

Such A Beautiful Sound

He Is We

Rush of wind and we know when the season's over,
Time to move on and get out.
Bless my soul away, I'll send a postcard in the autumn,
When all that's grown up dies away.

Oh, such a beautiful sound.
Oh, such a beautiful sound.

Sitting in a corner, my favourite corner,
With a pen and a future to write.
Take it all, yeah, set it on fire,
Let the embers of my pain burn bright.

And oh, such a beautiful sound.
And oh, such a beautiful sound.

In gasping solitude, I can finally breathe.
In gasping solitude, I can finally inhale and exhale,
Release inhibition.
Tear down the walls of your
Faulty tradition and breathe.
And breathe...