

Last Martyrs Of A Lost Cause "Nightlife Of The Living Dead"

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I've been going through life
Like I'm not even alive
Even the living dead have a nightlife
And I'm stuck inside on a saturday night
Telling myself lies about how I'm doing alright

I feel like I'm six feet underneath the place I left behind
And these days I'm just a haunting case of social
suicide

I'm through another night
Without a thing in sight
Except a bottle and plans to live life
And I've done some things that would leave you
surprised
I've done them right before your eyes

I feel like I'm six feet underneath the place I left behind
And these days I'm just a haunting case of social
suicide

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