

Evergreen Terrace, No Donnie These Men Are N

Pride caused the fall.

Like the ashes you came from,
you'll burn the sky, and when you're gone, no one will cry.

Drown the towns with apathy, set our hearts in water.

Kill the scene with treachery, quenching all, all of our fires.

When you're gone no one will miss you

and when you're dead no one will cry.

Kiss your life goodbye.

You believe in nothing.