

Insane

Latent Anxiety

Verse A:

Thinking of the past.

When we were flying in the sky.

Ending up as fast.

As it started to pull us high. Verse B:

Calling on the phone.

There is nothing to talk about.

Feeling so alone.

We insist on a new tryout. Verse C:

Changing all the things.

We dislike is now far too late.

Folding back the wings.

Paves the road to accept our fate. Chorus:

We can drive us insane.

But we're crying in vain.

We can drive us insane.

But we're staying in pain.

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