

Weapon Is Dead

Vanna

Should have shot a warning
Keep your eyes on the road
The foliage is burning
It's the end to all we know

Hold my hand
On the window of the world
At the end
At the end of what we all, know

Though she'll never admit
She held no hell like the surface
No hell
She held no hell

One last look
Of the ground
The ground at our feet

The morning brought a new sun
That shed light on our lies
We awake to voices
That were left to die

We had one last look
Of the ground
The ground at our feet

Though she'll never admit
She held no hell like the surface
Mo hell
She held no hell

I keep trying to die
But they just won't let me