

# ...And You Will Know Us By The Trail Of Dead, B

Just another Poland pose  
With this new haircut...  
What am I to do?  
Just another ringing alarm  
In this empty room  
I know what I can do...

As spring hits my eyes  
I revel in the mist  
Something lustful bores a hole  
Formed from dought and worthless plans  
This blight takes all

Just another death rattle dance...  
Are we homeward bound?  
I know what can be blessed  
When I heard that lost song  
In this empty room...  
I know we'll be missed

As spring hits my eyes  
I revel in the mist  
Something lustful bores a hole  
Formed from dought and worthless plans  
This blight takes all...