Cut City, Damaged

I replaced all the windmills The certain gestures that hurt Realized that hope returns as rivalry

Could these arrested thoughts Entertain the days When hate's the grace of passion We fashion failures now

There's no virtue so vulgar Applauded and embraced When finding common ground As we act upon innocense

Every loss and mistake That I try to retrace Is obscured and distorted Fallen out of place

But where's the light That defined our lives It's the acts of children that we Can count as our own

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I accepted it all Yes I accepted it all The points made out so lightly End up everywhere

Oh the dreams they confess Just what I need to hear So I sleep to forget I regret the windmills now

But there's no light That defines our lives It's the acts of children that we Refuse to disown