Rolling over

Low Roar

I'm turning over inside my grave
You're waking up to face a brand new day
The thoughts I tried to sway would not behave
I'm waiting for you to be late
I wait, I wait

I'm making up my mind to not decide
You're living up to your hollow disguise
The fateful forced its face upon the prize
I'm making excuses for my
Reprise, reprise

I'm helpless and hopeful to remain so
You're reckless and ready to have a go
The silence sent a scream into the cold
I'm pessimistic even though
I hope, I hope

I'm turning over inside my grave
I'm waiting for you to be late
I wait, I wait

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