

Delicate Fade, A "Products of an Empty Mind"

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Take open hands
Fill them with this
Empty your veins as you try to see us
Take my hand
To keep yourself from falling into the wind

(Our beginnings,
Our endings
Are only a breathe
Not worth breathing
Our hopes
And our fears
Are only a light
That's not worth seeing)

What is this worth?
This life of ours,
This endless hope,
With hardened scars
The troubles, not worth bearing
Are all that matter now
You're falling into the wind
But grab our hands
We'll help you win

Embrace uncertainty for
As long as you want
But it will come down
Come crashing down
On our heads
On our scars
On this life of ours

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