

# 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