

Enter Through The Sun

Young Empires

Tonight, you can fly with broken wings
The past is away
And I know how it gets
Its cold
Its pryde
We hardly get trough the night
Enter trough the sun

We put our selves on fire
We put our selves on fire
We put our selves on fire
We put our selves on fire

From the start to the end
Where we began
The whispers and the lies
Dead and alive
Oh its cold its pryde
We hardly get trough the night
Enter trough the sun
The sun

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