

Burning Years

Story of the Year

It's not what you have said, its what you have done
To let this come between us
Your right, without a fight,
This might be worth it to you and in the process gotten to me I think that nothing can fly
With this broken wing
There's so much to hold on to now Nothing can fly, with this broken wing
So here's a gift, in this feather You've gone to far
Left standing alone
Lets sort this out together
Your right, without a fight,
This might be worth it to you and in the process gotten to me I think that nothing can fly
With this broken wing
There's so much to hold on to now Nothing can fly, with this broken wing
So here's a gift, in this feather From this house of our friendship shut the door
Light the match, throw behind you and walk away These ashes
These ashes
These ashes I think that nothing can fly
With this broken wing
There's so much to hold on to now Nothing can fly, with this broken wing
So here's a gift, in this feather Nothing can fly, with this broken wing
So here's a gift, in this feather

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