

From Yesterday

Thirty Seconds to Mars

He's a stranger to some
And a vision to none
He can never get enough
Get enough of the one For a fortune he'd quit
But it's hard to admit
How it ends and begins
On his face is a map of the world
(A map of the world)
On his face is a map of the world
(A map of the world) From yesterday, it's coming
From yesterday, the fear
From yesterday, it calls him
But he doesn't want to read the message here On a mountain he sits
Not of gold but of shit
Through the blood he can look
See the lives that he took
From a council of one
He'll decide when he's done with the innocent
On his face is a map of the world
(A map of the world)
On his face is a map of the world
(A map of the world) From yesterday, it's coming
From yesterday, the fear
From yesterday, it calls him
But he doesn't want to read the message
(But he doesn't want to read the message)
Doesn't want to read the message here! On his face is a map of the world From yesterday, it's coming!
From yesterday, the fear!
From yesterday, it calls him
But he doesn't want to read the message here
From yesterday
From yesterday
From yesterday, the fear
From yesterday
From yesterday
But he doesn't want to read the message
(But he doesn't want to read the message)
He doesn't want to read the message here!

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