

Crime In Stereo

"The Return Of..."

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I Can feel this coming together.
Frequency live from beneath the snow.
Signal escape, we might take forever.
Don't think I don't know. I'm not alone.
Silver lining serrated to sever.
Static claimed from the lines above.
But a couple of bucks and a fistful of luck
says the skies open up above my home.
I bet you I won't sink.
Hell, after a couple of drinks I might goddamn well just
fly away.
I bet you I won't fade.
I'll burn out brilliantly. A cacophony of energy.
I can hear the dramatic drowning. Transmission live
from beneath the words.
Signal eclipse, ignorance in a sea of "guess what I
heard"s.
Polished motives advance so gently. We wear our
advantages like a crown.
The same couple of bucks, the same fistful of luck says
I'm in the shade when it all comes down.
I remember changing weather, but never this rapidly to
gray.
I think I need to replant my dreams.
I remember the spark fading, so how did it burn my
scenery?
My heart belongs elsewhere it seems.
Position yourself with the best of friends, remain safe
when it all goes down.
Just sit and stare. A night like this could run yourself
into the ground.
There's only hope when you know despair. His only
chance is to never care.
So if you're going to speak of hope,
let everything go and see what takes you there.
When I say goodnight to this extraordinary life of mine,
I'll take to the skies in hopes to find
that all the lights above this town indulged the
hopeless,
misplaced their focus and burned it to the ground.

