

Brides Of Destruction

"Grace For These Wayward Hearts"

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We've been running ourselves ragged,
Talking in circles again.
Looking for answers in every dusty corner,
Along all the same fault lines.
We're not giving up this time.

Change is only relative to where you begin.
Change is only relative to where you begin.

If you can hear me, I'll catch you up quickly.
And if you're with me, just grab my hand and sing,
We will not be told where to hang out hats at the end of
a long day,
Just to prove we've been working.

Don't be confused by the hand on your shoulder
Or the dirt that dries on their collars bleached white.
It's a dishonest acquisition.
It's a smiling pickpocket in broad daylight.

So let's put this to bed and kiss it goodnight.
With our tired hands we'll fan
The flames that burn our hearts bright.

This love is ours to own
And I'll take it with me all the way home.
Through every city, I'll take this with me.
Through every city, I'll take you with me.
Through every city, I'll take love with me.

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