

From Autumn To Ashes, Travel

Next time we walk down to the docks while welcoming morning sun
Well share rations of bread with
Drifters and deceivers
Know I only see this hour after evenings of infamy
There are thousands of you like me
And you'll be so so sorry
When you start to hate the sound of laughter
Grinding your teeth down to powder
And how rewarding is it just to be alive
We could have residence in the worst prison
That happens when you die and have friends to carry the casket
In the saddest procession
And those people say they're sorry when your soul departs
But they recover oh so quick
There are thousands of you like me
And you'll be so so sorry
When you start to hate the sound of laughter
Grinding your teeth down to powder
There are thousands of you like me
And you'll be oh so so sorry
When you start to hate the sound of laughter
Grinding your teeth down to powder