

**411****"The Fleeting"**Visit "[The Fleeting](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](https://MotoLyrics.com)

You don't have to cry tonight. Or fake your social  
flawed although you might. it's just another name to  
look your way to feed your cause. And so the same with  
your belief, was Sunday just a trend? A name to claim?  
And now you've got your new philosophies, an all new  
name. And it's a gun in hand, can't touch it's fate. And  
like a poison flower, it'll wither away. Will your emotion,  
navigate your faith? You're just a silly kid, and no one  
understands your pain. A void of true identity, to follow  
after mediocrity. Fads are like a drunken vagabond,  
who cannot see. And so the same with your belief, was  
Sunday just a trend? A name to claim? And now you've  
got your new philosophies, an all new name. And it's a  
gun in hand, can't touch it's fate. And like a poison  
flower, it'll wither away. Will your emotion, navigate  
your faith? You're just a silly kid, and no one  
understands your pain. Oh. And it's a gun in hand, can't  
touch it's fate. And like a poison flower, it'll wither  
away. Will your emotion, navigate your faith? You're  
just a silly kid, and no one understands your pain.

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