Part Ii

Paramore

What a shame, what a shame we all remain
Such fragile broken things
A beauty half betrayed,
Butterflies with punctured wings.
Still there are darkened places deep in my heart,
Where once was blazing light, now
There's a tiny spark.
Oh Glory,
Come and find me,
Oh Glory,
Come and find me dancing all alone,
To the sound of an enemy's song,
I'll be lost until you find me,
Fighting on my own,
In a war that's already been won,
I'll be lost until you come and find me,
You Glory.
What a mess, what a mystery we've made

Love and other simple things,
Learning to forgive,
Even when it wasn't a mistake.
I question every human,
Who won't look in my eyes,
Scars left on my heart, formed patterns in my mind.
Oh Glory
You will find me dancing all alone
To the sound of an enemy's song,
I'll be lost until you find me,
Fighting on my own,
In a war that's already been won,
I'll be lost until you come and find me,
You Glory.
Like the moon, we borrow a light.
I am nothing but a shadow in the night,
So if you let me I will catch fire,
So let your glory and mercy shine.

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