

Back from the Dead

Dear Reader

Find the will to fight again
Try never to find a friend
In the fear that holds me way down here

Rise above it all with ease
Don't you know it all comes easily?
With the confidence of a younger me

I never thought that I'd be someone
Who prefers the clouds to the warmth of the sun
The chill of the autumn, the silence indoors
Whose eyes are barred windows, and smiles are rare birds
I never thought I'd come undone
By a weight that won't ware, that I'd be overcome
No I never dreamed I'd turn out this way
No way

Find the will to fight again
Try never to find a friend
In despair
Her call has a draw that I cannot bear

I never thought that I'd be someone
Who prefers the clouds to the warmth of the sun
The chill of the autumn, the silence indoors
Whose eyes are barred windows, and smiles are rare birds
I never thought I'd come undone
By a weight that won't ware, that I'd be overcome
No I never dreamed I'd turn out this way
No way, no way

I'm coming back from the dead
I'm coming back from the dead
I'm coming back from the dead
You can't hold me down here

I'm coming back from the dead
You can't hold me down here