

Living to Die

Vision of Disorder

You best beware of the street light.
You better lock up the door.
I'm hated, i'm rated, I know i've been wasted.
Misguided, cold hearted,
I know i'm the liar.Chorus:
What's the sense there's only sorrow.
Sew up my eyes.
What's the chance of no tomorrow.
When you're living to die.I've been walking a fine line.
I've been turning to stone.
Ill fated, B rated,
I know i'm all jaded.
Been tired, got wired.
Now i'm uninspired.Chorus:
What's the sense there's only sorrow.
Sew up my eyes.
What's the chance of no tomorrow.
When you're living to die.I've been up top, i've been knocked down.
A bitter happiness before you hit the ground.
It's just a matter of time before you lose your mind.
Just a little kiss before I leave you blind.
Your nervousness eats you up inside.
Now you know how it feels to be alive.Revolution is your question
Couch burning mother-fuckerChorus:
What's the sense there's only sorrow.
Sew up my eyes.
What's the chance of no tomorrow.
When you're living to die.The scene of death is the decay of time.
Shortness of breath bring on the flatline

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