

# Art Of Fighting, Mysteries

sun comes up, breaks another day  
but colour don't come just shadows and grey  
talking that way, walking away  
I used to know you but now I can't say  
we were all made up  
all made up of mysteries  
so I had to find free had to run clean  
dont wanna be cruel just to know what it means  
I was losing myself, losing my scene  
I was losing my faith in everything  
we were all made up  
all made up of mysteries  
that fire that burned in your hoping hands and that water behind your eyes  
they once brought me to your side but now they won't and don't ask me why  
cause who knows  
do do do do do do do  
do do do do do do do