

Flapjack, Dead End

Dyin' grace

Here comes the darkness and silence

We've reached the end

All we have is lost illusion

let it go

It is about time

You must let it go

This is the right time to let it fall

Bloody stains in our history

It's hard to wash, hard to forget

We live here from ages, damaged

We've ruined the Earth

It is about time

You must let it go

This is the right time to let it fall

Wash it wash it wash it wash it away!

Inhale little fresh air

We're living in crowded world

We choke ourselves

We are shivering, cause we reached our dead end

Apocalypse

We run out of fuel

We're hunted

Wash it wash it wash it wash it away!