

Ride

Switchblade Symphony

I won't live forever
Where will I go
Will I miss the war
Will I miss the snow
I love the way the water
Comes down like acid rain
For when I'm gone
They'll carry on
For when I'm gone
They'll carry on

But in your head
You're all dead
Your brain's cold
From what's been told
And there you sit
Begging change
Don't you get it
You're still in their shooting range
This is life not a game
And it's getting real old
Your body is hungry
For your soul's been sold
And now you're trapped
Deep inside my kind of ride
69 stories down down
better better run and hide... ride

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where will I go