

Veda, The Falling Kind

Should we even wonder why our hearts are torn?
Why our image is based on this broken city?
Should we ask ourselves why our lungs breathe in sickness?
Innocence is seen as weakness; laughter is naive.

And it's these things that hunt you down,
when they're suppose to keep you safe and sound.
And it's these things you've learned to believe.
Don't let them be the ones you've forever tried to place.

It's a scene that leaves you cold.
Why choose anything else and lose your place in line?
May I ask one thing? How do you think this will work out?
You were no more well liked than those who've been betrayed.

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when they're suppose to keep you safe and sound.
And it's these things you've learned to believe.
Don't let them be the ones you've forever tried to place.

Look at you now.
Look at you now.