

# 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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