

Prevent This Tragedy

Alkaline Trio

Here we are again with handguns for hearts
They had a master plan, wanted to tear us apart
Nothing to hold, all hope deleted
Our demise has been completed, now
Nowhere left to go but Down, the flames of Hell they give me hope
I Drown, in oceans of this tragic part of
Town, where nothing's heard for miles but the
Sound of children wishing they were safely underground We are the walking dead, we hold this ghost in our arms
We take our daily breath and thank our unlucky stars
Tried to get by on bread and water
Craving blood poured from the altar, now
Not much left to do but Drown in flames of miscommunication
Down and out and often in search of someone
Proud to translate what we truly dream
About, as we lay in this bed thinking out loud I'm screaming, "Uncle, mercy me"
And my broken telepathy
For I'm left with nothing but this
Bloodless river bank, West Memphis
Please, I'm begging you to stop praying for me Down, the flames of Hell they give me hope
I Drowned in oceans of this tragic part of
Town, where nothing's heard for miles but the
Sound of children wishing they were safely underground

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