

Run Into The Shadows, Made For The Occasion

Kill the lights,
Start the show pull the curtains past your ears.
Staring eyes with no purpose just ignore this.
Just ignore the smoke and breathe,
Just as comforting as a heart attack.
Well I'll cut the slack and see,
CUT THE SLACK AND SEE.
Slow down take it in breathe out and start again. [x2]
Last time I will say this goodbye to the ones I love,
Fast lights from citys speed caught in this moment so serene
Could it be at the end of this ONE WAY STREET.
WHERE THIS WILLOW STANDS with wide open hands STRETCHED.
I curse the day I met you baby,
I CURSE THIS PLACE UPON YOU.
AND AFTER ALL THESE YEARS,
I'd still die to be right here.
BUT YOU'RE NOWHERE AROUND,
I'M ALWAYS SICK OF THE SOUND.
Sick of the sound.
Last time I will say this goodbye to the ones I love,
Fast lights from citys speed caught in this moment so serene
Could it be at the end of this ONE WAY STREET.
Where this willow tree stands I know I know
I can't make it all back in what I lack in you.
Where this willow tree stands I know I know
I can't replace all these photographs
With hollow ematations of the past. Of the past.
Last time I will say this goodbye to the ones I love,
Fast lights from citys speed caught in this moment so serene
Could it be at the end of this ONE WAY STREET.