

Matt Skiba

"The End of Joy"

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This sinking feeling in this heart of mine
Keeps me captive at the helm
So itâ€™s seemingly a matter of time as I slowly drift
straight down to hell
Like a stone dropped in a well
Itâ€™s loudly pounding in this head of mine
just like a hammer to a bell
And as itâ€™s sounding the alarms to
get in line in time we have our own sick tale to tell
from where our demons used to dwell

The end of joy
the death of truth came to destroy everything we knew
Lost in the void, forgotten youth
Fan the flames of the burning heart inside of you

This crimson dripping off these hands of mine
From all the time that I have killed
Wishing everything will turn out just fine,
â€™til I clean up all the blood Iâ€™ve spilled.
Though you wait there soft and still,
You know damn well I never will

The end of joy
the death of truth came to destroy everything we knew
Lost in the void, forgotten youth
Fan the flames of the burning heart inside of you

And while you live your days on the straight and narrow
You wish to clip the wings of the soaring sparrow
and as your angels sing our hearts remain as feral
Felines on the front lines marching towards impending
peril

The end of joy
the death of truth came to destroy everything we knew
Lost in the void, forgotten youth
Fan the flames of the burning heart inside of you
The burning heart inside of you
The burning heart inside of you

