

Assassins Of Youth

Wayne Static

Straight out didn't know what to do
So I took out the crown
Started cleaning the room with some Pink Floyd
And I looked at the floor
I was hoping for more full canisters to help this
Pass out
Black tar
Bright Star
Show me the way
I was too far gone
Couldn't write anymore
This was respiration
Desperation

Artillery
Charge
Dirt
Assassins of Youth

Hard lines forming on my face
It's a rapid pace
It's a race to the end
I was too far gone
Couldn't fight anymore
So I'm closing the door
And I'm moving on.