

Story Of The Year

"In the shadow"

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we both take the hardest punches
and collect black eyes just to prove it
still we pass by just like strangers
and we speak just like the closest enemies

WHOA
in the shadows of our lives
we can fall into the night unscarred
whoa
in the shadows of our lives
we can never let it go this far

somehow my words are rendered useless
still ill pull my lip down to my chest
just to show you
how my jaw is
tired of waiting for things that you should hear

after all we're still the same
but these empty promises never seem to change

there's a smile on my face and its 2:55 am
but this cramp in my wrists puts me back to sleep
til it all comes around again
WITH A CLOSED FIST

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