

The Professionals

"Start Over"

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We burn, we start over
Ashes to this soil that we fertilise
We grow up to form grace
From rehearsals from a play
With this match
I'll set myself on fire the same way
Every day's routine, Like a drug to me
Can I possibly turn around now?
This is the fallacy I've been raised on
If I pray to god will I right my wrongs?
'cause it seems I'm left here
With these empty palms
Nevertheless I die the same way
I can't pretend like it was ever
Good enough for me
These flames bring pain
They don't get easier to bare
Or take with each day
I only gain more suffering
And devastated dreams
There are no angles here to save me
If I believe in your will you grow wings
And help me fly away?
Your eyes, why can't I look away?
I put my faith in your eyes
And the faith dies

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