

Paper-Cuts

The Let Go

No rejection to fear
Is it cause for concern
Who's to say what is real
When i can prove i'm alive
Maybe i am morre than this, but how can i believe

The stars burn without us
So we make it up to keep the appeal
As cancer disarms us
Only my paper-cuts seem real

Waste a moment with me
While the rest wait their turn
Can't imagine what good
Is the function of truth
Maybe we should share the news but what fun would that be?

The stars burn without us
So we make it up to keep the appeal
As cancers disarms us
Only my paper-cuts seem real
Tell me your paper-cuts are real

I'm lying beside you, but i have no proof
I'm singing as loud as i can
But baby what is the use?

The stars burn without us
So we make it up to keep the appeal
As cancer disarms us
Only my paper-cuts seem real
Tell me your paper-cuts are real
Why are those paper-cuts not real?