

Forth-here

Heights

A new page, a new day.
Drained, down to my last eyes,
But it still doesn't go away,
(What am I doing here?)
But it still doesn't go away,
(Who am I pleasing here?)

Tortured souls from day one.
If this world is right then I'm his bastard son.
Tortured souls from day one.
If this world is right then I'm his bastard son.

Pull out my lungs look behind my eyes,
Searching for something to fill the void.

Searching for something inside of me,
Separating from what's outside of me.
Hoping that one of these days,
I'll find out how to feel that way.

Tortured souls from day one.
If this world is right then I'm his bastard son.
Tortured souls from day one.
If this world is right then I'm his bastard son.

And this is everything,
It's not meant to be.
Growing up is getting old to me.
And this is everything,
It's not meant to be.
Growing up is getting old to me.
And this is everything,
It's not meant to be.
Growing up is getting old to me.
And this is everything,
It's not meant to be.
Growing up is getting old to me.

What use is time with no motivation?
What use is life with no inspiration?
Is death the only thing that drives us on?
This growing up is getting older, and older, and older.
What use is time with no motivation?
What use is life with no inspiration?
Is death the only thing that drives us on?
This growing up is getting older, and older, and older...