

High Holy Days, A For Me

So many things, I have beaten down to get my way
Go unnoticed when I make mistakes
Shine so perfect in the light
I did right this time

Fate, living on a stone
And a statue bleeds
And our prophets on the phone
And my mind breaks free
From the leaders and the clones
Life and talk of destiny, I don't even know

Apologies, to my creation for these wasted days
My transcendence has a bitter face
Dreams are built and spent with might
And I'm sorry, cause I never fight

CHORUS

And in the aftermath, dreams just altruistic sayings
My just emotion throws apart, unique, I didn't even care
So look away your life is passed
And you let the chances cave
And all our cares of the moment have given us our names

CHORUS