

Romanticise

Chela

(Don't, don't..)This ordinary thing can be more colourful than you say it is
The cardinal sin is to tell a lie but now you must give inThe storm came down on you just like it was the end
And then you hid and you covered your head
But face the rage and feel how thrilling it can be
'Cause in the bedlam there is always beautyIt's shaking, it's shaking the ground it's a-breaking
And you can't control it, so own it and feel good
I'm searching for glory, now tell me a story
I don't want to hear that you no longer feel good
RomanticiseThere's promising doors that are open at the end of the hole
And your loneliness calls, filling the spaces where you could have exploredDespair came down on you just like
it was the end
And then you hid and you covered your head
But face the rage and feel how thrilling it can be
'Cause in the bedlam there is always beautyIt's shaking, it's shaking the ground it's a-breaking
And you can't control it, so own it and feel good
I'm searching for glory, now tell me a story
I don't want to hear that you no longer feel good
RomanticiseThe storm came down but don't you runaway, runaway
Despair came down but don't you hideaway, hideaway
It feels good if you just face itIt's shaking, it's shaking the ground it's a-breaking
And you can't control it, so own it and feel good
I'm searching for glory, now tell me a story
I don't want to hear that you no longer feel good
Romanticise(Don't, don't..)

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