

Mikeschair

"Matadors Of The Heart"

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Wait!

The passion is ending.

Lets fall together and it will fall apart.

And now the dead-end to finding the ropes round our necks.

So how far can we stretch the fighting.

Face made of death on our graves.

So trace the failings of kills for thrills

Less estimation, the passion filled, the desperate, the wasting away.

To hide to die, built to fill, but not to break.

So climb the steps of the deadlines.

They came together and the'll come apart.

Like smiles, backwards for beatings, these days end tonight.

The nights into days, were grazing.

The fields of dead memories that should be.

So trace the failings of kills for thrills

Less estimation, the passion filled, the desperate, the wasting away.

To hide to die, built to fill, but not to break.

I think ive lost my mind tonight.

So i think ill blow your mind, this time

The passion filled, the desperate, the wasting away.

To hide to die, built to fill, but not to break.

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