Worlds Collide

Mushroomhead

I fight to sleep
Can't bare but dream
And then the whole thing starts to bleed
Envision grief and get on your knees
Yeah the whole thing starts to bleed

Handout the children
Into the darkness
The fathers of sinners
The daughters of hate
Handout the darkness
To all the children
The mother of nothing
The sons of our fate
We are the burden
The shame you must carry
We are the future for now and the late

Improbable impossible
Seems insurmountable to breathe
When worlds collide
Like ancient history
We spend our time in misery for you
Awaken all but follow through