

## **My Vitriol "Breakfast"**

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Cold September morn, I was reborn  
The sundays crashed through my front door  
From my soul, I'm growing old  
I couldn't ask for anymore  
I ask you If I could wish upon your kisses  
Cold November night, no end in sight  
The letters file behind the door  
Find my soul, I'm growing old  
I couldn't ask for anymore  
Sometimes you could be the words  
She'd be the tune  
And Sometimes I can't help falling down  
Sometimes I can't help falling down  
Sometimes I can't help falling down  
Sometimes I can't help falling down  
Cold September morn, I was reborn  
The sundays crashed through my front door  
Found my soul, I'm growing old  
I couldn't ask for anymore  
I ask you If I could fly upon your silence  
Sometimes I can't help falling down  
And sometimes I can't help falling down  
And sometimes I can't help falling down  
And sometimes I can't help falling down  
If I could fly upon your silence  
Sometimes I can't help falling down  
And sometimes I can't help falling down  
And sometimes I can't help falling down  
And sometimes I can't help falling down

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