

# Five Pointe O, 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)