

Dead Poetic, Bury The Difference

Bury all the differences between us. When I still can't find the air,
You keep the toxins flowing for me,
And I'll bury all the differences between us.
And I still can't help but care for moving mountains,
But your, your head's held high again.

You will find me out. You will find everything.

We all, we just battle ourselves. We just battle ourselves again.

Bury all the differences between us, that same mechanic sound.
That keeps on ringing for days and days.
And you're standing like a clueless titan falls.
And everything around falls right down on you.
With your head held high again.

You will find me out. You will find everything.

We all, we just battle ourselves. We just battle ourselves again.

And there's a storm cloud waiting over,
On the land that's sinking at the,
At the bottom of these buildings again.
With your head held high again.

You will find me out. You will find everything.

We all, we just battle ourselves. We just battle ourselves again.