

Impossibles

"This Is F*Cking Tragic"

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We've come to feel so cold,
I cant stand waiting,
Here in your hand I fold,
To keep from breaking,
Down-turned and wearing thin,
I put myself in,
Your shoes have left you broken, blistered, bleeding
and bruised.

And tonight I would give my life,
Just to die at your side,
Tonight I would give you my life,
Just to keep recieving that lost feeling.

Salt in open wounds,
With words you can help but,
Here is my last goodnight,
Goodnight, goodnight, goodnight.

Tonight I would give my life,
Just to die at your side,
Tonight I would give you my life,
Just to keep recieving that lost feeling.

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