

A Loss For Words, Death Or Glory

I've been photographing shooting stars
Or maybe there's an angel caught off guard
Slow motion notes are captured with my eyes...
I'm giving up on hope you sold (yeah sold)
These fairy tales are so well told (yeah told)
One bullet in your head
Just one shot and you're dead
Familiar faces caught off guard
As others run so far and hide
They're screaming "We don't care at all"
I'm giving up on hope you sold (yeah sold)
These fairy tales are so well told (yeah told)
DEATH OR GLORY!!!!!!
I'm giving up on hope you sold (yeah sold)
These fairy tales are so well told (yeah told)