

# Die Radio Die, The Chase

Communication break down again, again  
Your emerald eyes say it all for you  
Thoughts from your mind speak loud and clear, and clear  
Your options manifest as a single, rolling tear  
Don't cry, don't cry..

I'm going back on my word  
Driving the nails in deeper  
And I'm on my last breath  
A little bit worried  
I'm feeling quite anxious  
I'm sweating blood over...

Sun is running from the moon again  
All the stars go on laughing  
Reconcile while lying  
Harsh words from a true fallen angel  
Don't cry, don't cry..

I'm going back on my word  
Driving the nails in deeper  
And I'm on my last breath  
A little bit worried  
I'm feeling quite anxious

Invading the truth kept stealing my own life and self-worth(?)