

Apple Trees & Tangerines

"Billy The Kid"

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It's easy as long as you try so comfortable,
These winter nights get so dull.
'Til God forsakes us all.

Is there a reason you're escaping what you save?
Is there an easier solution to misfortune you have made?
Is there a reason why you cover up your eyes?
Is this your subtle compromise to what you really want to say?

This is the end,
This is the end of what we've become.
You can't feel what it's worth.
This is the end,
This is the end of what we've become.
And you can't save us all.

Rolled tobacco pressing on your lips.
You never cared for taste, but you sure like the looks,
I know that you'll forsake us all.

Is there a reason you're escaping what you save?
Is there an easier solution to misfortune you have made?
Is there a reason why you cover up your eyes?
Is this your subtle compromise to what you really want to say?

This is the end,
This is the end of what we've become.
You can't feel what it's worth.
This is the end,
This is the end of what we've become.
And you can't save us all.

"Now this is not the end,
It is not even the beginning of the end.
But it is, perhaps, the end of the Beginning."

This is the end,

This is the end of what we've become.
You can't feel what it's worth.
This is the end,
This is the end of what we've become.
And you can't save us all.
You can't save us all.
You can't save us all.
You can't save us all.
You can't save us all.
You can't save us all.
This is the end,

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