

Dissentipede

Fall City Fall

To my dearest, I hope you hear these words that I speak; honestly at its sincerest, as the days go by we struggle
just to survive. Ironically we're not living it means we're alive.

so hold your tongue its not a matter of right or wrong, but if I continue on this road my friend will I never stop
to seize the end.

White walls to mask the bars, Then throw us to the wolves.
throw us to the wolves.

White walls, white walls, white walls

guess ill never learn. I guess I get what I deserve, sounds like a broken record haven't listened to a god damn
word.

hold your tongue, its not a matter of right or wrong, but if I continue on this road my friend, back and fourth and
back again.

will I ever stop and seize the end

ever stop and seize the end

ever stop and seize the end

back and fourth and back again.

will I ever stop and seize the end

ever stop and seize the end

ever stop and seize the end

back and fourth and back again.

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