fame>demise

Woe Is Me

The devil and god are knocking at my door
I thought I had your word
That a father dies before his son
Now the reaper and his men are marching away
Straight to hell

All that you taught me to be
Was a moper, a dreamer that only refused to dream
Oh save it please
My voice is peaking through your speakers
And Iâ€™m speaking just to show you the way
How could you
Shelter me out
Iâ€™m much older now
Youâ€™re a chemical fiend
You shatter like a beaker
When I only want to show you the way

The architect, the creator
Iâ€™ll build my way out of your demise
These dreams are my castles,
Not the walls you built up around me

Oh when I look at my watch and I know
Time is gold
It canâ€™t be pawned and it canâ€™t be sold
Now youâ€™re running out of time,
Better relapse and rewind
Crucify your addiction so you can cross this line
Nothing can save you from the fate that awaits you

Disregard the signals
Disregard the smoke
Father donâ€™t believe them
Just let them fucking choke

Now we lay you down to sleep
I pray his hands, your soul to reap
And if I die before you wake
Then Iâ€™ve lost a bet, and for fucks sake,

When all your cards are on the table
Pray the floor is still and stable and dance your life away

Your true colors are starting to get loud
(so loud that it hurts my ears)
Have fun praying to your gray god now
Yeah, this war donâ€™t determine whoâ€™s right
This war just determines whoâ€™s left standing tonight
Stop handing me lights
I can see what you are in the dark just fine
Iâ€™m not blind, Iâ€™m bending the blinds
Peaking through to get a glimpse of your anguishing life
Youâ€™re hiding like a vampire, here comes the strife
This wonâ€™t hurt me cause I get a thrill from the bite

So place your bets
Place your bets
Cause through my eyes youâ€™ll reap what you sew

Lyrics submitted by Morgan Taylor.

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