

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 buried 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