

Cinder, Halo

I always tried to be the best that I could be,
But other people always taking things from me.
I see an open chest of stolen treasure,
I reach to take it cleave through broken weather.
And then my halo keeps coming in to play.
Seems like the more I try the wind blows,
And takes me away.
Collecting twigs to try to make those steps to climb,
The other people seem to climb them all the time.
I see another and nobody is looking,
I take the first step but my head is spinning.
I reach the gate first throw my ticket on the floor,
Close the door say were not open anymore.