

The Ruins We Hold

My American Heart

I'm not sure if we're wrong or right, tell me do you know?
We've been cheated lied to and beaten
To the ruins that we hold our hands together A hand full of empty answers, too many expectations
Another fall from second chances but who am I to ask for this?
I've lost years of dreams and started notions
To ask for this, I'll be your ignition, turn me on Here's to sad nights, here's to long fights
Here's to everything that made you right
It makes you right

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