

Chiodos, Wer'e Gonna Have Us A Champagne Jam

Something she left in me remains imperfect
My heart, proceeded to it's banishment
The blame may hang upon your chest
I know all hearts dance with comforts
And the wounds I bear will not live in vain
I know hearts dance comforts
I stumbled when I saw your intention
I screamed 'from my eyes flow compassion for you!'
Hoping words could move you
That this place is an enemy, full of harsh words and hearsay
And if this city were to go down in flames would you think to blow it out
With such a weak breath or run about the streets
Run about the streets, crying confusion