

Fighting Instinct

"Whirlpools"

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Tranquil eyes follow shady lines
Roaming through broken hearts and shattered morals
Your aeroplane falling from the sky
Devastating trust in you pentagon of truth
You instrument dying to play your song
But you never let it wake up now and smell your roses

There's trouble in this town,
Secretly abounds
Every time you open to someone else.
Open up too late,
Secrets that await
Sometimes you forgive yourself

Your aeroplane falling from your life
Crash down your earth with covered open lie
The drums you play offer synchronized
Errors that you make every time you open wide
Your instrument dying to play your song
But you never let it
Wake up now and smell your roses

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