

Cursive, The Night I Lost The Will To Fight

I need a catalyst, to rekindle the flame
That once burned within these fists where defeat remains

The night has fallen down the staircase...

I need a catalyst, to rekindle the flame
That once burned within these fists where defeat remains
One Februrary night, we screamed our agonies
And I swear I tried to care
I tried, I tried...

But the icicles hung down like prison bars...

I need a catalyst, to rekindle the flame
That once burned within these fists where defeat remains
One Februrary night, we screamed our agonies
And I swear I tried to care
I tried, I tried...
(And) I lost the will to fight...
The will to fight...
(I lost the will to fight... I lost the will to fight... I lost it... I lost it...
I lost the will to fight.)