

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