

The Cooper Temple Clause, Last Line Of Defence

If there is a chance
That we can cut all our losses today
And leave these dead trees behind us
I'll be sure to move out of your way

This is the last line of defence
The first shall be last make no mistake
The weak will rise and pull down the fake

Crystal clear chandeliers
Never made for dark forgotten rooms
Been hanging, swaying and feeling so helpless
That there's nothing you could possibly change

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Take it all away from me
This want, this lust, this selfish greed
I'd give them up if they weren't built into
My deepest needs and what makes me believe in you