

Untitled

Fuel

I wanted to feel something
To be something To see something
I wanted to find one thing that was mine
And leave this behind
But I can't find my way
To get far away and bury these days
Fantasy once reality
Becomes such a parody
If I could find one thing that was mine
I'd leave this behind
But I can't find my way
To get far away and bury these days
If shining or if shaking
It's reality faking
If I could find
One thing that was mine
I'd leave this behind
But I can't find my way
To get far away and bury these days