

411**"The Art Of Burning Bridges"**Visit "[The Art Of Burning Bridges](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Hindsight's fucking useless once again
It's funny how frustration is blinding
As it leaves, the picture suddenly becomes so clear
Misled by a sense of urgency, deceiving misjudgments
(And I could not pretend)
(Take one step forward)
Meanwhile I'm taking two steps back
(To make me stronger)
And I can't take any more
(No gain and nothing lost)
I dread that we were good to go
Watching in playback sickens me
Can't seem to shake this animosity
A disorder of personality
Memories, they've all been burnt
So the apathy takes over fast enough
There's no hate, it's just unfortunate when things are
this way
(When things are this way)

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