

Child Of Styx

Destroyer

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False pleasures do abound
The staff picks
Have run us underground
There are no schools left to accept you

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A famous photojournalist
Couldn't have said it better when you said
I'm tired of chasing history's head
Perfection lies in the letter

Await the resurrection of style
A love of grace could carry us through
What's a country mile to the likes of you

Just please
Don't call them like you see them
No, please
Don't call them like you see them
No, please
Don't call them like you see them

What was once behind the red door
Is still behind the red door
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