

## Lifted

Parabelle

There's a sweet reluctant symphony in your head  
A cold start is better served it makes you shut your mouth  
(I've been lifted)  
If moderation was the cause then you'd say it's the reason  
But I'd say it's the reason I remember you at all  
And I won't stay on the ground it keeps my options open  
I look for signs you've weakened  
I see the signs you're beaten something I would not know of

She screams I can't waste tomorrow  
I've already come out alive  
I've done everything you wanted  
Pushed everything aside  
She screams out loud

Do you want to fight  
Who'll raise their fists tonight  
Who'll praise their fallen savior with heads held high  
Now when a simple blessing becomes a sacrifice  
You can sell our souls to devils to wet their appetites

She screams I can't waste tomorrow  
I've already come out alive  
I've done everything you wanted  
Pushed everything aside  
She screams out loud

There's a hell of a lot more than you think I know  
I know a hell of a lot more than you think I know

And when the ground doesn't give away  
Just use your rights to bury me  
Because you always say that there's always  
A sweet reluctant symphony  
It lets you shut your mouth and still defy me

She screams I can't waste tomorrow  
I've already come out alive  
I've done everything you wanted  
Pushed everything aside  
She screams out loud

There's a hell of a lot more than you think I know  
I know a hell of a lot more than you think I know  
There's no way to remember this, I've been lifted