping with gold.

We're searching for oil, we're searching for gold
We're searching for god, or so I'm told.
We're searching for solace, we search for peace
We want everything that's out of reach.

All these stories won't go untold, something to
remember when our hearts run out of gold.