

# 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  
From yesterday, the fear  
From yesterday, it calls him  
But he doesn't want to read the message  
He doesn't want to read the message  
He doesn't want to read the message here On his face is a map of the world  
From yesterday, it's coming  
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But he doesn't want to read the message here From yesterday  
From yesterday  
From yesterday, the fear From yesterday  
From yesterday  
But he doesn't want to read the message  
He doesn't want to read the message  
He doesn't want to read the message here

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