

Wild West

Gregory and the Hawk

When the end comes
You'll see hydrogen electrolyzed
Amazing, you're amazed at the cold you see, the fire by your face
Bitter bloom
Flightless skies
The fear the doom it's no surprise

Realize, there's no sense in losing your mind before your time

In order not to worry you write the words down
But it's a fool's game and your game face is shameful

Rise young sun you're a tireless one
And you'll be back, burning
When the morning comes when you catch my soul upon waking
Will you make a wish

For the wild west to accept the excess?

When the end comes you'll see fields of green beyond your reach
And heartbeats

Rise young sun, you're a tireless one and you'll be back burning
When the morning comes
When you catch my soul upon waking
Will you make a wish

For the fool's gain to equal his insane?