

Elliott, Bleed In Breathe Out

And they see inside.
And they barely breathe.
And the sun will rise.
And they'll come to see.
And they seem to show.
Would you rather leave?
With your sould beside.
Will you barely breathe?
Where were you in mind, where?
Who are they coming for?
Were they down with me?
And you take a strike.
Soon the sun will free.
Send the life away.
Come to wake the dead.
On the single road.
Keep your life the same.
Where were you in mind, where?