

Cinematic Sunrise, Honeymoon At Weston Hills

The rise and the fall.
Dialect and different skill.
Gripping my hand
With every intention of breaking free.
The roar of the crowd hauls to the simple
Echo of a beating heart.
As we all attempted to exhale
Our breathe just wouldnt leave our chest.

One thousand dainty figures all lined up and linked
Side to side by the arms.
Each and every limb at our sides
As if they were sleeping.
The quarrel of all communication
Being choked from our nerves.

In the end of the bottom line we all anticipate
The intense stabs of pins and needles.
The roar of the crowd hauls to the simple
Echo of a beating heart.
As we all attempted to exhale
Our breathe just wouldnt leave our chest.

Shake them off,
Just to find a way to wake them up.
To make them see what they are losing,
Introduce what you have become.
Show them where you're going.
Struggle to fight the world
Of everything you've ever wanted.
Everything that you've ever wanted.

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