

Marked Unknown

Manchester Orchestra

He didn't hit the breaks before he glanced upon the meter
Each mile a brilliant monument to every time she cheated.
And arguments and Parliaments helped to pack his bags tonight
So he left at 10 and waited for a sign.

The cigarette butt in his lips was hanging on for life
It fell into his lap although he just ignored the fire
And the radio played faithful songs that made him cry again
So he took something that took that pain away.

And the time he left, is still unknown
And he will pray for answers nobody will know
And the time he left, is still unknown
Yet we're regretful to mark this man unknown.

It was dark and empty as his car filled up with gas
His heart strapped in a seatbelt, and his head in broken glass
With his finger on the trigger, he wept, "I guess I'm coming home,"
While the bloody seat stayed quiet and alone.

And the time he left is still unknown
As he will pray for answers nobody will know
But the time of death is marked unknown
As they all claim that this disaster was his own

But the time of death is marked unknown
The offices claim this disaster was his own.
And the time of death is marked unknown
So mark him, unknown

But the time of death is marked unknown
The offices claim this disaster was his own.
And the time of death is marked unknown
So mark him, mark him, unknown