

# The Chariot, The Two Dead Boys

The situations progressed  
We built this city on rock and roll  
It's my only regret  
But bad is never good till there's worse  
Scatter the ash of our homes  
At the advisor's request  
They suggest that we blame someone else  
And we all say nothing more  
Lay down your hands over your eyes  
Our hearts don't beat like before  
Bathing in the river of half hearted souls  
Take me away from everything  
We gathered wings of an angel  
And we flew up to the gates to be with God  
But when we got to the sun  
We lost our wings up to the flames  
And sold our souls to the devil  
The red devil