

Seasons

Life of Agony

It disturbs me to see you that you're growing old
Concerns me to be the one you want to hold Too busy running on fuel, thank God, you made it through
Let's spend the times we've missed and turn these days to gold
Too busy running on fuel, thank God, you made it through
Let's spend the times we've missed and turn these days to gold Lost as father and son
It brings us back together as one
Seasons change and so did your son
Strife with emotions that can't be one Busy running on fuel, thank God, you made it through
Let's spend the times we've missed and turn these days to gold
Too busy running on fuel, thank God, you made it through
Let's spend the times we've missed and turn these days to gold Want to hand you a piece of my delicate heart,
yeah
This song is to uplift you and not to tear you apart
Not to tear you apart, not to tear you apart [Incomprehensible] lost in the mountains
But no mountain that I can see
But if that mountain should crumble
I said, come, crumble on top of me Father's lost in the mountains
But no mountain that I can see, yeah
Should that mountain should crumble
I said, come, crumble on top of me Come, crumble on top of me
Come, crumble on top of me
Come, crumble on top of me
Come, crumble, come, crumble on top of me, yeah
Come, crumble on top of me

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