

# Grand

## Laroyale

We fling ourselves fearlessly,  
With lights upon our faces  
into insecurity and unity  
We dream ourselves fearlessly,  
With laughter in our eyes,  
But no one has a steady look at last

You go in the morning, the morn before light  
Warm is the bed and my back where you'd lie  
Slowly my awakening, my breathing in haze  
And so I know I do belong here,  
I will sing to the day

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnlyrics.com/>