

Guns For Show, Knives For a Pro

Parkway Drive

I saw the disappointment from across your face.
A mark of solitude.
So here's to giving in.
Your eyes have betrayed you.
And ill wear this mask of disgust for every day I've met you.
Disarm with a smile.
Your eyes Betrayed me.
String me another line as your knife severs my spine.
The blackness of your heart has spread beneath your skin.
And as your new face runs I count the seconds till your gone.
As your new face runs I count the seconds until you're fucking gone.
Hold this allegiance with the hearts of apathy.
We cannot breathe from your choking hands.
Mark this hour of hopelessness with burning bodies.
Returning for your heart.
Returning for your fucking heart.
Murder is on the air tonight.