

Caleb Lionheart

"Make Believe"

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It's a time where poets without tongues
Mouth the words that can't be sung into deaf ears
That yearn to hear the words you speak
Of a wife that loves until she cheats

Can we forgive ourselves?
Can we just make believe?
Can we just make amends
Or at least just get some sleep for the time being?

Time is of the essence but it's what we have the least
And we'll fear love to our heart's content
Because that fear is all we need.
I want a funeral with lines that stretch all the way to the
road.
I want a funeral where tears are just swirls in the punch-
bowl.

La-da-da-da-da-da
Woah-WOAH!

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