From Autumn To Ashes, Underpass Tutorial

This monument to the matron

Quick change of mood when you came in

A nervous introduction

Then we can for invincible alliance

Your growing fond of deception

All the things you forget to mention

And every indiscretion pushes me further away

Desperate, do you ever grow tired of begging

I know I know id rather live with nothing

Negative maybe but I've been working on it

Progress just moves so slowly

We are growing more and more distant

We are growing more and more distant

Miss model mess hit the pavement

Young debutante formed a habit

Measures that may seem drastic

Whatever makes you feel accepted

But I'm going south for the season

With nothing but a paper back companion

And mine is the only opinion with which I'll have to agree

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Negative, maybe but I've been working on it

Progress just moves so slowly

Each and every under pass that bears the declaration

Of a dated love affair

And the number of Satan

I was educated there by the commuter station

The burdens you're bearing with

Threaten to break the back

Of the widow that weeps when she wakes

We growing more and more distant

We are growing more and more

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