

Whisper To The Clouds

The High Court

Turn the TV off!

You got another dead kid with a high school ring and it's glorified all over the screen.

What's with this world and its social horror scene?

Look at me on NBC,

I got a gun in my hand, I'll make the whole world understand how good this feels to cause a tragedy.

Reporting live tonight, we paint this picture, oh, just right.

The schoolhouse doors were blasted open wide:

Murder, suicide, 3 students died.

There were 7 more down on the floor, there were a dozen little girls who begged the Lord,

"Please let me survive!", as they were locked up inside.

Won't it bring you down?

This isn't over now.

Your prayers are only whispers to the clouds.

You're crying oh so loud, and no one hears your sound, preparing for your journey to the ground.

Memories of your babies, you'll never see, you're just pretending.

You'll try, and it's all you do.

You never thought that this could happen to you.

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You're crying oh so loud, and no one hears your sound, preparing for your journey to the ground.

No matter what you do, the pain comes to you.