The Burning Sons

Feed the Rhino

Burn! Burn! Burn! Burn! When you're behind these eyes, More than chaos Pure nostalgia inside, There will be more We are, fallen angels! Burning sons! We are, broken angels! Burn! Burn! Bodies lay across the floor, beaten backwards All the things that you ignore, They will come, crashing down (crashing down, crashing down, c rashing down...) Scars on your hands, scars on your hands from the fires So listen hard this is your wish list, we're only victims, of all the symptoms you've caused, See these fires now they burn for you Grab your hearts, grab your hopeless hearts, We are the burning sons Grab your hearts, grab your hopeless hearts, We are the burning sons We are the burning sons We are, fallen angels! Burning sons! We are, broken angels! We are, fallen angels! Burning sons! We are, broken angels! Burn! Burn!