

Ordinary Days – Paradise Lost

Breathing life, as true as honest work
Breathing life, a truth for all its worth
You want to seem to be as fragile as can be
I want to roll inside
That shell you call a mind
Breathing life, as frail as insincere
Breathing life, too cold to shed a tear
You want to seem to be as fragile as can be
I want to see the things
That I'm supposed to see
I want to know the fear
That sets inside of me
I want to breathe the air,
Like I was meant to on ordinary days
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Słowa: brak danych
Muzyka: brak danych