Undivided

Thirteen Senses

A friend, the only friend who whispers in your ear Just to say good luck and that is all you need to hear I wrap up cold so when I march on my bare heels Everything I lack in style's made up with how I feel

I need us undivided, I want this thing to stop I've had the training to be overwhelmed but I'm not Empty soul of hate but this isn't my war Couldn't tell you how it started or where it is fought Oh no...