

# The Scenic, Armageddon

I wonder how you fit the whole world in your hands  
Keep asking questions but you never answer them  
Anyways  
You tap me on the shoulder  
Excuse me for the looks  
But when you're chasing dreams, it's never by the books  
And if you haven't yet, you might want to acquire one on the way  
And I feel as though I'm sinking  
Reaching for surface, but the body numbs and keeps descending  
And should you wake me from this dream  
I'm having trouble trying to sleep, yeah  
This is much is sad but true  
It's aggravating how the circle ends up back to you  
And somehow, we'll make it out of this one  
Welcome to Armageddon  
You're pulling everything out of your bag of tricks  
And casting shadows from your broken crucifix  
And as you drag along your feet, writing names in the sand  
Hurry up, this ship is leaving  
And by the looks of it, the current's path is so misleading  
And should you wake me from this dream  
I'm having trouble trying to sleep, yeah  
This much is sad but true  
It's aggravating how the circle ends up back to you  
And somehow, we'll make it out of this one  
Welcome to Armageddon  
And the band played on and on  
This is much is sad but true  
It's aggravating how the circle ends up back to you  
And somehow, we'll make it out of this one  
Welcome to Armageddon  
Welcome to Armageddon  
I wonder how you fit the whole world in your head  
Keep asking questions but you never answer them