

Bad Days

Fear Before The March Of Flames

On the bad days
We remember all the wrong things
All the old days

On the bad days
We remember all the wrong things
All your old ways

We think we live forever
And then you find out one day,
All that you gave is now gone
Turns out it's not worth keeping
I can't do this anymore
Some people aren't worth your time

Whats on your mind may not fade
Barely remember your name
The thunderstorms in our hearts,
Infinity at our feet
I never say what I mean
At least I mean what I say
The key to happiness is
A slightly bad memory

All I ever wanted was to
Love the one that came before you
All I ever wanted was to
Love the one that got away

I said "get up!", but I'm not even trying
I cannot tell you how long I've been lying
We thing we live forever, and then you find out one day
All that you gave is now gone
What was that anyways?

On the bad days
We remember all the wrong things
All the old days

We wish our lives were different,
But they wouldn't be our lives

I keep my eye on the prize
And the pen to the paper
Always, always

No one understands you
No one understands...