

Mikoto, Battles To Be Won

Revolving doors are going out of style.

Time may change me but this place will not change me.

Being reluctant to throw my support into the idea of progress.

A heartbeat will still pump every ounce into my being [x3]

Distilled to it's purest form it still runs black.

I'm beginning to think. That this is going to end.

While we're all standing in the past. I'm beginning to think.

We're all coming undone. The last of the battles to be won. Go!

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Being reluctant to throw my support into the idea of progress.