

Cinematic Sunrise, Our Honeymoon At Weston Hills

The rise and the fall
Dialect and different skill
Gripping my hand
With every intention of breaking free
The roar of the crowd halts to the simple
Echo of a beating heart
As we all attempted to exhale
Our breathe just wouldn't leave our chest
One thousand dainty figures all lined up and linked
Side to side by the arms
Each and every limb at our sides
As if they were sleeping
The quarrel of all communication
Being choked from our nerves
In the end of the bottom line we all anticipate
The intense stabs of pins and needles.
The roar of the crowd halts to the simple
Echo of a beating heart
As we all attempted to exhale
Our breathe just wouldn't leave our chest
Shake them off,
Just to find a way to wake them up
To make them see what they are losing,
Introduce what you have become
Show them where you're going
Struggle to fight the world
Of everything you've ever wanted
Everything that you've ever wanted
The rise and the fall
Dialect and different skill
Gripping my hand
With every intention of breaking free
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