

Sighlo

"Mispoken"

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Heaven will help us, (will help us)
when nobody ever forgets,
yet nobody understands. (nobody understands)

All these thoughts they put us through.
When everytime its hardest,
All of us waiting, never a second chance.
Turning our heads up to the strata,
as our hearts touch the floor,
I got a front row ticket to the home team,
and we're never retreating...

Heaven will help us,
when nobody ever forgets,
yet nobody understands.
Mispoken I, I mispoke it.
When nobody ever forgets,
yet nobody understands.

All these thoughts they put us through,
and everything is shattered,
time is wasting, never an open hand.
Get her a breathing apparatus.
Or the pedals will fall,
as time degrades.

And you'll find your way back down.

And changing will break us of our habits,
but it's hard to call home.
I've got a first class ticket to never retreating.

Heaven will help us,
when nobody ever forgets,
yet nobody understands.
Mispoken I, I mispoke it.

When nobody ever forgets,
yet nobody understands.

I'd die trying fourteen ways for you.

I'd die trying, wrapped around you, never letting go.
Going Faulty, one way, only for you.
I'd die trying, never awakening. Never to regain.

Heaven will help us,
when nobody ever forgets,
yet nobody understands.
Mispoken I, I mispoke it.
When nobody ever forgets,
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