

# Dropping Daylight, Brace Yourself

Feels like my head is waking up,  
releasing from the bonds that locked me out.  
I didn't realize that compromise would leave me in a rut.  
It doesn't matter who's to blame  
when all of the victims lose their names,  
and all of our past mistakes  
are tattooed on the lives we claim.

Every time we face rejection enters in the same equation.  
Add it up to find the sum of some unwanted wealth.

Brace yourself. I'm breaking out.  
Too many years have come  
and passed me by to keep the window shut.  
So Brace yourself. I'm breaking out.  
All of the days that couldn't keep me down  
are crumbling to the ground.

Maybe its already too late to tell if its luck or if its fate  
guiding the vehicle that couldn't keep  
our bodies heading straight.  
Where are the answers that we need?  
Why has it been so hard to see  
that we had to lose ourselves  
to find our whole lives waiting there?

Add it up to find the sum of some unwanted wealth.

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So now we're writing the prologue to our story...  
Filling sections left from when we second  
guessed the chances that could get us here.  
Take a fall and lose it all so we can see the atmosphere...

So Brace yourself. I'm breaking out.  
All of the days that couldn't keep me down  
are crumbling to the ground.  
Go f\*\*k yourself. I'm breaking out.  
Too many years have come and passed me by  
to keep the window shut.