

High-Impact

To The Grave

Burn every drop of rain
My turn will come one day
I pray death doesn't come for me
But if it does at least I'll have company
Burn every fucking drop of rain

I've been
Dragging these corpses to the mountains
Resurrect them, I'm not leaving without them
I'll return to the cemeteries again
Lost count of the loss, innocence tossed in the fountain

I thought I knew regret
'Til my head-on collision with it
Screenshot that message
Stare at the wreckage
I feel sick even writing this

So I burn every drop of rain
My turn will come one day
I pray death doesn't come for me
But if it does at least I'll have company
Burn every fucking drop of rain

I've seen shattered glass and flashing lights
Death twitch
My wish to go back in time
The good die young, the guilty live on
Blood in the pen, so this is your song

Carrying coffins again
Closing the casket on our friends
Black cloud of death loom close
Descend to swallow me whole
So I guess time heals pain
I've heard that's what they say
Write your name in the blood
Burn every drop of rain

Despair makes a home in withered hearts
Like a sunset that glows red after dark
Guide me from earth to the place we'll sleep
Our names engraved in a slab of concrete
And the reaper ought to take me too
If this suffering isn't likely to subdue
Immersed in crimson lashing down like rain
I doubt life will ever look the same

Your soul it lingers but you slip between my fingers
On a decline your existence was my lifeline

The last nail in the coffin
I am cleansed by crimson rain
The last nail in the coffin
Red roses adorn freshly dug graves

Heavy coffins again

Closing the casket on our friends
Black cloud of death stay close
Descend to swallow me whole
So I guess time heals pain
I've heard that's what they say
Write your name in the blood
Burn every drop of rain