

The Atrocity

Biffy Clyro

I don't wanna die,
Don't expect me to die,
I've got my enemies, within my sight,
We're looking through a stain glassed genocide.

I don't wanna die,
Don't expect me to die,
What's joy without the tears, filling our eyes?
Memories of a perfect time.

We dream of nothing, or so we say,
We dream of discovering, a perfect trail,
To the answers that, will seal our pale faces.

That can't happen now,
It's flickering out,
Will we meet again? I hope somehow,
Even if we pass you on your way, out.

I don't wanna die,
Don't expect me to die,
We can live forever.

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Don't expect me to die,
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