

Blue Skies At War "Single File"

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I've choked on every word i've said to you death angel
My confidence starts to fade these hands are free
Faith from the outside
bottles in my hand it makes it all pretend
like slaves we walk these dessert sands
tied at the feet and hands
their soles bleed our demands
fall to your knees
hands nailed to the hardwood floor screaming
when everything seems so far away
when the inspiration is gone and the machine is
breaking down
i won't feel a fucking thing
i'll burn it to the ground
like slaves we walk these dessert sands
bleeding in and out like a man with
no regrets
i just can't pretend that my life will pass me by without
living life long dreams im screaming out

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