

# Of All These Yesterdays

Trivium

Take away all of this pain,  
Life feels like it's all in vain,  
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Blindingly it seeps through the trees,  
Burning bright, subconscious streams,  
Falling light, dismantled dreams.

We are too far gone,  
We are too far gone,  
We are too far gone,  
We were, never meant to make it this far.

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I feel the rage,  
And it burns the pages,  
Of all these yesterdays.

We are all damaged and wrong,  
Practicing for death alone,  
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Hope has gone cold with it's cause,  
Lost inside it's every flaw,  
Life is finally swallowed raw.

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I feel the rage,  
And it burns the pages,  
Of all these yesterdays.

I'm covered fast,  
In the falling ashes,  
Of all these yesterdays.

With the end in sight,  
I clench what's left of light,  
Press it against my head,  
And dream of the color red.

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