

# 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?