

BVB

"Knives And Pens"

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Alone at last,
We can sit and fight,
And I've lost all faith in this blurring light,

But stay right here we can change our plight,
We're storming through this,
Despite what's right,

One final fight,
For this tonight,
Whoa-oh-oh...
With knives and pens we made our plight,

Lay your heart down the ends in sight,
Conscience begs for you to do what's right,

Everyday it's the same dull knife!
Stab it through and justify your pride.

One final fight,
For this tonight,
Whoa-oh-oh...
With knives and pens we made our plight,
Whoa-oh-oh...

And I can't go on without your love,
You lost,
You never held on,
We tried our best,
Turn out the light,
Turn out the light,

One final fight, for this tonight.
Whoa-oh-oh...
With knives and pens we made our plight.
Whoa-oh-oh...

And I can't go on without your love,
You lost,
You never held on,
We tried our best,
Turn out the light,

Turn out the light

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