Hours

The Breathing Process

You walked around
Said yourself beautiful
Just too bad, they stare
Just too bad, they stare
Broke up your crown
Called you unusable
See how well you fair
Stole underground
To keep your heart around
Banished from above
Banished from above
Forgot yourself
Go home and shot your health
Left it all for love
And all their lips
Delirious quips
Last seen with friends
Wishing them well
You make the truth
You listen for the truth
Just too bad, they lied
Just too bad, they lied
Oh, come around
Inform our future youth
Summon from the sky
The future is cruel
Unusual fools
Leave them to rule
In hollow point hell
In absolute
Now listen to the truth
Cradle little cry
Cradle little cry
Your light will shine
Fire undisputable
Keep your head on high
Keep your head on high
You walk around
Know you are beautiful

Aimless and alive
Broken and defined
Oh, walk around
Know you are future youth
Summon to the sky

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