

Junction 18, Granite Street Knife Fight

These heads are rolling they see black
Watch them smile the dust away
Who's upstairs hanging out the window?
The girlfriend's leaving him tonight
I know this well
This repeating game it's neverending
Don't let him drive the car tonight
He'll never make it home

Turn out the light
We're too far behind
Words are exchanged and we're never the same
Confusing matter?
Pray you make it out to the end
He's a clown, a first class sinner
Regrets are slowing building their way
Elusive matter?
Pray you make it out to the end

This childhood dream is killing me
I know it's hard to swallow
But it's nice going down when it's free
When will you answer?
I've got this question aching on my mind
How can you let these nights remain unsundered?

Turn out the light
We're too far behind
It's evident no one here will survive
Confusing matter?
Pray you make it out to the end
I'm a clown, a sad fool kisser
This carnival planned its early death
Elusive matter?
Pray you make it out to the end
(when exactly is the end?)

And all the laughter you see is not for sale
It's virus made no effort
Near the fire they feed incessantly the flames to the inferno
Goodnight afternoon
Goodnight morning moon
I'll catch your rays another day
cuz they're coming to take me away

I finally killed the light
I'm bleeding here tonight
I've felt the pain
Now may I ride this game again?