

Crossbreed, Regretful Times

The Doors open into the room
A fulfilled life and a lot to regret for
The summer's rays and winter's cold
And not either way
I'm not regretful

I will not survive
Somebody save me

The damaged style and damaged skin
Is peeling off and burning within
The tearful eyes and drowning frowns
Soon collides and now it meets it's destination

I will not survive
Somebody save me

The passion times, there's not many though
I'm down on luck and there's too many to remember
The broken dreams and broken thoughts
My head's up high and I won't survive

I will not survive
Somebody save me