

Heart In The Hand Of The Matter

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

Ride the apocalypse Coming through the city side Fallen angel no need to hide Where vengeance hits All bodies collide and fate decides Where our love will fit I can't find your face In a world coming to a close I can't see a trace With my heart in my hands again I'm so damned I can't win Take your hurt A muse of sin With my heart in my hands again Shot through a shattered lens And this is where it began In vacant lots and florescent malls In one room coffins and crowded halls There is nothing to be done And there is virtue in loneliness I walk in the shadows of your tortured realm We have lost all control A muse of sin I'm so damned I can't win With my heart in my hands again Reason to doubt Take your hurt Passing glance forgotten So pry your eyes I'm so damned I can't win From a film that never ends Ride the apocalypse There is nowhere to hide With my heart in my hands again Coming through the city side Ride the apocalypse Fallen angel no need to hide

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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