

# Biffy Clyro, Atrocity

I don't wanna die,  
Don't expect me to die,  
I've got my enemies within my sight,  
We're looking through a stain-glass genocide.

I don't wanna die,  
Don't expect me to die,  
What's joy without the tears filling our eyes?  
Memories of a perfect time.

We dream of nothing, or so we say,  
We dream of discovering a perfect trail,  
To the answers that will seal our pale-faces.

That can't happen now it's flickering out,  
Will we meet again - i hope some how,  
Even if we pass you on your way out.

I dont wanna die  
dont expect me to die  
we can live forever  
(same verse again)