

Moving Day

Kylesa

Reach out my hand just to be pushed back down
In the coldest summer we will drown
Defeated left alone taking on the wrong cure
With a price too steep asking what went wrong
A lost connection, dispatch uncertain
The truth is weighing in its moving day again
A harmful diversion perfect in every way
The truth is weighing its moving day again
Reach out my hand just to be put back down
In an endless summer we will drown
Defeated not alone taking on the wrong cure
With a price too steep asking what went wrong