

Switchblade Symphony, Ride

I won't live forever,
Where will I go?
Will I miss the war?
Will I miss the snow?
I love the way the water
Comes down like acid rain

For when I'm gone.
They'll carry on
For when I'm gone,
They'll carry on

But in your head,
You're all dead
You're brain's cold
from what's been told
and there you sit
begging change
don't you get it?
You're still in the shooting range

Ride.

This is life not a game
and it's getting real old
Your body is hungry for your soul's been sold
And now your trapped, deep inside
my kind of ride
sixty-nine stories down down,
better better run and hide

ride

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