

Chariot, The

"The Two Dead Boys"

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The situations progressed. We built this city on rock
and roll.
It's my only regret. But bad is never good till there is
worse.
Scatter the ash of our homes.
At the advisor's request, they suggest that we blame
someone else.
And we all say nothing more. Lay down your hands
over your eyes.
Our hearts don't beat like before. Bathing in the river of
half hearted souls.
Take me away from everything.
We gathered wings of an angel and we flew up to the
gates, to be with god,
but when we got to the sun we lost our wings up to the
flames
and sold our souls to the devil.
The red devil.

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