

Visions

Bring Me the Horizon

This is a Call to arms, So grab your guns and get your horses.

Only the dead have seen the end of this fight.

This is a Call to arms, so all you fallen soldiers sing with me:

Death or Glory. So march with me if you believe there's any hope for us. I've been hiding in these trenches for far too long.

All is fair in love and war or so they say.

Come on, come on, there has to be a better way.

Get up, get up, let's leave this mess. I know a place that we can get away from all of this.

I've been dreaming of us leaving everything and everyone we've ever known.

I've been thinking all these visions must be a sign, so hold on and don't let go.

No, we can't leave till you tell me everything. So come clean, don't talk in tongues.

It's time to bring out your dead.

And the skeletons that you've been hiding.

Tell me everything I need to know.

Bring out your dead.

I couldn't see a thing till I shut my eyes.

I never knew a thing till I lost my mind. I would sell my soul to know it all, But I held the keys all this time.

Bring out your dead.

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