

## Such A Beautiful Sound

He Is We

Rush of wind and we know when the season's over,  
Time to move on and get out.  
Bless my soul away, I'll send a postcard in the autumn,  
When all that's grown up dies away.

Oh, such a beautiful sound.  
Oh, such a beautiful sound.

Sitting in a corner, my favourite corner,  
With a pen and a future to write.  
Take it all, yeah, set it on fire,  
Let the embers of my pain burn bright.

And oh, such a beautiful sound.  
And oh, such a beautiful sound.

In gasping solitude, I can finally breathe.  
In gasping solitude, I can finally inhale and exhale,  
Release inhibition.  
Tear down the walls of your  
Faulty tradition and breathe.  
And breathe...