

A Kid Called Dreamer

Birds in Row

We were born where boredom's been sanctified. And hope wears the same dust than all roads outgoing. I'm sick of waiting, sick of living in this apathy. Tonight's the night, the mounts will give up. No need for muscles when you have a beating heart. This is the story of not already broken dreams. War's not over, i've just found the flag. And I don't stand for the resigned one. Maybe it could leave me happy, maybe it could leave me broken, one thing is sure : it won't leave ignorant. And if I have one fear, it's to lay on regrets. With no way to sleep before the sunset. Haunted by souvenirs of days spent hoping that life ain't useless for a kid still dreaming. Life won't build me no jail.