

Crash/Concrete

Theatre of Tragedy

Head crash - I can't see you
Spit teeth - I can hear you
I feel your pounding me onto the street
I've learned to know the taste of concrete

Why don't you follow me?

Street brash - time flies, tick-tock
Eyes flash - feels like electroshock
I feel the blood gushing, crumbling away
I know this marks the end of my hey-day

Why don't you follow me?