

Story Of The Year "Burning Years"

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It's not what you have said, it's what you have done
To let this come between us
You're right, without a fight
This might be worth it to you
And in the process gotten to me

I think that nothing can fly with this broken wing
There's so much to hold on to now
Nothing can fly, with this broken wing
So here's a gift in this feather

You've gone to far, left standing alone
Let's sort this out together
You're right, without a fight
And it might be worth it to you
But I can't take this anymore

I think that nothing can fly with this broken wing
There's so much to hold on to now
Nothing can fly, with this broken wing
So here's a gift in this feather

From this house of our friendship
Shut the door and light the match
Throw behind you, walk away
These ashes, these ashes, these ashes burn

I think that nothing can fly with this broken wing
There's so much to hold on to now
Nothing can fly, with this broken wing
So here's a gift in this feather
Nothing can fly, with this broken wing
So here's a gift in this feather
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