Wild at Heart

Lookbook

You've got your motive you set the scene
So how about another taste or would you like to remind me why we're here
As I walk to the water to cleanse off the blood on my hands
The weight of this crime leaves a stain in the sand
I hope new tides come to wash me clean for good
You know that I fought with many and I won for some
We stared at ourselves 'til our breaking point
We wear our bruises like watermarks
The life and the death of the wild at heart
This empty bottle, this busted hand, highlights mistakes of a broken man
He won't speak up, no he won't come out of his hole
We were lead to believe that the langauge of love was god
So few were forgiven
I'll lead a march to the wall and we'll pull it down so we can rebuild it
I fought with many and I won for some
We stared at ourselves 'til our breaking point

We wear our bruises like watermarks
The life and the death of the wild at heart
When was the moment it all fell apart
With no sign of warning, no raised alarm
We still wear our bruises, we show our scars
Forever the wild at heart
The wild at heart
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