

The Becoming "Our First Sunrise"

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We have started something
That we surely can't take back
Every day decaying faster than our last
We are so afraid
That we'll become the things we hate
It's easier to sleep, than to awake

We came into this world
Never knowing we'd want out
From our first sunrise, to these dark skies
We have only been let down

Now the shadows cover
Every street we walk at night
And the sun has been replaced by the streetlights
We were so afraid
That we'd become the things we hate
It came easier to sleep, than to awake

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