

# Dusty Roads

ASG

Desperate times in vain of the weekend man  
The path we choose is seldom free of leaves  
The crimes I gaze on, they're in you're hands  
They pray on you and they gave in over me

Avenge your suns  
With flames too high  
That fire must burn  
To a thousand stories high  
With what remains  
Do what you will  
The truth is told  
What's dead is dead

Dusty roads to pave on, where do you stand  
The street names froe the vein's of seldoms scene  
The skies you gaze on, here comes your man  
The summer heats the trail of broken dreams

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With flames too high  
That fire must burn  
To a thousand stories high  
With what remains  
Do what you will  
The truth is told  
What's dead is dead

Fire stands throughout the day  
Spark the prey in hunters eyes  
Tonight we raise the night away  
A pain that never cares  
Set the sails, before the light  
Drape the fears between the cries  
Our redemption comes tonight  
So light the signal fires

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What's dead is dead (2x)