

Lullaby

Young Guns

Like a marionette hanging from its strings
You live you love you dance but it's not real
So take a bow
Emaciated little thing
Cos you finally have the audience you need Thinking back to your mother's lullabies
How you dreamed of drifting free across the sky
Now you drag
Your approximated cut-out wings
Show the fractures in your perfect porcelain Don't waste your life away
A black heart's a noose So cut your strings and come down
I feel a different way
You see bruise I see bloom
In everything you hear sound Like a Roman candle flickering
Oh how easily our dreams are extinguished
And I know
That you can't forget if you can't forgive
All the pain I see you burden yourself with Don't waste your life away
A black heart's a noose So cut your strings and come down
I feel a different way
You see bruise I see bloom
In everything you hear sound We waste our lives away
With these laments to youth
We're all lost anyway
So cut your strings and come down We waste our lives away
Looking for things to lose
We're all lost anyway
In everything you hear sound
Cos the black heart in you
We're all lost anyway
Is the only thing that I've found
That matters at all

Songwriters

BENJAMIN LLOYD JOLLIFFE, GUSTAV TOMAS WOOD, FRASER MACLEOD TAYLOR, SIMON MITCHELL, JOHN STUART TAYLOR Published by

Lyrics © BMG Rights Management

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>