Under a blackened sky far beyond the glaring streetlights sleeping on empty dreams the vultures lie in wait You lay down beside me then you were with me every waking hour so close I could feel your breath When all we wanted was the dream to have and to hold that precious little thing like every generation yields the new born hope unjaded by their years Pressed up against the glass I found myself wanting sympathy but to be consumed again oh I know would be the death of me and there is a love that's inherently given a kind of blindness offered to appease and in that light of forbidden joy oh I know I won't receive it When all we wanted was the dream to have and to hold that precious little thing like every generation yields the newborn hope unjaded by their years You know if I leave you now it doesn't mean that I love you any less it's just the state I'm in I can't be good to anyone else like this When all we wanted was the dream to have and to hold that precious little thing like every generation yields the new born hope unjaded by their years...