

Emarosa

"What's A Clock Without The Batteries?"

Visit "[What's A Clock Without The Batteries?](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

I bleed for my dreams,
In a place that I come from,
No.
No.
This time it's true, this sweats for you.
Make it stop, with just one move.

Pity those with a soft hand,
Making smaller cuts on toughest of fabric.

We all know what it's like when we,
Put it out in front of us, or go home

Now watch him bleed, stomach turns,
Let's keep this time rolling where it counts,
Baby, you know that I've tried
As desperate, it seems that I'm high,
From watching you fall.

(Scream)
MY HEARTS FOR YOU

Breath in deep,
His mind is slipping,
Father side of the room,
His feet are planted,
His gaze shifts to you,
Can it be enough?
Will it be enough?

Now stop the pain, at the deepest cut,
He's inside damaging our pride
We've driven this road to many times before
With no exit

We all know what it's like when we lose hope
Put it out in front of us, or go home,
Put it out in front of us, or go home,
Or go home...

Visit [Emarosa](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.
