

## The Johnstones

### "Eating Lightning Pt. II"

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One hundred and eighty days have passed since I've  
been here  
Trapped deep inside this white beast  
We are it's hands we are it's blood  
We are it's hands we are it's blood

Cold streets are what we follow  
Lined with torn apart souls  
Dark hearts are being hidden  
To be found on our way home

Speak now or forever hold your peace  
Speak now or forever hold your peace  
A companionship broken for greed  
A companionship broken for green

Secret agendas, rendezvous never spoken of behind  
the backs  
Behind the backs of the ones you loved

You could have been there till the end  
You could have been there till the end  
The bitter end, the bitter end

When you said that it was go time  
Well you should have, should have listened  
It's your time to go, it's your time to go  
A companionship broken for greed  
A companionship broken for green

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