

Aphasia, We All

With a gun to your head
You still wouldn't change the way you are.
And I can see your callous dreams are the reason for your greed
They are all the same - always dying to attain success and wealthiness behind closed doors
We All are fighting so hard to make you see
That we all want more than your superficial dreams
We are most mysterious creatures to kill for what we believe
We all want more
So wrap your arms around me tight
I know its hard for you to hear
But failure is a just part of life - is harder than it seems
Cause if we were meant to fly, why are wings so hard to come by
So
Close the door
We All are fighting so hard to make you see
That we all want more than your superficial dreams
We are most mysterious creatures to kill for what we believe
We all want more
Left behind, life is so unkind
Why even try