

Alkaline Trio, Prevent This Tragedy

Here we are again with handguns for hearts
They had a master plan, wanted to tear us apart
Nothing to hold, all hope deleted
Our demise has been completed now
Nowhere left to go but down
The flames of hell they give me hope, I drown
In oceans of this tragic part of town
Where nothing's heard for miles but the sound
Of children wishing they were safely underground
We are the walking dead, we hold this ghost in our arms
We take our daily breath and thank our unlucky stars
Tried to get by on bread and water
Craving blood poured from the alter now
Not much left to do but drown
In flames of miscommunication, down
Then out and off in search of someone proud
To translate what we truly dream about
As we lay in this bed thinking out loud
I'm screaming uncle, mercy me
And my broken telepathy
For I'm left with nothing but this bloodless riverbank
West Memphis, please
I'm begging you to stop praying for me