

I'm waiting for the rain now, to settle the dusty air. Clearing
up my emotions.
Facing it all if I dare.
I've been thinking, I've been trying but I've always been denyi
ng.
Wasted days are still inside of me, it's time to set them free.

Why don't we see what is going on?
There are not so many years to be wasted until the damage is do
ne and the beauty is gone.
Save Our Souls.

What is the price that we pay?
Save Our Souls.
Do we have nothing to say?