

All Together Seperate, On and On

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On and On

Backstreets on a Sunday night

Running from the fear into the wall

Crazy thoughts had passed his mind

But the seed had yet to bloom

Now he's scared to face the thorns of his actions

And it goes on and on...

First glance then a second look

Not too long

The third eye chose to stare

And it said

To go ahead, take a bite, promises

And it goes on and on...

Chorus:

I don't remember innocence

It's been so long

So far down this winding road

I can't remember my way home

It's all a cross to you

What have I done?

Such tainted decisions

But now I'm past the point of no return

Never to go back

Now the seed is sown, the tree is grown,

It's all a cross to you