Dreaming in Dog Years

The Red Chord

Searching for a mode and for a method.
What's he thinking and what the fuck is he saying?
And does it matter anyway?
"Never again..." I begin to think,
as the liquid seeps in and the agony escapes my lungs.
The simple concept of trust.
You can't take back some mistakes.
You've come to see me, now I know that my life must end.
And while I may be forgotten, there will be no forgiveness.
You've come to see me, now I know that my life must end.
Searching for mode or motivation... what was I thinking?
Dreaming in dog years.
And though I may be forgotten, there will be no forgiveness.
You've come to see me, now I know that my life must end.
Be it seven seconds or seven years,
it doesn't matter when you're dreaming in dog years.
Just like the kiss that condemned christ,
it was such a pity to throw what we had away Dreaming.
Now, I'm not afraid to die.
Just like the kiss that condemned christ, what a pity.
You threw it all away. Dog years.
Now I'm not afraid to die.
There's nothing left. Dreaming.
Splitting headaches and random thoughts...what matters anyways?
Hypertension? Diabetes?
I had it all, now I can't feel my legs.
I heard the metal clank, and Guy just sold out good ole' Bud.
And it's not gonna be alright.
And it's not going to be "ok."

Sponzor: www.srovnavac.cz - vyberte si pojištění online!