

Art Of Fighting, Mysteries

sun comes up, breaks another day
but colour don't come just shadows and grey
talking that way, walking away
I used to know you but now I can't say
we were all made up
all made up of mysteries
so I had to find free had to run clean
dont wanna be cruel just to know what it means
I was losing myself, losing my scene
I was losing my faith in everything
we were all made up
all made up of mysteries
that fire that burned in your hoping hands and that water behind your eyes
they once brought me to your side but now they won't and don't ask me why
cause who knows
do do do do do do do
do do do do do do do