

The Panic Channel

"Songs Of A Dead Poet"

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These words remaining complicated, tell me which way to run. Was it what you'd expected then? We're rebels now without a soul. Selling songs to the naked, in the songs of a dead poet. We scatter the road. This time can you take it? Cause it feels like I'm racing the world and I'm second best. But it's not my call if I crash and burn like the rest. So I'll write it down before it gets old. Time's breaking a promise, and my words will let the truth be told. My life's sinking faster now and I'm wasted, in the songs of a dead poet. We scatter the road. This time can you take it? Cause it feels like I'm racing the world and I'm second best. But it's not my call if I crash and burn like the rest. And the story gets old. And the story gets old. Walk into my life and point me to my own. And the story gets old, and the story gets old. Walk into my life and point me to it. If only a song were deep enough to be my last words. Sleep. We scatter the road. This time can you take it? Cause it feels like I'm racing the world and I'm second best. But it's not my call if I crash and burn like the rest. And the story gets old, and the story gets old. Can someone point me to my home (Come point me to my own). In the songs of a dead

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