

Days Of Being Wild

...And You Will Know Us by the Trail of Dead

All sewn up Your voice is static Take your call Pull out the seams I burn the page Far from my reach Am I
afraid? Images are blurred Around my throat You came so close To stopping me Alive in jail, alive and well I
cannot leave Innocent accident Find my pulse Teeth in a grind Trapped in a locked box All night amphetamine
Comes like a shattered beast Noise to the tape Cast a shade Your mouth destroys me Come down down in one
piece Come down down to find some peace Driven to shambles on a tip I never said that I would quit And the
next song takes over

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