

Of The Pillar

"The Rest Is History..."

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Yeah, we're a burden.
No, no we don't try real hard.
We just get by strumming our hearts,
All by ourselves.
Yeah, we don't see a purpose.
To the fights you sell.
Cause you're just seeking cheap shots in sweet spots,
I keep my hands to myself.

Some say it's just a phase,
And time wont change a thing.

But this city needs a switch
An infinite glow
Sleepless the bodies' fuel
The tired eyed and this possessed apartment bound.
And I'm waiting
For this light to fade in tone
For this concrete neon city
To give me the key to change the world.

And well see soon enough
As our wide eyes sing our luck.

The Rest Is History! ! !

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