Sparks

Parkway Drive

Born of dust and stone Dead hearts, roaming a dying home Life leaves us all, white bones Upon the shores of time We are but sparks in a darkened world And yet some things were born to burn

The napalm in your eyes Is all my cold heart needs If you bring the matches I'll bring the gasoline

I'm the same bad news as you You're the same kind of fucked as me I'm the same bad news as you You're the same, you're the same as me