

# Pistol Grip, A Murder Of Crows

Take the trail to the graveyard for the night  
Tick tick time's never on your side  
On the edge of the rooftops and we're never coming down  
Keep your eyes wide open and alert  
You'll rest enough when you're burried in the dirt  
On the edge of destruction can you feel what's coming down

Sun down, search for entertainment  
Ghost town, only blackbirds on the pavement  
A murder of crows in the valley of tranquility  
neutralize the boredom with the prospect of activity,

The bar's closed gotta find another place  
But your trends are shit, and the normal hate my face  
We're the proud and the putrid and we're gonna wreck this town  
Discontent and nothings gonna change  
Futures bleak with no thought of self restraint  
Undesirable outcasts no one ever wants around

(Chorus)

Across the tracks there's no one else around  
Comforted by neglected parts of town  
A murder flies like a blanket through the night  
Looking out for another Friday fight