Messengers

Casiopea

Late, I can stay up late
In and out of bed
Cleaning up the mess
Trying to be honest
Cause I know I am on it
In this, the last time I speak of it
The loyalties that have been broken
Mine isn't dead
One thing is true
Nothing is scred
When everyone's talking
and nobody's listening
When we confide in all those friends
They're just messangers
One thing is true
You throw the matters into blue skies
Turning to grey
Falling out every day
One thing that's free
I confide in you with the truth
Late, I can stay up late
In and out of bed
Cleaning up the mess inside my head

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