

The Chiodos Bros. "Compromise Of 1984"

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Come to compromise for all of me that has withered up
And faded like a fallen sunset come to compromise
And let this music paint our silence like a fallen sunset
And it's each beat pounding in my head

This too familiar sound of failure this song
I can't get out of my head this too familiar sound
Repeating every note making up for words unsaid

This too familiar sound I've sang the same hymn
Of infatuation were making up for each bitter tongue
Letting the world know in different ways
Taking the feelings we can't express

And showcasing them as if as if they really mattered
Were letting the world know these are the only strings
Connected to my heart that no one can play with

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