

Breakfast

My Vitriol

Cold September morn, I was reborn
The sundays crashed through my front door
From my soul, I'm growing old
I couldn't ask for anymore
I ask you If I could wish upon your kisses

Cold November night, no end in sight
The letters file behind the door
Find my soul, I'm growing old
I couldn't ask for anymore

Sometimes you could be the words
She'd be the tune
And Sometimes I can't help falling down
Sometimes I can't help falling down
Sometimes I can't help falling down
Sometimes I can't help falling down

Cold September morn, I was reborn
The sundays crashed through my front door
Found my soul, I'm growing old
I couldn't ask for anymore
I ask you If I could fly upon your silence

Sometimes I can't help falling down
And sometimes I can't help falling down
And sometimes I can't help falling down
And sometimes I can't help falling down

If I could fly upon your silence
Sometimes I can't help falling down
And sometimes I can't help falling down
And sometimes I can't help falling down
And sometimes I can't help falling down