

Cliché

"Twilight"

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Sins of my past stain our hopes
I'll touch your hand disappear in the breeze

Spit tastes of blood but I don't mind
'Cos it's as much yours as it is mine

Chorus:
Welcome home your just in time for twilight
Welcome home your just in time for fadeout

All surface no feelings
Thin as air and cold as snow

Walking up these streets is the hardest thing
I fight myself for every step of the way

Welcome home your just in time for twilight
Welcome home your just in time for fadeout

Silent scream in it's name
Violent whisper in your name, in your name, in your
name

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