

Parkway Drive, Smoke 'Em If Ya Got 'Em

Die

Thoughts replaced by a placid romance

Without movement, i can't escape

Die

Searching through the static

Twisted and torn inside of

Such blinding visions of destruction

So i have to question

Was this in the master plan?

Now a broken future's all that we hold

Broken

Our broken futre is all that we hold

Our day draws

To it's close

Dusk

Washes away

Integrity now bleeds away

As tired hearts are left to drain

Do you see there faces when you fall asleep at night?

Now they're nothing more than blood stained memories

Blood stained memories