

# 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