

# Michigan, Juveniles

We're suffering  
Oh in this madness  
Them let's drive away  
From our hearts we confess

No juveniles  
We're walking on broken glass  
Now what's left to say  
More or less hours pass

It's a beautiful night  
We're seeing  
Wild horses on the fields  
She stands here in white  
We're free  
The sadness disappears

With certainty  
I'll give you a reason  
You've awakened our souls  
But the pain's just begun

Then recovering  
From these dark years  
But it's limited  
We will never be free

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We're seeing  
Wild horses on the fields  
She stands here in white  
We're free  
The sadness disappears