...And You Will Know Us By The Trail Of Dead, H

Ride the apocalypse
Coming through the city side
Fallen angel no need to hide
All bodies collide and fate decides
Where vengeance hits
Where our love will fit
I can't find your face
I can't see a trace
In a world coming to a close
I'm so damned I can't win
With my heart in my hands again
Take your hurt
A muse of sin
With my heart in my hands again

And this is where it began
Shot through a shattered lens
And there is virtue in lonliness
In vacant lots and florescent malls
In one room coffins and crowded halls
There is nothing to be done
We have lost all control
I walk in the shadows of your tortured realm

I'm so damned
I can't win
With my heart in my hands again
Take your hurt
A muse of sin
Passing glance forgotten
Reason to doubt
So pry your eyes
From a film that never ends
I'm so damned
I can't win
With my heart in my hands again

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