

To amount for the travelled skies,
I'm seeing picture perfect lines.
Now breathe in the masses, a carrier in our feat of tired dreams.

Gravity holds us to a stand still.
Look for the better signs;
We're all in pursuit of this time.

It's all laid out right in front of me,
Looking back into absence.
And I'll stop running from what never chases me,
When you keep your hands where everyone can see.

What's become of this place we once loved?
They said it was coming.
Oh fuck, this is just my luck.

We've all paid the fucking price.
They said it was coming,
Oh my god, now here it comes.

Tides never brought the change we all thought that they would bring.
Now set the sky aflame.

So tell me, are you gonna make a decision that you'll regret years from now?

When you keep your hands where everyone can see
But what's become of this place we once loved.
You can back into absence.

So bite your fucking tongue,
Cause your out of control this time.
Now let me teach you a thing or two about life.

We've all paid the fucking price.

What's become of this place we once loved?
What has happened to this place that we once loved?
Now here it comes...