

# Rhyn, Skies

Babies bleed, left to die from clouds of hate  
It's not my fault; it's you that makes me how I am  
Why should I care, it's my right  
It's not my future anymore

Victorious skies leave their mark

When a boy loves a girl he says I'll be near you, for hours at a time  
Stand still, two-person selfishness fails, I'll be happy  
Caught you whispering

Victorious skies leave their mark