

There's a cold, cold, trickle down my spine
The white writer gonna tell you what's not mine
Oh I hope I see you passing by my door
Oh I hope I won't see you anymore.

Oh I know on the inside you're wondering why you fight
It seems that your restrained by devout belief that ruins your life
I won't listen to you won't you blow right past my door.
Oh I won't listen to you, blank the screen and I'll try to ignore you.

There's a white, light glimmer in my eye
And the light is refracting in my sight
Oh I Hope I see you passing by my door
I hope I don't see you anymore

Oh I know on the inside you're wondering why you fight
It seems that your restrained by devout belief that ruins your life
I won't listen to you won't you blow right past my door.
Oh I won't listen to you, blank the screen and I'll try to ignore you.

Is it strange to believe that the lukewarm pollution has seen revolution
Hard to reside & the fires steal the light and the spirits need reviving
Will to your father, he'll hold you through these treacherous times
You're going under, your lovers are dying to everything in time
You should catch onto the rest