

Charon, Drive

No trace,
No hollow place at the destination you go.
This kind of a hell ain't worth of you.

So,
Burn and purify,
Leave it all to catch your crown,
This kind of a hell ain't worth of you.

In drive the fear within.
The bleeding hurt but you are there.

You're flame, the highest pain but I can't feel it pushing through.
This kind of a hell ain't worth of us.

You're queen,
The star of the blind and you keep fading out.
This kind of a hell we built to last.
This kind of a hell burns high in:

In drive the fear within.
The bleeding hurt but you are there.
Drive the devil's spin,
The screamin' hurts but you won't hear.

Hate to make it all end like this in the luxury of drive.