

# Baxter, Out Of Reach

I had a feeling  
I never felt before and  
There's no reason  
Drown in this virtue  
Separated by ethic  
And now it's gone  
Now you're one of them  
We strike back with rhythm  
We know you know, remainder of this corner  
Repeat, reinvent it with those so-called words you've spoken  
Playing off this melody  
You tell me I don't know because I've never been there  
Maybe you're right  
But imagine if we just weren't quite so different  
Would you be here tonight?  
No, it's not my choice  
We strike back with revenge  
Sunset burns purple and gold as regret slowly unfolds  
Living in want, living in need  
If you go I will leave