

Champions Of the Weekend

Goodnight Sunrise

The roof is caving in, And I'm searching for signs of open doors, and open, and open

Please don't speak while I'm trying to say goodbye

This is a moment that I can't help but to think about our cramping limbs upon four tires
Air raids have proven their worth back our temporary retreat, we know instability helps promote tragedy inside

The roof is caving in and I'm searching for signs of open doors and open skies

As we set our sights on anything we want to help forget where we are from
It seems with every place I've been to, I'm in love with every face and monument that won't remind of home

Could a caption help explain these nights and photographs to prove I might be better off? Better off living
stories I'd dream up.

I know these words mean more than what I've written down on paper. What's been typed in my computer it's
just their meaning can't be sent

The roof is caving in and I'm just searching for signs of open doors and open skies
As we set our sights on anything we want to help forget where we are from, it seems with every place I've been
to, I'm in love with every face and monument that won't remind of home.

I'd better sink this quarter to brace my wish and lift it from the ground, from where people are only pacing
sidewalks at noon hour, over any time of day.

Sleeping is healing, but it could hold us down.

As we set our sights on anything we want to help forget where we are from, it seems with every place I've been
to, I'm in love with every face and every monument that we won't remind of home.

As we set our sights on anything we want to help forget where we are from, it seems with every place I've been
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Lyrics submitted by kyle.

Lyrics provided by

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