

A Fitting Sight

A Faylene Sky

I won't let this be the end of us,
This isn't make believe these are the stories that's we weave.
Don't spend to long inside my head, to keep holding on.
Only you and me.

And maybe this time, this time we've come to far.
It's clear to me, clear to me.
That we're not welcome here.

We won't still burn the candles,
Brighter than we have ever been.
So raise your voices.
Well show them this wasn't all for nothing.
Cause this could be our last chance.
Our last chance to leave our mark on something.
What other choice do we have?

And maybe this time, this time we've come to far.
It's clear to me, clear to me. That we're not welcome here.
There's nothing left to say and there's no turning back.
But we cant blame ourselves, we didn't carve this path.

So go ahead and sit on your high horse,
I can wait till the day you fall off.

So go ahead and sit on your high horse,
I can't wait till you fall off.
(2x)

And maybe this time, this time we've come to far.
It's clear to me, clear to me. That we're not welcome here.
There's nothing left to say and there's no turning back.
But we cant blame ourselves, we didn't carve this path