

Smoke 'Em if Ya Got 'Em

Parkway Drive

Die
Thoughts replaced by a placid romance
Without movement, i can't escape
Die
Searching through the static
Twisted and torn inside of
Such blinding visions of destruction
So i have to question
Was this in the master plan?
Now a broken future's all that we hold
Broken
Our broken future is all that we hold
Our day draws
To it's close
Dusk
Washes away
Integrity now bleeds away
As tired hearts are left to drain
Do you see there faces when you fall asleep at night?
Now they're nothing more than blood stained memories
Blood stained memories