

The Heroes Of Valhalla

"J-TAP"

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We wear what we feel, and we feel worn out...like the heart on my sleeve and my head in the clouds. The words never made it off this crumpled paper to held out notes and long drawn out breaths.

We're just the scratches on CDs. We're in the business of playing to please. We only sing to dollar signs and we've got decimals for eyes so you have someone to despise.

Take a moment and a photograph. Every second that could make you smile. Best friends we do the best we can or take your time, every minute seems a mile away. We're better off in the end.

We know we're the worst, and we've got this down to a science, my conscience and the consequence. The following sequence of events has yet to happen.

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If the taste of your lips isn't permanent, then give me back my tongue

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