

# One Fine Day, Not Ready To Go

the fairytale is over  
and yet you try to fix your broken wings  
is it too late to fly away?  
I'm tired of getting sober  
and tired of asking what tomorrow brings  
it's my turn anyway

is it waking your responsibility?  
or drowning in regrets in front of me  
and anything I start believing now  
can turn into a bloody dream somehow

don't tell me I'm ready to go  
cause I'm not ready to go  
don't tell me I'm ready to go  
cause I'm not ready to go  
don't tell me I'm ready to go  
cause I'm not ready to go

now you're ready to go and leave it  
and what remains are ashes of your own  
cause you burned yourself alive  
but I'm still here to try it  
cause once you dare you already know  
that you're still alive

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and anything I start believing now  
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cause I'm not ready to go