

# American Nightmare, (We Are)

This is the soundtrack  
To saying goodbye  
We are making out  
With desperate days  
So turn the volume up high  
(You love it)  
God bless repeat - play nights  
Heartbreaks and fights  
And all the pretty kids  
With the tired tired eyes  
Sitting out parties  
To be with your headphones  
Reciting your last words  
And writing your last notes  
This is the soundtrack  
To saying goodbye  
For feeling cold like December  
In the middle of July (so f\*\*k it)  
We are dead flowers  
And pocket change - me  
Forcing smiles - so tragic baby  
We are the depressed  
Future heartbreakers  
And this is how we sound  
Sometimes I just want to fade away  
With no goodbyes - or anything  
I slept right through the yesterdays  
'Cause everybody was in my way  
This is the soundtrack  
To saying goodbye  
We are dropping coins  
Into dead payphones  
To hear the sound of our voice  
Just to know we're alone  
And it's beyond me  
Why people couldn't see  
We were the true meaning of beauty  
Humming "love"  
With stiches in our hands  
So young, I broke a wall with my hand  
That broke a heart with a pen  
So young, I was singing  
"Love" in my head  
And if you know what I know  
Then you know that love is dead  
We were born just to fade away  
With no goodbyes - or anything  
We slept right through the yesterdays  
'Cause everybody was in our way  
Goodbye my loves  
You can have my heart  
This is volume three of our tragedy