

# Aching Horns

## OLDCODEX

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One day I gazed  
At my clenched fist  
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Deep inside of  
A singte breath of mine  
ç,,|ã•Œã,Œã•|ã•,ã•Ŷhold me back  
Where is the blue that we got to fly?  
é½/4•ã•‘ã, <æŽæ—¥ã•, è•³ã•, •ã•³ã•Œã, %o  
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Where is the light that we want to dive?  
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The place where we're fimily tied  
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è•`ã, Šã, Šã•’ã•|ã•-  
ç>®ã, 'å•žã•,,ã• å§çã•Œ  
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Someday you will  
Drop your fist down  
é•žã, Šç¶™ã•Œã,Œã•Ŷè•~æ†¶ã•, ã••  
Inside and out  
But I don't know why,  
æŠ•ã•’ã•<ã•‘ã•|ã•,,ã•Ŷhold you back  
Where is the blue that we got to fly?  
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æ £ã,Œã•Ŷæ—¥ã€ ã•-è•ç•ã•,,ã•®ã, -ã•§  
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Where is the light that we want to dive?  
è•½ã•,,ã•<ã•‘ã•|ã•Ŷæœ³æ•¥ã•,  
ã•µã•-ã•‘ã•|ã•-é• å•žã, Šã•—ã•|ã•Ŷ  
The place where we're truely known

Go, make our way å½·ã•æŠ±ã•‘(I just grab the ache and go to the other side

Nothing has worked to cool your anger down

Though I saw the star on your back)Go, gaze our sight éŸ¿ã•ã•-ã•šã••(I just grab the ache and go to the other side

Nothing has worked to cool your anger down

All I wanted was the horns)Where is the blue that we got to fly?

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Where is the light that we want to dive?

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The place where we really shine

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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