

Higher, Black Sunday

Stars are falling from the sky. Me left alone to face the night. This time I'm sorting out my life. It'd be

Passed her at the same goodbye. Please won't you give me one more try? This drive I'm sorting out

This scene has played a million times. Memories are turned to life. This storm hits us by surprise. I

Passed her at the same goodbye. Please won't you give me one more try? This drive I'm sorting out

Well I'm fall, well I'm falling, well I'm falling. Sunday, one more night, fall down again. I'm broken, w