

# Pipedown, Horror

Drowned down like a heavy statue, with the softness of a wrecking ball  
Weighed down, magnetic, stuck to the surface of a broken hull  
Waiting 'til war, waiting to war, with every breath we're creeping closer to war  
Drink down, the rejection, and fight the fear of natural selection  
From Gheppetto men with the wooden hearts bent on a world of domination  
Let's start a reaction  
Let's start a reaction  
Let's start a reaction  
Let's start waiting, waiting  
Waiting 'til war, waiting to war, with every breath we're creeping closer to this war

Waiting for the enemy, the broken glass that tears inside of me  
Waiting for this enemy, the searing ember white as ivory  
And I'm burning  
Burning  
Burning  
Burning in this horror  
Take this pain away from me, the broken glass that tears inside of me  
Take this pain away from me, the sky raining down on me  
Apocalyptic dream

Burning  
Burning too slow  
Burning  
Burning  
Burning too slow, and now the war begins with us  
Go, go, go, start burning  
Burning, and take control  
Go, go, go, start burning  
War  
War  
War for death