

Five Pointe 0, Sympathetic Climate Control

poor child
cool steel on bone
fold or follow
abdicate through dire force
(chorus)
poor child
where have all your friends gone?
little child
how does it feel to be alone?
done deal, proves unsure
loss of guidance
brings smiles of comfort forward
escaped harsh words by breaking their teeth
14 years of broken ribs and broken dreams
but is he satisfied?
his burden was chosen as the vessels broke in their eyes
(chorus)
cannot take this anymore
we're born
(why i feel alone)
with closed eyes
(why i feel alone)
and we're born
(why i feel alone)
to die, why
(chorus x2)