

## Prevent This Tragedy

Alkaline Trio

Here we are again with handguns for hearts  
They had a master plan, wanted to tear us apart  
Nothing to hold, all hope deleted  
Our demise has been completed now  
Nowhere left to go but down  
The flames of hell they give me hope, I drown  
In oceans of this tragic part of town  
Where nothing's heard for miles but the sound  
Of children wishing they were safely underground  
We are the walking dead, we hold this ghost in our arms  
We take our daily breath and thank our unlucky stars  
Tried to get by on bread and water  
Craving blood poured from the alter now  
Not much left to do but drown  
In flames of miscommunication, down  
Then out and off in search of someone proud  
To translate what we truly dream about  
As we lay in this bed thinking out loud  
I'm screaming uncle, mercy me  
And my broken telepathy  
For I'm left with nothing but this bloodless riverbank  
West Memphis, please  
I'm begging you to stop praying for me