

Growing Down, On Set

It's so easy to say
tomorrow starts today but
the table will turn
finding a way to leave
you're sitting at the bottom of the wall
you're screaming ignorance
how can you persist
it's so simple to
fight this sad story
without singing out loud your misery
but you seem out of weapon why don't you go
far from the bleeding hand of hate
take me away and cover me up
hiding the truth
yesterday I swear that the sun came out
giving us a chance to
realize our weight
all my hurts of conscience have been written on
the wall
Now It's the end
we passed the final stage
you try to prove your innocence
you'll never find a sense to your life
your falling down is not my fault
you have to give it back all suffering
from his warm violence
I hate you
we were brave
In your eye
I see that you are proud of you thought