

Hungry for Fame

Echo Orbiter

You can grab the lights but you can't diffuse breakdowns
You can kick the chords but the actions will be paid
You can talk it through; give them something to think about

The grass grows and true to the summer
We all become victims again
Maybe if you just lie down you can become real again

The air is moving and confused
The effort to breathe is labored and uncomfortable
And we're still bitter

Let there be laughter in this gray landscape of ghosts
Secret maniac lurking just behind cloud mass
When you went away, children broke each other's hearts

Lyrics submitted by Cab.

Lyrics provided by
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