

I fear the struggle  
I fear the strife  
A fear of death  
A fear of life  
I fear for you  
You fear for me  
I fear for what  
Will come to be

Blossoms bloom so fine  
Only to fall from the vine  
I will grown an orchard  
Filled with broken portraits

I got a feeling  
I'm just scared  
I'll start believing  
When I see you there  
Life's a portion  
When you die its done  
Pretend your something  
Not fooling anyone.

Blossoms bloom so fine  
Only to fall from the vine  
I will grown an orchard  
Filled with broken portraits