

Messengers

Textures

Late, I can stay up late
In and out of bed
Cleaning up the mess
Trying to be honest
Cause I know I am on it
In this, the last time I speak of it
The loyalties that have been broken
 Mine isn't dead
 One thing is true
 Nothing is sacred
 When everyone's talking
 and nobody's listening
When we confide in all those friends
 They're just messengers
 One thing is true
You throw the matters into blue skies
 Turning to grey
 Falling out every day
 One thing that's free
I confide in you with the truth
 Late, I can stay up late
 In and out of bed
Cleaning up the mess inside my head

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