

Hopesfall

"Champion beyond blessings"

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You target ones with a loose tongue
Through your fingers, you find ways to
Make us turn inside
If I lose my ground I will stand by to navigate the
escape
For the silent ones.

So take it to the back of the bar
You make me think what you want to tell me.
First I will say anything to make sure you don't.

You act less blessed
You are sympathies great deciever
Oh the taste of your teeth after you sneer.
By the accident of approval we'll take a shot in the dark
To kill the buzz in the room

I'll take the side of the ones
Whose feet touch the floor
you'll take the side of the ones approaching lines
to create of life.
For starving eyes I know you will
Never make a proud home.

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