

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 innocence

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