

All Gone Dead "The Aftertaste"

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All of my dreams, have died today
Nothing more left to say
Misery came over today,
She shook my hand and now she on her way

The cracks of time were wearing me thin
The struggle, the battle were about to begin

Lasting stains, forever in time
The dirt's in my mouth, the sand's in my eyes
Bite your lip and hold your tongue
Tomorrow is here, today is gone

Blood is pumping, the organ's in a knot
My mind is bending over broken thought
The cracks of time, wearing so thin
The struggle, the battle, about to begin

Severed the strings, no longer attached
Fall to your knees, from your attack

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