

Shades Apart, September Burns

Behind my back you sold me out
The master plan must matter more
You scratch my back I claw yours
It's no surprise
September burns (Spent the months like days)
I believed the things you said
Should've stayed away instead
You lost everything you had
It's no surprise
All the effort gone to waste
Now I see your honest face
Here's a taste of what we lost
What's left to say? Nothing more to say