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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!
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