

Blue Skies At War "Bleach The Surface"

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Mechanical lungs bursting plastic lips melting numb
tabaco stains the walls as our freedom starts to drip
bleach the surface now all over why spare one for
another wash the stains from the veil turn around and
watch them fall wash your hands wipe them clean and
walk away as my life fades i feel let down i start to
worry maybe my life's just fate i tried everything im
growing tired of this place i hate this place i can't
breathe he has his head in his hands feeling not so
free he feels the rain on his hands walking memory
lane he feels the sun on his face it's summer time when
shrink wrap hearts were free i can't believe i've been
erased

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