

Summer's End

"Buried Near The Living Dead"

Visit "[Buried Near The Living Dead](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

I will watch your throne shatter and fall
Leaving treads of blood imprinted around my throat
Your hands will never be washed away
And my fears never reduce in exhaustion
Since the cold blood brought back the plague of death
The ignorance of you and others followed
Will be finalized as I watch them dig for you
When simple lapse is turned tragedy
Cloned forgiveness is not certain
I find myself searching for another way
As my thoughts fall further in denial

Visit [Summer's End](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.