

47 Crosses

THANK YOU FOR THIS PARKING LOT WITH THE STRIKERS LAY IT DOWN
COVERED IN A BLANKET OF FROST
IN THIS BEDROOM OF STARS
WE'LL PASS OUT ON THE GROUND AND DREAM ABOUT
THE WAY ITS GONNA END
I CANT WAIT FOR EVERYTHING TO END

MEET ME DOWN AT THE END OF THE LINE WHERE HIGHWAY CONCRETE
GRUMBLES IN TO DUST
WE'LL CLEAN OUR MACHINES WITH RAIN AND OIL AWAY THE RUST
WE'LL MAP OUR WAY AGAIN AND DRIVE IT BLIND UNTIL THE END
I CANT WAIT FOR EVERYTHING TO END

CHORUS

THERE'S ONLY ONE WAY OUTTA HERE
KEEP FOLLOWING THE VOICE
COUNT THE CROSSES AS WE PASS
AND REMEMBER THAT WE NEVER HAD A CHOICE
THERE'S ONLY ONE WAY OUTTA HERE
DRIVE IT TILL WE'RE THROUGH
I COUNTED 47 BUT TONIGHT WE'RE GONNA MAKE IT 52

SIT DOWN AND JOIN US AND SHARE OUR GRAVEYARD STEW
FEAST UPON THE FAMINE COOKED BY THE ABANDONED
WE'LL RAISE A TOAST OF SIN AND DRINK IT DRINK IT DRINK IT
TILL WE CANT REMEMBER THE END
I CANT WAIT FOR EVERYTHING TO END

CHORUS