

The Scenic, Armageddon

I wonder how you fit the whole world in your hands
Keep asking questions but you never answer them
Anyways
You tap me on the shoulder
Excuse me for the looks
But when you're chasing dreams, it's never by the books
And if you haven't yet, you might want to acquire one on the way
And I feel as though I'm sinking
Reaching for surface, but the body numbs and keeps descending
And should you wake me from this dream
I'm having trouble trying to sleep, yeah
This is much is sad but true
It's aggravating how the circle ends up back to you
And somehow, we'll make it out of this one
Welcome to Armageddon
You're pulling everything out of your bag of tricks
And casting shadows from your broken crucifix
And as you drag along your feet, writing names in the sand
Hurry up, this ship is leaving
And by the looks of it, the current's path is so misleading
And should you wake me from this dream
I'm having trouble trying to sleep, yeah
This much is sad but true
It's aggravating how the circle ends up back to you
And somehow, we'll make it out of this one
Welcome to Armageddon
And the band played on and on
This is much is sad but true
It's aggravating how the circle ends up back to you
And somehow, we'll make it out of this one
Welcome to Armageddon
Welcome to Armageddon
I wonder how you fit the whole world in your head
Keep asking questions but you never answer them