

Hope Lane Is A Dead End "Ten Times Platinum"

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The more I look at you, my friend,
The more entrancing you become.

Let's just keep hitchhiking
To a place that doesn't know
Who we are or where we once were.

It's time to start again.
Tabula Rasa, Tabula Rasa.
Oh, how sweet it would be.
Rebirth.
Rejuvenate.
Revigorate.
Save me.

Oh, how sweet these fresh flakes taste, falling on my
teeth.
With the sound of snow falling onto these streets,
Silent Surreal Tranquility that just can't be beat.
Let's shield our eyes so we can't look back to see
The footprints leading a search crew
To who we are today and who we've always been.

Why is it that this one-souled flight
Takes longer to amend than the arguments of old
men?

(Look at us, how far we've come.
Our hearts are made of gold.)
I've always been a fan of silver,
But not much longer.
This heart is made of gold.
(Look at us, how far we've come.
Our hearts are made of gold.)
Impurities cast aside,
We all have the same gears grinding
Inside our minds.
(Look at us, how far we've come.
Our hearts are made of gold.)
It's just a matter of who can hold out longer,
And who is stronger.
Who is stronger?

(Look at us, how far we've come.
Our hearts are made of gold.)
It's just a matter of who can hold out longer,
And who is stronger.
Who is stronger?
(Look at us, how far we've come.
Our hearts are made of gold.)

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