Dirt And Roses

Rise Against

The city grieves, like widows clasping
folded flags against their hearts.
Raindrops feel like dirt and roses
on black coffins in the dark.
Not yet corpses, still we rot
Oblivious to our decay.
Drinking poison drop by drop,
destined to die...
Unless we save our lives,
from the coming dawn,
that seeks to drown us in the flames...
But if we sell our soul,
for the chance of gold,
then we'll roo each passing day!
I swore this place was once was alive,
the streets all pulse like living veins,
heart point beating crossed with blood,
the buildings breathe each time they sway.
Time of dead,
punctuated by the bells,
the sky turned red,
then came the rain!
Come on lets
save our lives,
from the coming dawn,
that seeks to drown us in the flames...

But if we sell our soul,
for the chance of gold,
then we'll roo each passing day!
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Like fallen soldiers on these fields we
spend our lives fighting truth upon the wheels...
I swear we tried,
I gave up on this god forsaken sight,
and felt it all pass by!
Come on lets
save our lives,
from the coming dawn,

that seeks to drown us in the flames...
But if we sell our soul,
for the chance of gold,
then we'll roo each passing day!
So save our,
(save our lives)
our lives it's coming clear,
yeah it's been coming clear,
(coming clear)
to me...
We'll never sell our soul
(sell our soul)
for the chance of gold
And we'll live each passing day...

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