

EMPYR, The Fever

Is your life so perfect, that you cannot fall
You feel so strong, I think you're wrong
Why are your eyes so lifeless, why are you alone
We don't belong, to the same world
These are my words for you, let's start something new
Just close your eyes, and free your mind

You belong to the streets, to my story
I belong to your dreams, will you taste me again

No you're not the queen
No you're not a slave
You are just a fever of my generation
I am not the king
I am not the pain
I am just a feather
For my generation

You could climb the mountain, to see which star is yours
Will you open the door, will you face the truth
Will you believe it, will you believe me

Do you still wanna be one of the bitches
We were laughing at before
I know we've all been changed from what we were but,
I still know who you are