

Panic Division, The "Songs Of A Dead Poet"

Visit "[Songs Of A Dead Poet](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

These words remaining complicated, tell me which way
to run
Was it what you'd expect again?
We're rebels now without a soul
Selling songs to the naked,
in the songs of a dead poet

We scatter the road
This time can you take it? (take it)
'Cause it feels like I'm racing the world
and I'm second best
But it's not my call if I crash and burn like the rest.

So I'll write it down before it gets old.
Times breaking a promise, and my words will let the
truth be told.
My life's sinking faster now and I'm wasted,
in the songs of a dead poet.

We scatter the road.
This time can you take it?
'Cause it feels like I'm racing the world
and I'm second best
But it's not my call if I crash and burn like the rest.

And the story gets old
And the story gets old
Walk into my life and point me to my own
And the story gets old
and the story gets old
Walk into my life and point me to it

If only a song were deep enough to be my last words

Sleep.

(Walk into my life and point me to it)
(If only a song were deep enough to be my last words)

We scatter the road.
This time can you take it?

'Cause it feels like I'm racing the world
and I'm second best
But its not my call if I crash and burn like the rest

And the story gets old
and the story gets old

Can someone point me to my home
(Come point me to my own)

In the songs of a dead poet

Visit [Panic Division, The](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.