

Enemy Of The Night [Acoustic Version]

Northlane

He was never destined to change, an enemy of the night
Scouring my memories, I've got nothing to hide
Never destined to change or let go of his pride
Driving down a one-way street, I'm just along for the ride
I'm just along for the ride

Five dollars in my mother's pocket
The rest for the score
Waiting on the corner of Ward and Kings Cross Road
Outside an old record store
I bought my first CD that day
With the five that mum could spare, so unaware
We'd be waiting for a call
"He's in intensive care, condition critical"
Beaten to a pulp
By two or three or four
The next time I saw my father's face
I didn't recognize him anymore
No, I didn't recognize him anymore

A victim of desperation
An enemy of the night
I'm just along for the ride

Two minutes from the petrol station
My father used to run
He got clean and tried to make ends meet
But all hope had come undone
When he fell in and out of love (In and out of love)
His sickness was reclaimed (Sickness was reclaimed)
A cigarette, a junk-fueled slumber
He rode shotgun in the flames

His skin was stained with Gasoline
His nerves could feel no pain
He held the key to his release
But he was never destined to change

A victim of desperation
An enemy of the night (An enemy of the night)
A victim of desperation
An enemy of the night (An enemy of the night)
I'm just along for the ride
I'm just along for the ride