

The cryings over
The crying is done
We are believing someone
Predicting inspiration
Were never wrong

You make out you know how it feels
Surrounded by suffered ideals

But why is it over?
So why is it done?
When we start defending someone
Whose lost reason. for the otherside

You make out you know how it feels
Discovered its not what it seems
Life you choose

Tomorrow will mean, will mean so much to you
So laugh, don't, cry
Behind the scheme, with endings no belief
You never would

These worries I've played
What is world worth mean here?

You make out you know how it feels
You strangle yourself with your.
The magic has lost its appeal
Discovered its not what it.
To make out you know how it feels
Surrounded your suffering ideals