

# Flapjack, Dead End

Dyin' grace  
Here comes the darkness and silence  
We've reached the end  
All we have is lost illusion  
let it go  
It is about time  
You must let it go  
This is the right time to let it fall  
Bloody stains in our history  
It's hard to wash, hard to forget  
We live here from ages, damaged  
We've ruined the Earth  
It is about time  
You must let it go  
This is the right time to let it fall  
Wash it wash it wash it wash it away!  
Inhale little fresh air  
We're living in crowded world  
We choke ourselves  
We are shivering, cause we reached our dead end  
Apocalypse  
We run out of fuel  
We're hunted  
Wash it wash it wash it wash it away!