

Letting Go

Thomas Gold

I feel the skies coming down
Here we go again
I've been caught reaching out
I've been tossed against the wind

It's too late, we can't wait
So give us something to kill the pain
A hurricane, in the pouring rain
We're a million miles away

All we are, it's all we know
We try to swim, to stay afloat
Battle scars, black hearts
The hardest part is letting go
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I feel the world shifting tides
I'm falling in
They've taken all of my pride
And left me to their sins

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So give us something to kill the pain
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