



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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