

Carpathian "Permanent"

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Two ways to choose,
On a razor's edge,
Remain behind,
Go straight ahead.
Room full of people, room for just one.
If I can't break out now, my time just won't come.

Watch me unwind.
Rejected and depressed.
Everything I am I hate.
Confused, directionless.
Knowing this is all we had.
Existing on best terms we can,
Until Death takes us from our own fucking hands.
Oh!

But nothing can touch us now.

But nothing can touch us now.

But nothing can touch us now.

I tell myself that I know, I know.
I don't want to be the man who tells stories.
Of the all things that I know, I know that were ripped
from my hands before I truly grasped them and I know,
I know if we shutdown in stages then let this be the last
time that I know, I know, I know, I know, I know, I know!
That I ever fucking gave a shit, with my head in my
hands, I never meant anything more than this,
This is the story of permanence.
This is the story of unchained momentum
This is the story of everything, we ever wanted.

This is the story of permanence.
This is the story of unchained momentum
This is the story of everything, we ever wanted.

This is the story of permanence.
This is the story of unchained momentum
This is the story of everything.

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