

# Biffy Clyro, The Atrocity

I don't wanna die,  
Don't expect me to die,  
I've got my enemies, within my sight,  
We're looking through a stain glassed genocide.

I don't wanna die,  
Don't expect me to die,  
What's joy without the tears, filling our eyes?  
Memories of a perfect time.

We dream of nothing, or so we say,  
We dream of discovering, a perfect trail,  
To the answers that, will seal our pale faces.

That can't happen now,  
It's flickering out,  
Will we meet again? I hope somehow,  
Even if we pass you on your way, out.

I don't wanna die,  
Don't expect me to die,  
We can live forever.

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Don't expect me to die,  
We can live forever.