

Switchblade Symphony, Wrecking Yard

Gather 'round to hear this tale
A story which has grown old
Torn of their pride
Stars collapse and collide
The wrecking yard grows cold
They may laugh and they may say
This doesn't hurt them, oh no
If you happen to see them just listen
Take away some of their pain tonight

These are saddened times today
This sickened place we live
We walk right through the wrecking yard
It's nothing that we give

Memories of days gone by
Eyes wet with pictures so bright
Warm them from the fire
The children they tire
They're burning out tonight
Dancing in the night they're shining
Up above the sky
Laughing in their darkest times
You'll see them asleep in the rain tonight

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