

# The Send, Dawn And Dusk

I've found a way to talk  
I've found a way to water down  
The things that I have thought  
But then, in the end, I always fall short

The morning has a voice  
Calling out to me, "Come clean,  
To rise and have a choice"  
But I'd rather regret to see what night brings

Torn between  
Your separated arms or staying in the dark  
So, coming clean  
I make it seem so hard, but still I've gone to far

You gave me a choice  
You showed me how to lay it down  
And find that quiet voice  
When everything pounds to beat through my veins

I'll fight the feeling down to fight the feeling down