

Beckett, Set Us Free

Hold on with an iron will,
Do all that you can to,
Hold onto the steering wheel,
I've seen it, I know that,
The crash it is coming soon,
You can borrow the sun,
But please don't steal the moon.

They say the good will come out,
Light the sky up,
Those angels are coming down,
To set us free,

Love will save us,
But cupid's dangerous,
Those angels are coming down,
To set us free.

The secrets they lay underground,
The mad man he listens for hours,
But without a sound,
I know that he's sane,
It's just something you can not assume,
You can borrow her body,
But please don't steal her soul.