## Magneta Lane, Bridges To Terabithia

Tell me where am I suppose to go If everytime I dare to dream or dare to fly I'm always digging bloody daggers in my spine I'll bury you alive

Cause...
Everytime I contemplate
The art of love
We're armed with guns

I'm left stunned with a new start Young lovers they only fall apart

Tell me how am I suppose to feel If I know we will only leave this behind Just because the winds they'll turn And steal his eyes We're all just passing by...

This concludes now

Cause...

Everytime I think about these times They'll change dreams rearranged to Suit the view we got ahead Young lovers they dream instead