

Vehemence

"Mark The Lines"

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Lost in the woods of a dream
Call it an American one but we couldn't be further from
home
So we rode, in the search of a place to rest our
bloodshot eyes
But everything has a price to pay, everything has a
price to pay
In the face of a stranger there was no sympathy to be
found
So we'll draw from the innocence
Don't make me regret this
Mark the lines, right now
Mark the fucking lines
We have been double crossed
Let the pain begin
Mark the lines what's done is done, we have been
double crossed
Everything has a price to pay don't make me regret
This was never the way, still no answer
Will you stand by me when I collapse

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