

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)