

Atreyu, Living Each Day Like You're Al

Raise up the ghosts of the dead
I won't die like them
Push past the point of raw emotion
I will breathe
Exist with a broken spirit
I will die complete
Ignore what the angels say
Enjoy that special place where the demons speak to me
I won't pick out the lining of my coffin yet
Unless I am sure this color satin is me
Better yet go with crushed velvet
That way I'll be damn sure to enjoy eternity
My daily life writes the eulogy
Engraved on tombstone diaries
Laid to rest by the passing of time
Seems to me that even love can die

And the rituals, that fade away
And the roses that cease to be laid
And to me it clearly appears that
We're already one foot in a very shallow grave
I will love with passion
You live like you're dead
I will love with passion
You live like you're dead
I will love with passion
As each day dies
Are we living on to the next or passing on in the twilight?
As each day dies
Are we living on to the next or passing on in the twilight?
As each day dies
Are we living on to the next or passing on in the twilight?