

# 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