

Break The Silence, Drawbridge

Where are they now?
All of us, I guess it was a dream.
As they burn it down.
The remains of what was slowly vanishing.
Between us all, we thought for good.
Where there was once energy.
Is there just nothing left at all?
How did they make it fall apart for you?
We once were true.
Still, I raise my fist for you.
This time, all those words, they never die.
It meant too much to say good-bye.
We were once free.
Four a.m., out in the street, the only place we'd want to be.
The lives we had that saved the days, and never made me hate my ways.
All I want is to go back again.
We were once free.
And so it dies, as we move on with our lives.
These times, and what it meant for us.
And though there wasn't any ignorance, we seemed to get by,
and anyone who interfered with us never changed our minds with lies.
We once were true.
Still, I raise my fist for you.
This time, all those words, they never die.
It meant too much to say good-bye.
We were once free.
It's who we are, it's what I've always been.
It's who we are today.
This place for everyone it ended where it had begun.
With nothing strong, just you and me.
Reminders of our energy, and yet it dies as we drift apart.
I will not forget, inside my heart.
It's becoming just a faded memory...