

Striking Matches (Post-Hardcore.COM)

Cover Your Tracks

I walk the world by myself
I got this soul that I can't sell
Casting stones again like you want
Like the empty heart left in my chest
I'll leave you here, I'm too far gone
This is moving on I don't wanna be (I don't wanna be)
I don't wanna be the reason you can't feel anymore I can't see you
I can't breathe
In the back of your car
You made me believe
I'm the failure, and the disease
I'm the con to your score
Just a pawn on your board I walk the world by myself
Striking matches just to watch them burn
I've got a soul that I can't sell in hell
I'm running out I can't see you
I can't breathe
In the back of your car
You made me believe
I'm the failure, and the disease
I'm the con to your score
Just a pawn on your board (Oh oh oh whoa, Oh oh oh whoa)
I'm the con to your score
Just a pawn on your board
(Oh oh oh whoa, Oh oh oh whoa)
Just a pawn on your board I don't wanna be (You don't have to be)
I don't wanna be this man anymore I can't see you
I can't breathe
In the back of your car
You made me believe
I'm the failure, and the disease
I'm the con to your score
Just a pawn on your board (Oh oh oh whoa, Oh oh oh whoa)
I'm the con to your score
Just a pawn on your board
(Oh oh oh whoa, Oh oh oh whoa)
Just a pawn on your board I walk the world by myself
I got this soul that I can't sell

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

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