

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]