

# Dashboard Confessional, Several Ways To Die T

Pacific Sun, you should have warned us, it gets so cold here.  
And the night can freeze, before you set it on fire.

And our flares go unnoticed.  
Diminished, faded just as soon as they are fired.

We are, we are, intrigued. We are, we are, invisible.

Oh, how we've shouted, how we've screamed, take notice, take interest, take me with you.

But all our fears fall on deaf ears.

Tonight, they're burning the roads they built to lead us to the light.  
And blinding our hearts with their shining lies,  
while closing our caskets cold and tight. But I'm dying to live.

Pacific sun, you should have warned us, these heights are dizzying,  
and the climb can kill you long before the fall.

And our trails go unmarked and unmapped and covered  
just as soon as they are crossed.

We are, we are, intriguing. We are, we are, desirable.

Oh how we've shouted, how we've screamed,  
take notice, take interest, take me with you.

But all our fears fall on deaf ears.

Tonight, they're burning the roads they built to lead us to the light.  
And blinding our hearts with their shining lies,  
while closing our caskets cold and tight. But I'm dying to live.