

# 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  
You want to seem to be as fragile as can be  
I want to see the things  
That I'm supposed to see  
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I want to breathe the air,  
Like I was meant to on ordinary days



Słowa: brak danych  
Muzyka: brak danych