

Thin Dark Line

"Fire's Got Nothin' On Me"

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The seasons are changing and you scatter these ashes like a winter storm. Leaving the doorstep you race back into the world but you can't beat the seasons. It's not the end, but the path that scares me
I open the door and its already winter. The seasons are changing and you scatter these ashes like a winter storm. Winding roads whisk us up and down we're praying the storm will pass us by. Dry your eyes, stylize. Risk return. Risk reward. Dangerous lullabies whispered as we drift and dream our lies. It happens all the time, well it just happened again. Who makes sure that we deserve what we get? Days like these, you forget what happened to your life. Days like these, you remember what happened to your life. (Days like these, days like these) (It happens all the time, well it just happened again.)

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