

# Chasing the Rapture

## 10 Years

Wounded words from sharpened tongues  
Are spewing from our mouths  
Without a translation  
We're just making sounds  
The pride of a lion is your disguise  
But the fear of a coward's in your eyes  
You're chasing the rapture  
Praying for a  
Perfect disaster  
To save us from ourselves  
We need more than miracles  
We need to answer  
For the blood on our hands now  
And save us from ourselves  
Out sight and out of mind  
Make everything alright  
So let the sky and sea collide  
Just not in our lifetime  
The end is running late tonight  
The kingdom comes crashing down into ashes  
Careful what you're asking for  
You're chasing the rapture  
Praying for a  
Perfect disaster  
To save us from ourselves  
We need more than miracles  
We need to answer  
For the blood on our hands now  
And save us from ourselves  
We're comfortable killers  
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We're comfortable killers  
Chasing the rapture  
Praying for a  
Perfect disaster  
To save us from ourselves  
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