

End Of Me

Rush Of Fools

I've always cared too much
For all my careless problems
Driving right up 65
I wanna leave it there to die
By the roadside
I finally feel alive

Whoa, whoa the time is here and now
Whoa, whoa the clouds are breaking
Whoa, this could be the end
The end of me

The road to rest is far
And I've seen my share of restless nights
And I dare myself to lose control
As if I even had a hold
Of my own life
Could I finally feel alive

Whoa, whoa the time is here and now
Whoa, whoa the clouds are breaking
Whoa, this could be the end
The end of me

Waiting on my world to fall apart
I gotta let it burn!

Whoa, whoa the time is here and now
Whoa, whoa the clouds they're breaking
Whoa, this could be the end
Whoa, this could be the end
Whoa, this could be the end
The end of me