

When They All Fell "At The Corner Of Blue & Rose"

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So horrific, this everyday life. All the fears, the cares
that we're supposed to share. Shatter those without
dreams. Kill the great inventors, burn away the
daylight, living out our nightmares. Dreaming away our
lives with nothing rectified. Desires compensate for the
life unsatisfied. For the life unsatisfied. Red handed
victims, all of humankind. For the life unsatisfied. Carry
our crosses across the street, a martyr. Blood on our
feet, blood on our hands - we're all so fake and it's only
paint. Kill the great inventors, couldn't they think of
anything better than this? Blood on our hands, blood
on our feet - we're all so fake and it's only paint.

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