

# Parkway Drive, The Sirens' Song

Virtue is lost

Beyond this life in here  
Beneath the need of existence  
The vicious scream  
And everything she longs for turns to black  
The giver calls sweet home, vindication,  
And black waits for everything  
Does she realise what she's become?

But she's not waking  
And she's not feeling  
But she's not waking  
She's still feeling

Follow the siren's song,  
To face this empty cycle.  
Searching the darkest nights  
Searching the silence

And does it make you sick?  
Can you hear me as she touches?  
Does it make you feel beautiful?  
Bloodshed under the streetlight.

And does it make you sick?  
Oh God! We got a bleeder here  
Does it make you beautiful?  
Heartbreak under the streetlight.

She's lost again.  
Your dream are enslaved,  
Corrupted, as a lathe.

Virtue is lost

Beyond this life in here  
Beneath the need of existence  
Her face is grey  
And everything she longs for is pulling away

Follow the siren's song  
To face this empty cycle.  
Searching the darkest night  
Searching the silence.

Follow the siren's song,  
To face this empty cycle.  
Searching the darkest night,  
Searching the silence.

Dead by first light,  
They can't wipe the blood from her eyes.  
Dead by first light,  
They can't wipe the blood from her eyes.

Dead by,  
Dead by first light.  
Dead by,  
Dead by first light