

The Night I Lost the Will to Fight

Cursive

I need a catalyst, to rekindle the flame
That once burned within these fists where defeat remains

The night has fallen down the staircase...

I need a catalyst, to rekindle the flame
That once burned within these fists where defeat remains
One February night, we screamed our agonies
And I swear I tried to care
I tried, I tried...

But the icicles hung down like prison bars...

I need a catalyst, to rekindle the flame
That once burned within these fists where defeat remains
One February night, we screamed our agonies
And I swear I tried to care
I tried, I tried...

(And) I lost the will to fight...

The will to fight...

(I lost the will to fight... I lost the will to fight... I lost
it... I lost it...

I lost the will to fight.)