

## Fists Up

Blow

i have tried  
my hopes have blossomed  
and my hopes have fried,  
i tried to cut them all down  
but i found hopes were still living deep inside,  
like a team of renegade lovers  
working long hours sneaking around  
with a belief in the life of our love,  
like a light at the end at the end  
of a long tunnel; a struggle

fist up!  
for all their faith in one preceding a face,  
they really do believe that if  
they hang on long enough  
that you'll come around  
and finally let it show  
and all their hopes will be rewarded  
for their impetus to grow,  
well utopian piece would fall across the land  
you'll reach over for my hand,  
you'll really want to hold my hand

And i don't want to come to the point of this song,  
because the point of this song  
would happen to be so long.

It gets hard:  
the vigilantes can't agree on who's in charge,  
they gave their souls for the cause  
but the love that they were after is still at large  
see this faith in which they found allegiance  
ripping at the seams as hope is running it's course  
the rebels just cant muster the force  
to walk the thin line between belief and delusion  
and

fists up! for all their faith  
in one preceding a face  
they really did believe  
that if they've hung on long enough  
that you'd come around  
and finally let it show  
and all their hopes would be rewarded  
for their impetus to grow  
utopian peace would fall across the land  
you'd reach over for my hand,  
you would've really wanted to hold my hand

and i don't want to come to the point of this song  
because the point of this song would happen to be so  
long[long long long long long long long]

It was perfect you know  
with just one little problem  
the fact that it turns out  
you don't really want it

my love is a fortress,  
my love is a Louvre  
but it cant ever thrive  
if i'm forced to keep proving it.

x3

[ahhh hahahh hahaahahahaa!]