

Friend for the End

Modern Day Escape

This winters so damn cold
The wind cuts deep down to the bone
And it's dragging me
Under city stone
I don't know why it's so damn hard
To clear my mind I'm broken sore
And I swore
That it feels like the end of the world
(End of the world)

So sing out at the top of your lungs
An artists work is never truly done
As long as his heart still beats
I spend my nights locked inside my room
Writing the songs that I sing to you, you knew
Waved goodbye to all my friends

I skipped my education, relationships
Are a thing of the past they never last
But that's the way it goes
I don't know why it's so damn hard
To clear my mind I'm broke and sore
And I swore
That it feels like the end of the world
(End of the world)

So sing out at the top of your lungs
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