

Trunks & Tales

"Ashes"

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All the sinners and the saints
In this god forsaken world
Scream out to their maker
Scream to have their voices heard
We've got skin stretched over bone
We've all screamed out throats raw
Our ideas won't mean shit
If we can't keep balance with our faults

Everything is dead
Everything is calloused and unkempt
All the books we've read
Are tread over the fingers that we mend
But we don't mind, we know better than to trust in
anything
But we're god damn sure that old open wounds will
stay

We've got memories in tow
We've got baggage by our side
From a time long past
When we all took our pains in stride
Lying cheap and broken
We must leave the children home
Where ashes of a former self
Don't dictate what is right and wrong

Everything is dead
Everything is calloused and unkempt
All the books we've read
Are tread over the fingers that we mend
But we don't mind, we know better than to trust in
anything
But we're god damn sure that old open wounds will
stay

We must push our future forward
Into a world we forgot we knew
Make up for mistakes, biased and untrue
We'll burn it down
Leave our past with our sins, buried there in the ground

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