

Forgive the ones you hate the most
Result of a broken home
A giant hole in a heart so cold
And visions that you seek
You grow too fast to weep

Hear the words of a silent child
A lonely soul and a worried mind
And visions of a man who screams
It's better if you learn to dream
Quietly
Forgive the ones you hate the most
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Countless nights of broken dreams
Friends that only you can see
Your visions are the truth
That they taught you
In books you never read

Shine a light on my sleepless nights
I hope I won't be the first to cry
And visions of a man who bleeds
Discover that the wound
Is too deep and never heals

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