

Outline In Color

"Charlie Machine"

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In order to survive in this world you must force off
traditions put your pride and pain on the back burner,
and with a thousand symphonies at your back,
orchestrate the end!

Force off traditions
Dismiss your selfishness
Orchestrate the end
And vanquish your darkening

So hold on just a little bit longer,
"Just be strong" but I wish I was stronger.
I can't believe this heart's still beating when it's racing
to explode.
And let go to the ones that you hold close,
Or hold on as you feel them let you go.
I can't decide which one is worse or which hurts the
most.

They've the mercy of a shark
Wildly biting in the dark
Father she'd the blood of a son
The real pain has just begun

What a sad life that we lead, what a cold race that we
breath...

Anger bound you to an early grave
Crucify your offerings
In the words of saints and allies:
"Suffer, surrender, give up".

I'm just another person I become but I'm running out of
places to run...

I said, I said, I said let go!
And put your burdens aside
Speak now and make the world divide
Let go!
Not even god can break you.

Hail the face of a ghost, you aren't unspoken
No more burden, pride or pain.
Only you can halt this suffering.

I think I'm ready to let go now of the weight that has
held me down, (no more burden, pride or pain, only
you can halt this suffering) but I don't know how...

We are the sons of a broken world - damnation for all
the boys and girls
(No more burden, pride or pain)
Mistakes with wings, we're nothing short of beautiful.

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