

# Sparks

## Parkway Drive

Born of dust and stone  
Dead hearts roaming a dying home  
Fight leaves us all  
White cloths upon the shores of time  
We are but sparks in a darkened world,  
and yet some things were born to  
Burn

The name long in your eye  
Lays on my cold hard knee  
You bring the matches  
I'll bring the gasoline

I'm the same bad news as you  
Your're the same kind of fucked as me  
I'm the same bad news as you  
You're the same  
You're the same as me

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