

Dead Poetic, Modern Morbid Prophecies

Do we have the time to lay the line between true life, and you in mine.
I want to reel it back before the day when simplicity was washed away.

Like modern morbid prophecies fulfilled.
Like biting on these bitter tasting pills.
And we're just heroes, and we're just heroes.
For the day.
For the day.

There's a silent urge to leave this cloud when all I want is to hear the sound,
Of your voice devoid of the constant noise, the only sound to fill this void.

And do you want this. And do you still need this.

Like modern morbid prophecies fulfilled.
Like biting on these bitter tasting pills.
And we're just heroes, and we're just heroes.

They all won't love me, she won't let me forget. [x4]

Like modern morbid prophecies fulfilled.
Like biting on these bitter tasting pills.
And we're just heroes, and we're just heroes.

Don't make me choose, I'll choose you and this will all be over. [x4]