

This Picture "A Violent Impression"

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We create dreams when we are alone,
Carve out of words not marble or stone,
Sounds that are distant, broken like bone,
Though we fight against it we live and die alone...

I'm tired of waiting for fools to wake,
Tired of relying on fortune and fate,
I know you are present but please can't you wait,
Though we fight against it, feel the tension ache,
How is burns will it never break...

Footsteps on the pavement feeling like I've never felt
before
You wonder what the words meant, you're touched by
her
How can I recall - what you did to me?

I can't forget the innocence that you and I missed,
Or all the implications of a little child's kiss,
I know I was foolish but how could I resist,
Though we fight against it, feel the tension ache,
How it burns will it never break...

Footsteps on the pavement feeling like I've never felt
before
You wonder what the words meant, you're touched by
her
How can I recall - what you did to me?

You live and die alone...
You live and die alone...

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