

# 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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