

Add Mission

The Apex Theory

Behold the movie of the year
Taste like luck but feels clear
March on nails for bitter souls
Until rust becomes rare and coldBehold the movie of the year
Taste like luck but feels clear
March on nails for bitter souls
Until rust becomes rare and coldYou've made an error in misjudging us
I'd be really be happy, if you'd just ask
Maybe you've been mislead to believe
That we have nothing less than thisSame stories have been played out for ages
I'm ready to be given the chance
For saying our side, our version or choice
Cameras capture numerous nights of romanceBehold the movie of the year
Taste like luck but feels clear
March on nails for bitter souls
Until rust becomes rare and coldWhere do they come from, the suspicious critics?
Frazzled at the clever incisions
Mystic your way, but I learn my days
Greet me with your guilt and shameSame stories have been played out for ages
I'm ready to be given the chance
For saying our side, our version or choice
Cameras capture numerous nights of romanceBehold the movie of the year
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Until rust becomes rare and cold
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Until rust becomes rare and coldPass on null the essence
The undying patience, we're here for good
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