

Wheres The Gold

50 Lions

Some things still confuse me
those song could, never inspire me
your satisfied, by empty words
that could never, strangle this heart
blood stops cold in veins
chills the skin, like wintery rains
broken hearts, fake fucking pain
FUCK YOUR BROKEN HEART

Fuck

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blood stops cold in veins
chills the skin, like wintery rains
broken hearts, fake fucking pain

but were not giving up
kept it real FROM THE START
now your back, with the crowd
WITHOUT THE HEART

FUCK

your looks, tell it all in one
rose to the top, in a matter of months
the faster you rise, the faster you fall
and when your gone, we wont care at all
ABOUT YOU