Our Way

Qb Finest

Clara would be proud to know us
We've taken it to the end
Where the grey tuens to black
And the white just begins-

We live everyday on the water
The night just kills the pain
From the suffering that was
We are no stronger-we are dust-

Down in the crowd we're down
on our knees
Wanna get out but
don't wanna succeed
We're the red-eyed legends
of the night before
We're the dead mind babies
of the T.V. war-

Living in a rectory of sin
Against the currents we all swim
Cageless wonders of sometime when
The paper icon's chase will end-

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