

What's A Clock Without The Batteries?

Emarosa

I bleed for my dreams,
In a place that I come from,

No.

No.

This time it's true, this sweats for you.

Make it stop, with just one move.Pity those with a soft hand,
Making smaller cuts on toughest of fabric.We all know what it's like when we,

Put it out in front of us, or go homeNow watch him bleed, stomach turns,

Let's keep this time rolling where it counts,

Baby, you know that I've tried

As desperate, it seems that I'm high,

From watching you fall.(Scream)

MY HEARTS FOR YOUBreath in deep,

His mind is slipping,

Father side of the room,

His feet are planted,

His gaze shifts to you,

Can it be enough?

Will it be enough?Now stop the pain, at the deepest cut,

He's inside damaging our pride

We've driven this road to many times before

With no exitWe all know what it's like when we lose hope

Put it out in front of us, or go home,

Put it out in front of us, or go home,

Or go home...

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