The Night I Lost the Will to Fight

Cursive

I need a catalyst, to rekindle the flame
That once burned within these fists where defeat remainsThe night has fallen down the staircase...I need a catalyst, to rekindle the flame
That once burned within these fists where defeat remains
One Februrary night, we screamed our agonies
And I swear I tried to care
I tried, I tried...But the icicles hung down like prison bars...I need a catalyst, to rekindle the flame
That once burned within these fists where defeat remains
One February night, we screamed our agonies
And I swear I tried to care
I tried, I tried...
(And) I lost the will to fight...
The will to fight...
(I lost the will to fight... I lost the will to fight... I lost it... I lost
it...
I lost the will to fight.)

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