

# I am the Wind, You are the Feather

## Vanna

This is an open ended sky, with open eyes too tired to look away  
say you'll stay forever by my side, or forever we'll be standing here(The dead still walk, walk the streets)  
(This means war, on everyone)  
(You can't hear, them lying to us)  
(you can't see, they're fingers crossed)

Lets keep our thoughts on guard this time, we'll keep on moving on, just don't let them get too close.  
(In the land where the dead still walk)(This is a test, we know our own strength, we'll take the east and march on)  
(Make our way, Burning all our bridges, state by state, we march on)And we march on, leaving trails of hope  
behind us, with our hands to the sky, the wind will be our guide  
at times like these, to be the last ones standing, hope is all we have left"TO BE THE LAST ONES  
STANDING, TO BE THE LAST ONES STANDING"

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