

New Bruises "Holding Pattern"

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Side by side, We wonder why
They say that nothing changes, nothing carries on

With half the truth, A great excuse
They say that pressure forces failure, moving on

Close but far way
Recurring every day
A pattern where we stay
Same but different from the last

Moving On

Felling sick again
In spite of this new plan
Without a place to land
This time just repeats the past

Cut to size, It's no surprise
They say that nothing changes, nothing carries on

Two minutes long, A stubborn song
They say that pressure forces failure, moving on

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