

Fear Before The March Of Flames, Consequences

Talk to me David. How can I help?

You see you sold me quick fixes in the past

I keep them in the medicine cabinet but you should see what I keep in my closet

Talk to me

Pardon the altitude David

My head flies high. The birds think I'm one of their own

The birds thank God to be alive

The battle of me versus me and no one wins you see again. Wins. Wins you see.