

The Burning Sons

Feed the Rhino

Burn!

Burn!

Burn!

Burn!

When you're behind these eyes,
More than chaos

Pure nostalgia inside,
There will be more

We are, fallen angels! Burning sons! We are, broken angels!

Burn!

Burn!

Bodies lay across the floor, beaten backwards
All the things that you ignore,
They will come, crashing down (crashing down, crashing down, c
rashing down...)

Scars on your hands, scars on your hands from the fires
So listen hard this is your wish list, we're only victims, of
all the symptoms you've caused,
See these fires now they burn for you

Grab your hearts, grab your hopeless hearts,
We are the burning sons
Grab your hearts, grab your hopeless hearts,
We are the burning sons
We are the burning sons

We are, fallen angels! Burning sons! We are, broken angels!
We are, fallen angels! Burning sons! We are, broken angels!
Burn!
Burn!