

Skeptics, The

"Fifth season"

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so what do you do when they've all gone home
closed the curtains and turned off the lights
The moon hangs half alive in the sky
and the breeze blows away
the heat from your old jacket
The key is missing from the chain
There's no where to go but back to the streets
You fill these veins just like a sickness

I'll slit my wrists to keep you from my heart
But that's the price i will pay for my salvation
Trust me, I'm stronger than you think
It hurts when the sky turns black and I can't see my
reflection

It hurts when there is no one there to comfort me
Cause this time i stand alone, I stand alone
Wake up to see this pitch black night sky and
I can't feel you there, so I'm out on my own now
I can feel
Fifth season just past midnight
is all that i have left now that you have gone
and when the souls come out to greet you,
suddenly you've got new friends
when you thought you were alone

These streets are so cold and empty
like the shell you left of me
it hurts when this fifth season comes
cause this time i stand alone
I stand alone

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