

Days Of Neon Grey

From Dawn To Fall

At factions of it's former glory
glittering soul of cold decay, i know
dulls the edge keeps us afloat
above these days of neon grey, i know
go away

trembling smoke and patient mirrors
remnants of the covert feasts
our rituals of self deletion
erode the men and leave the beats

miles below the coronaries
of this city we could lie
wide awake and atrophying
humming tuneless lullabies

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master, haste, the night is fleeting, and the pawns have left
the dance
static broken by the ramblings
of the shepherds and the lambs

purpose and determination
in gods of a blinded man
mere shackles we long cast aside
a phantom weight though, now and then

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with the gates you welded shut
and the saints you scared away
go away