

Vi3

"The Fleeting"

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You don't have to cry tonight. Or fake your social
flawed although you might. it's just another name to
look your way to feed your cause. And so the same with
your belief, was Sunday just a trend? A name to claim?
And now you've got your new philosophies, an all new
name. And it's a gun in hand, can't touch it's fate. And
like a poison flower, it'll wither away. Will your emotion,
navigate your faith? You're just a silly kid, and no one
understands your pain. A void of true identity, to follow
after mediocrity. Fads are like a drunken vagabond,
who cannot see. And so the same with your belief, was
Sunday just a trend? A name to claim? And now you've
got your new philosophies, an all new name. And it's a
gun in hand, can't touch it's fate. And like a poison
flower, it'll wither away. Will your emotion, navigate
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