

Mikeschair

"Dusty Roads"

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Desperate times in vain of the weekend man
The path we choose is seldom free of leaves
The crimes I gaze on, they're in you're hands
They pray on you and they gave in over me

Avenge your suns
With flames too high
That fire must burn
To a thousand stories high
With what remains
Do what you will
The truth is told
What's dead is dead

Dusty roads to pave on, where do you stand
The street names froe the vein's of seldoms scene
The skies you gaze on, here comes your man
The summer heats the trail of broken dreams

Avenge your suns
With flames too high
That fire must burn
To a thousand stories high
With what remains
Do what you will
The truth is told
What's dead is dead

Fire stands throughout the day
Spark the prey in hunters eyes
Tonight we raise the night away
A pain that never cares
Set the sails, before the light
Drape the fears between the cries
Our redemption comes tonight
So light the signal fires

Desperate times in vain of the weekend man
The path we choose is seldom free of leaves
The crimes I gaze on, they're in you're hands
They prey on you and they gave in over me

Avenge your suns
With flames too high
That fire must burn
To a thousand stories high
With what remains
Do what you will
The truth is told
What's dead is dead (x2)

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