Sparks

Parkway Drive

Born from dust and stone
Dead hearts, roaming a dying home
Life leaves us all, white bones
Upon the shores of time
We are but sparks in a darkened world
And yet some things were born to burn

The napalm in your eyes
Is all my cold heart needs
If you bring the matches
I'll bring the gasoline
I'm the same bad news as you
Your're the same kind of fucked as me
I'm the same bad news as you
You're the same, you're the same as me

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