

A Far Cry

We Were Promised Jetpacks

You cried like a child,
Who's just seen there own blood,
For the first time,
It was trickling down the curb.

It's a far cry,
From all thats dead inside.

You sang like a bird,
Who just build there own nest,
I've never found my pride,
It's tougher to digest.

It's a far cry,
From all thats dead inside.
It's a tough life,
When your almost dead inside.

Now when i wake up, down on the ground,
Now when i wake up, letting me down,
Now when i wake up, blood in my mouth,
So its a far old cry, from safe inside.

Now when i wake up, down on the ground,
Now when i wake up, letting me down,
Now when i wake up, blood in my mouth,
So its a far old cry, from safe inside.

(Holding my hands by my side)
(The intention of willing to die) (?)
(Holding my hands by my side)
(The intention of willing to die) (?)
(So were taking the best of our life)
(Still were holding our hands by our side)
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(Still were holding our hands by my side)
(The intention of willing to die) (?)
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