

Parallels

Måns Zelmerlöw

She crawls
Out of the wreckage
That they call life

He's crashed
Out of the carnage
Into the knife

Everywhere we hold on
To whatever makes strong
When all it ever will come down to is us

Are we parallels
Or paralyzed
Hard to tell
Deep inside
Through the tears
In the cries
As it all falls down

Their eyes
Stare at the future
With no bonds tied

Our fears
Stay in the present
When words aid liars

Generations undo
Everything we go through
All it ever will come down to is us

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Or paralyzed
Hard to tell
Deep inside
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