

Idle Sons, Better Days

On the way back to your home
Were you strong
Did they push you back somehow
On the way back to your home
Were they wrong
Did they let you fall back down

They pushed me back
Now I can see
The emptiness of never

It's the air we breathe that
Fills the skies we see
And glides the planes to better days
It's what you make of it
To the one who listen
In the end it's your decision
to glide the planes to better days

On the way back to your home
You belong
How does it feel moving on
Darker days have come and gone
they were wrong
It's time to get up
Move out
Be strong

They pushed me back
Now I can see

The emptiness of never

It's the air we breathe that
Fills the skies we see
And glides the planes to better days
It's what you make of it
To the ones who listen
In the end it's your decision
To glide the planes to better days
It's what you make of it

Don't run away
I know
It's the best time
To take mine
Cause your my
Everyday thing

It's the best things you've forgotten

It's the air we breathe that
Fills the skies we see
And glides the planes to better days
It's what you make of it
To the ones who listen
In the end it's your decision
To glide the planes to better days
To glide the planes to better days
Better days
Better days