

## 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