

10 Years, Silhouette Of A Life

Forced myself to sleep last night
Woke up to all white
Saw all the tears and cries
Screamed out but reply
Nirvana dreams were never right
Crossing to the other side
It's too late to take this back
Accidental excess

Now what's in store for a
Soul with premature wings that will never soar
For what they're made for

Why we wingless angels fall
We'll die if our wings don't grow at all
So tell me why we wingless angels fall
We'll die if our wings don't grow at all

Life is always strange
Signs like wandering
Mental sodomy
This can't be happening

So tell me why we wingless angels fall
We'll die if our wings don't grow at all
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