

This Is Who We Are

Her Bright Skies

We could never put this in context
we could never figure this one out
the air is getting colder by the minute
and every moment feels like a thousand years

March through the streets
a splendid parade of death and uncertainty
kneel when we're asked to
face down on the asphalt
march through glass and shattered bricks
oh, how cautious we walk
another awkward step
another broken home

Oh, my god we're here to write history for a change
'cause this is who we are
oh, my god now it's all how it's supposed to be
for you and me

(who we are)

As the alcohol takes hold we're still scared to our bones
so let your comforting words burn through the coldest of nights
grace my cheek when I'm alone