Sorrow's End

Far

I used to think,
"I've never been through it,
The deaths the stuff that make us old enough."
Old enough to love a boy whose name I still don't know.
We traded voices, blurted accidents.
Brutal winter froze through spring's slow crawl.
In The summers burn, the impending fall.

Songwriters
MATRANGA, JONAH / LOPEZ, SHAUN / GUTENBERGER, JOHN / ROBYN, CHRISPublished by
Lyrics Â© Universal Music Publishing Group

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/