

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
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
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
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
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