

From Yesterday

Thirty Seconds to Mars

He's a stranger to some
And a vision to none
He can never get enough
Get enough of the one For a fortune, he'd quit
But it's hard to admit
How it ends and begins
On his face is a map of the world
A map of the world
On his face is a map of the world
A map of the world From yesterday, it's coming
From yesterday, the fear
From yesterday, it calls him
But he doesn't want to read the message here
On a mountain he sits, not of gold but of shit
Through the blood he can look, see the lives that he took
From the council of one
He'll decide when he's done with the innocent On his face is a map of the world
A map of the world
On his face is a map of the world
A map of the world From yesterday, it's coming
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But he doesn't want to read the message
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