

The Amity Affliction "Straight Up"

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Just take a look around, look what you're leaving
behind
Get rid of the glare fused with lightning strikes, it burns
me alive
Fold your arms, like sedatives and bleed it out
Not with your suicide, but with a dream
We'll all sing
We'll all hail the end

High hopes will burn that rope and bend the blade, just
remember...
That broken chairs aren't vessels for escape
They're just reminders of what we waste

And all this talk of dying... take a look around
We all feel, like dying, sometimes
But the, courage to go on, to keep living
Is the more admirable choice

High hopes will burn that rope and bend the blade, just
remember
That broken chairs aren't vessels for escape
They're just reminders of what we waste
All all is talk of dying, is... just getting old...

Straight up

We are here
To give you, the chance
To turn your, broken hearts
Into smiles again

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