

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!