

Drawn From Bees

"Stand Against The Storm"

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We stand against the storm
Not sure it'll kill us all
We gave ourselves a wire
Pretty sure that'll tape it all

We keep our sake for chance
Maybe we could've won it all
We bathe ourselves in lead
If we live we can keep it all

If this is a race my dear
Then you won't get far in those pretty shoes
This is a mess I fear
And the chances are that the rain has come

Ooh, pretty sure it'll kill us all

You set your house on fire
Pretty sure it'll all burn down
You build your house of cards
Pretty sure it'll all fall down

If this is a race my dear
Then you won't get far in those pretty shoes
This is a mess I fear
And the chances are that the rain has come

Ooh, pretty sure it'll kill us all

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