

Alkaline Trio

"Prevent This Tragedy"

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Here we are again with handguns for hearts
They had a master plan, wanted to tear us apart
Nothing to hold. I'll hope to lead it
Our demise has been completed now
Nowhere left to go but

Down, the flames of hell they give me hope
I Drowned in oceans of this tragic part of
Town, where nothing's heard for miles but the
Sound of children wishing they were safely
underground

We are the walking burned, we hold this close to our
arms
We take our daily breath and thank our unlucky scars
Tried to get by on bread and water
Craving blood poured from the alter now
Not much left to do but

Drown in flames of miscommunication
Down and out and often in search for someone
Proud to translate what we truly dream
About, as we lay in this bed thinking out loud

?
In my broken telepathy
For I'm left with nothing but this
Bloodless river bank, West Memphis
Please, may you start praying for me

Down, the flames of hell they give me hope
I Drowned in oceans of this tragic part of
Town, where nothing's heard for miles but the
Sound of children wishing they were safely
underground

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