

Holding Sand "Breathe"

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Watch'em dying
From the distress you deny
You are too blind to see
That it could touch you
Yeah I could be wrong
But if I'm right, you'll be throwing up you lungs
With your pride

At least you've got hope
And I hope it's gonna last

I want you to breathe
An air without smoke
I want you to live
You won't have to choke, anymore
Watch'em crying
We don't want to see ourselves
Shifted by the pain
I might be wrong
But if I'm right, you'll be throwing up you lungs
With your pride

At least you've got hope
And I hope it's gonna last

Birds of a feather, flock together
And you'll become cinders, forever

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