

# Worlds Collide

## Mushroomhead

I fight to sleep  
Can't bare but dream Handout the children  
Into the darkness  
The fathers of sinners  
The daughters of hate  
Handout the darkness  
To all the children  
The mother of nothing  
The sons of our fate  
We are the burden  
The shame you must carry  
We are the future the now and the late And then the whole thing starts to bleed  
Envision grief and get on your knees  
Yeah the whole thing starts to bleed Improbable impossible  
Seems insurmountable to breathe  
When worlds collide  
Like ancient history  
We spend our time in misery for you  
Awaken all but follow through

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