

How could you split the center
Of seven signs we'll remember
You have to realize
That it's the last time
They let us skip on their composure
One day we'll see a sign
That no one's weapon finds
And we can hold until it's over

Who can set you free
From your misery you're living in a fantasy
High and clean
A place to realize a level to sanitize
Who can set you free
Whose gonna find you when it's time to leave
Your fantasy

Imagine regret actions
All circled losing traction
When will we realize they don't need to hide
We've deserved and now we're closer
This is the last time for your teeth to shine
The lungs have been pulled for breath enclosure

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