

Looking Forward

"Frozen"

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You act like the winter will never come, like you can
survive
But this is an empty canvas and we should call in sick
for a day
And pick up a paint brush, and pick up ambition
Because art is lost without ambition,
Carried away in frozen visions
If you come to us like we know you
Then we're all the same and empty too
We'll find our own way out of here
And never look back with regret
With just ourselves to answer, there is no question
Carried away in frozen visions
We'll find our own way out
We'll find our own way out of here

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