

The Two Dead Boys

The Chariot

The situations progressed. We built this city on rock and roll.
It's my only regret. But bad is never good till there is worse.
Scatter the ash of our homes.
At the advisor's request, they suggest that we blame someone else.
And we all say nothing more. Lay down your hands over your eyes
. .
Our hearts don't beat like before. Bathing in the river of half
hearted souls.
Take me away from everything.
We gathered wings of an angel and we flew up to the gates, to be
with god, but when we got to the sun we lost our wings up to
the flames and sold our souls to the devil.
The red devil.