

By A Thread, Walkway

And I will find the true intent and I will find myself
So take good care of me, for less and for all
I will fall for all your words
I will find the way
To find myself again but when will you follow me
Hearts ache under the stress of you
But I don't even know the true intent
Who ever we're all in a fine mess
How ever you finally break
To find myself again but when will you follow
Decisions an eye full
And I confess