

New Transit Direction, The "Fictional"

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Breaking down again
Never thought twice of it
Only fiction just stopped moments left in time

I can't see the way
As it fall right over
Leaving fictional there's no where left to hide

Ohh... only in my dreams, only far away from
everything
Holding on to, things we never met
Holding on to words like broken glass
And if I had chairs, come on right to take
It would be the last thing that I've said

Nothing seems the way
That it would not should be
We are been mistake for moments left in time

I can't feel the way
As in we don't make it
And you never felt so safe in broken lines

Ohh... only in my dreams, only far away from
everything
Holding on to, things we never met
Holding on to words like broken glass
And if I had chairs, come on right to take
It would be the last one that I've fake

Holding on, to nothing
Till you find it, only in my dreams
Holding on, to nothing
Till you find it

Holding on, I've got nothing
I've got nothing
I've got nothing only in my dreams

