

## **A Thousand Falling Skies "The Wilting"**

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The Wilting

Well now the skies have turned auburn.  
But somehow your perfume still lingers.  
Somehow certain words should have been said.  
To keep these fires burning bright.  
Burn these bridges.  
Cause our times running out.  
Curse my strategy.  
This time it's not working out.  
There's tragedy in this.  
There's agony in these.  
Pieces of my heart.  
I hope you spend every night alone.  
Well now the skies have turned auburn.  
But somehow your perfume still lingers.  
Maybe certain words should have been said.  
To keep these fires burning bright.  
Here we go again, with these empty promises.  
The broken bones the empty shells.  
Here's your bed of roses.  
Here's your sunshine.  
Burn these bridges.  
Cause our times running out.  
Curse my strategy.  
This time it's not working out.  
There's tragedy in this.  
There's agony in these.  
Pieces of my heart.  
Pieces of my heart.  
Here we go again, with these empty promises.  
The broken bones the empty shells.  
Here's your bed of roses.  
Here's your sunshine.

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