

The cryings over  
The crying is done  
We are believing someone  
Predicting inspiration  
Were never wrong

You make out you know how it feels  
Surrounded by suffered ideals

But why is it over?  
So why is it done?  
When we start defending someone  
Whose lost reason. for the otherside

You make out you know how it feels  
Discovered its not what it seems  
Life you choose

Tomorrow will mean, will mean so much to you  
So laugh, don't, cry  
Behind the scheme, with endings no belief  
You never would

These worries I've played  
What is world worth mean here?

You make out you know how it feels  
You strangle yourself with your.  
The magic has lost its appeal  
Discovered its not what it.  
To make out you know how it feels  
Surrounded your suffering ideals