

# 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 sacred  
    When everyone's talking  
        and nobody's listening  
When we confide in all those friends  
    They're just messengers  
    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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