Dust blots on the floor What the hell have I done? Losing you is so loud And the door is so closed

When teardrops say "gimme more"
Love is a tattoo engraved on your heart
Cause I'm out of breath
Got my pain in my backpack
I'm the writer in the dark
I'm sick of this brain split
See ya in the mosh pit
It's like riding on a bike

Hey this is our call
Hope is never broken
Let's rise together under the sun
We are the next, the best
We are tomorrow

When I hear you sing along
Sometimes memory is gold
Open the door and look in the mirror
Guess who's losing more and more
We're chasing facts and confidence
Dirty talk is an evidence
Close your eyes and live it up
Stand and rise or fuck shit up

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