

C.S. Lucky-One

Hopesfall

I wasn't for life seen thrown away
I get what the sun throws

Some ways I'm salt
Some sense of a medium

Sent through rooms
Assumed quality
And brought by a stadium

Not stolen away
Nor in my heart

Wasn't the last I've thrown away
First to fall
You're the first to go

Promised us, I'm the lucky one
So get what you want

So, paranoia
I've never seen It, so

It's my own way
Echo of a loss

Unity divisional force
It defies
It's the struggle

It's the person behind you
A rectified heart
To all the lucky ones

So far
They know you're here

Brought by a stadium
Thrown away
All in my heart
Assume I'm bought by a medium

Echo of a loss
If it defines you
It's a struggle