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(?)