Airholes

"Train Tracks Are Tactics To Tame Attacks"

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What if the day took long to set? Will the morrow sun forgive me? For the sins of my intentions, Forceful of these bad inventions What if I had another way? To do them harm without a mess, Without a conscience to impress, Then can I say, Ive tried to warn you then

This wound never looked a day better When your hands they tore it off And left me stranded on the floor Im dying You left me dying on the floor With my both arms theyre awfully bent These heavy blades theyre hurting me I wish I could stop this all

Then came the day when I got better The hurt was gone with all intentions I turn around to see myself And I am glad for what youve done I hope this day youll finally see Of all the things youve did to me A lonely night come clarity Youll remember Ive tried to warn you then

If I didnt try then how would I Come about and know you, You messed me up so bad If I were on these tracks youd be Pulling the switches and running Faster towards me

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