

The Siren's Song

Parkway Drive

Virtue is lost

Beyond this sleek veneer
Beneath the neon existence
Her face is grey
And everything she longs for turns to black
The chemicals bring little vindication
And white lines lace every vein
Does she realise what she's become?

But she's not waking
And she's still failing
But she's not waking
She's still failing

Follow the siren's song,
To face this empty cycle.
Searching the darkest nights
Searching the silence

And does it make you sick?
"Can you hear me, Is She Conscious?"
Does it make you feel beautiful?
Bloodshed under the streetlight.

And does it make you sick?
"Oh God! We've got a bleeder here."
Does it make you beautiful?
Heartbreak under the streetlight.

She's lost again.
Adrenalin Strains Corrupted Arteries

Virtue is lost

Beyond this sleek veneer
Beneath the neon existence
Her face is grey
And everything she longs for is pulling away

Follow the siren's song
To face this empty cycle.
Searching the darkest night
Searching the silence.

Follow the siren's song,
To face this empty cycle.
Searching the darkest night,
Searching the silence.

Dead by first light,
They can't wipe the blood from her eyes.
Dead by first light,
They can't wipe the blood from her eyes.

Dead by,
Dead by first light.

Dead by,
Dead by first light.