

The Storm

For the Fallen Dreams

the weight of the waves are crashing down on me
and all I can hear is thunder in the distance

it's all the past for now
I could not see before
the clouds had shroud
all that we had been

if beauty is in the eye of the beholder
it's black and white it's black and white
if beauty is in the eye of the beholder
or in the eye of the storm
and my heart is growing darker

heavy hearts like heavy clouds
I try to pick myself back up
but I keep falling down

but I keep falling down
but I keep falling down
my knees are weak I'm losing sleep
but I keep falling down

stronger than I used to be
you were the only one who doubted me
and now I'm stronger than I used to be
so fucking witness me