

Aftermath

Radical Face

Hoping

That I'm more than a rock in your shoe
That I'm more than just turning the screws
But this stick in your spokes isn't new

(Cough, cough, cough, cough, cough)

Painting hearts on the lock of your cage
Screaming you were born in the wrong age
And stories that come from the grave
Are all that's worth listening to

And this is aftermath
Only aftermath
And this is aftermath
Only aftermath

Dosing

Nostalgia like a drug
It helps you to get through the day
When you find you have nothing to say

(Cough, cough, cough, cough, cough)

Dreaming

Of what you would call good old days
Of times that have long gone away
Or to back to when you knew what to say

But I'm not
Pining for the past
And you warned me that nothing will last
And I couldn't help but to laugh
That's always been obvious

This isn't aftermath
It's just another path
This isn't aftermath
It's just another path
This isn't aftermath
It's just another path
This isn't aftermath
It's just another path