Westcoasttrendkill

Strung Out

I still believe a good man better knows his darkness well
Cuz the days of kings are over and all the good men have gone to hell
I raise a glass to every restless heart and lonely soul
Cuz these boots were all I ever needed to get me to where I had to go
If there's one thing I ever learned from life it's make peace with the end
Cuz freedom here is just a word
And everything else is just pretend
Somewhere between what we call heaven and hell
We all take a stand together or alone

It's like stories from the desert
When it used to be the sea
Like visions of the end
Like crawling through the dirt again

Glory glory hallelujah son
In the desert here only silence grows
So let your saints go there already gone
You're only what you let yourself believe
What you wanna be what you wanna be
You are the sum of every single moment that you've ever been alive
It's like falling back in love
Like screaming what you're thinking of
Like going underground
And taking everybody down
Articulate the chaos manufacture resurrection
Overcome distractions to control your evolution
Cuz you're the sum of every moment that you've been alive

I still believe a good man better know his darkness well
With a heart just like desert only silence grows
Where you stand is where you are bound to fall
When your heart forgives it's a miracle at all

Like thunder in your sky
Like looking up and wondering why
Like going underground and taking everybody down
Articulate the chaos and the way to resurrection
You are the bullet that killed the revolution

Cuz you're the sum of every moment that you've been alive

Like falling where we stand
We are the fear that chills the bones
Like dying every time we think we got the time to move on
We're in deeper than we'll ever know

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