

# My Vitriol, Breakfast (Live Session)

Cold September morn, I was reborn  
The Sundays crashed through my front door  
From my soul, I'm growing old  
I couldn't ask for anymore  
I ask you if I could wish upon your kisses

Cold November night, no end in sight  
The letters file behind the door  
Found my soul, I'm growing old  
I couldn't ask for anymore  
Sometimes you could be the words  
She'd be the tune and

Sometimes I can't help falling down [x4]

Cold September morn, I was reborn  
The Sundays crashed through my front door  
Found my soul, I'm growing old  
I couldn't ask for anymore  
I ask you If I could fly upon your silence

Sometimes I can't help falling down [x4]

If I could fly upon your silence

Sometimes I can't help falling down [x4]