

American X

Black Rebel Motorcycle Club

Close your eyes to the world that you see
And open wide to the one in your dreams
There's nothing left that you wanna believe
Foreign eyes have been torn at the seams
You'd save yourself from a world without sin
You're born again with a means to an end
Drawing lines in the palm of your hand
Your holding on to all that you've planned

There's nothing here that is left to be saved
Take a bow to the warrior state
You throw yourself to the perilous static
You shut your eyes but the death is romantic
You've sold your soul but it's only a fake
You'd kill yourself for a piece of the take
You lose your mind in a world that leaves nothin'
You're holding on for asylum, reaching for air

It's all you want, you know you'll never forget
Your open arms, they only seem to surrender
It's all you know, you know you'll never regret
Your open arms, they only seem to surrender all that matters

No one needs what they think to survive
Pulled inside with an appetite blind
You feast your eyes on American sex
You sleep in shores of American bliss
Growing wings from the sorrowless excess
Your frozen eyes cut the chord to their last depth
You share your young with the wolves of a nation
There's nothing left 'til you pray for salvation

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I'm the last of the messiahs
All your lost star signs