

you let him fold
she watched him go
never to see him again

with coloured strides
you lead the march
turning malice to dust

why should we waste a shadows breath
for those who choose to run
if you can't stand to take this heart onto your hand
just let it go

on this moon the flames will rise
without her by your side
cuts his hand and wipes the blood
who'll discover the dead

there is no line between the weak and those who choose to
run
if you can't stand to take this heart into your hand

if you can't stand to take this heart onto your hand
just let it go
just let it go
just let it go

pick up the pieces and end what you started
he-he-he-he-here