

# Our Honeymoon at Weston Hills

## Cinematic Sunrise

The rise and the fall  
Dialect and different skill  
Gripping my hand  
With every intention of breaking free  
The roar of the crowd halts to the simple  
Echo of a beating heart  
As we all attempted to exhale  
Our breathe just wouldn't leave our chest

One thousand dainty figures all lined up and linked  
Side to side by the arms  
Each and every limb at our sides  
As if they were sleeping  
The quarrel of all communication  
Being choked from our nerves

In the end of the bottom line we all anticipate  
The intense stabs of pins and needles.  
The roar of the crowd halts to the simple  
Echo of a beating heart  
As we all attempted to exhale  
Our breathe just wouldn't leave our chest

Shake them off,  
Just to find a way to wake them up  
To make them see what they are losing,  
Introduce what you have become  
Show them where you're going  
Struggle to fight the world  
Of everything you've ever wanted  
Everything that you've ever wanted

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Lyrics submitted by Lola.

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