

Art Of Fighting, Misty As The Morning

hey, any single moment of the day
doesn't take no poetry to say
ok, I need you
a fact's a fact just let it in
come on let the end begin
fact's a fact just let it in
come on let the end begin
hey, misty as the morning that's your way
trapped inside some complicated fate
to late, to hear you
a fact's a fact just let it in
come on let the end begin
fact's a fact just let it in
come on let the end begin
end, end
we've become the victims of our own creation
crying till we're all red rose
under the winter's clothes
no one knows
I can never reach you you've been disconnected
lost upon the ancient breeze
watching your future freeze
by degrees
and there's a look in your eyes that I never have seen
and it calls me to trial over time and in means
you're closer to gone, further than been
nobody nowhere or somewhere between
still I feel it again it's a strange kind of love
it comes from the side from the front from above
if it's hell that you feel it's torture to see
I'm begging you don't go misty on me
a fact's a fact just let it in
come on let the end begin
fact's a fact just let it in
come on let the end begin