

Frail Dreams And Rude Awakenings

Inhale Exhale

We fight these fools, and it's so true.
That kindness kills.
More than a fist could ever do.
And I'd be scared of Love I never wanted.
You'd be surprised at what really sits in my heart.
Passion fuels who we are.
This is why we're here every night.
Critical minded from a place so full of shame.

We sleep tonight so sound.
And empty promise of a dream.
Among the streets of this dead town,
I'm waking up.

Over burdened, shoved aside.
Remember peace in all this mess.
This dead town.

We sleep tonight so sound.
And empty promise of a dream.
Among the streets of this dead town,
I'm waking up