

# Bastards Left Behind

## Miss May I

We're your bastards left behind, thrown away beneath the darkest sky.  
We're the fallen, born to rise.  
A part of you left alone to die.  
Dealt to you in a winning hand of fortune, we're cast out filth in your own distortion.  
A ghost to you, but alive to anyone.  
All of this cannot be undone.  
Don't tell me you've done this right.  
You are nothing but a waste of life.  
We're your bastards left behind, thrown away beneath the darkest sky.  
We're the fallen, born to rise.  
A part of you left alone to die.  
We are the dust on the dashboard.  
We are the guilt you refuse to speak.  
We are the faces that pass you by.  
We are all the ones you left behind.  
Forgotten.  
Take these days we've lived, burn them into your arms.  
Feel the past you missed.  
Let it haunt your scars.  
Remember where we came from, how it looked that day.  
Now that we're in decent, make these memories start to fade.  
We're your bastards left behind, thrown away beneath the darkest sky.  
We're the fallen born to rise.  
A part of you left alone to die.  
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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