

And You Will Know Us By The Trail Of Dead "Heart in the Hand of the Matter"

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Ride the apocalypse Coming through the city side
Fallen angel no need to hide Where vengance hits All
bodies collide and fate decides Where our love will fit I
can't find your face In a world coming to a close I can't
see a trace With my heart in my hands again I'm so
damned I can't win Take your hurt A muse of sin With
my heart in my hands again Shot through a shattered
lens And this is where it began In vacant lots and
florescent malls In one room coffins and crowded halls
There is nothing to be done And there is virtue in
lonliness I walk in the shadows of your tortured realm
We have lost all control A muse of sin I'm so damned I
can't win With my heart in my hands again Reason to
doubt Take your hurt Passing glance forgotten So pry
your eyes I'm so damned I can't win From a film that
never ends Ride the apocalypse There is nowhere to
hide With my heart in my hands again Coming through
the city side Ride the apocalypse Fallen angel no need
to hide

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