

Finest Hour

BulletProof Messenger

Deep inside, I hide the words I want to say
Kept far from light, I'm tryin not to speak my mind
Why do I tell everyone I know
That this just feels wrong
Its time to make ammends

And I'm feeling for my answers
And I'm trying to find my way
The truth is that I don't know what to say
And I'm fighting for my reasons
And ill take this all the way
The fact is that I don't care what you say

So where do we go when
The doors keep on closin
You're wasting your time don't stand in our way
So now we have choosen
To just kick them open
Take this as a sign don't throw it away

Years go by and feelings have but all run dry
I've asked you why it took so long to see the light
Why do I tell everyone I know that I have messed up
This time ill have to pay

When I finally find the answers
And I see I've found my way
Then the words will be there right in front of me
And I'm standing by my reasons
Up until this very day
The truth is that I don't care what you say

First time you thought you had a reason
Two times you try to take a stand but
All this time, you fell in line
Third time you thought you had the answers
Four times you should have finally seen
Its not my time, to fall in line again