

you let him fold  
she watched him go  
never to see him again

with coloured strides  
you lead the march  
turning malice to dust

why should we waste a shadows breath  
for those who choose to run  
if you can't stand to take this heart onto your hand  
just let it go

on this moon the flames will rise  
without her by your side  
cuts his hand and wipes the blood  
who'll discover the dead

there is no line between the weak and those who choose to  
run  
if you can't stand to take this heart into your hand

if you can't stand to take this heart onto your hand  
just let it go  
just let it go  
just let it go

pick up the pieces and end what you started  
he-he-he-he-here