

## Primitive Reason

### "5 And 3"

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Weeping my mess, reaping duress  
I see light at the end through the glass  
Woe my destiny has passed  
Aint the worse prepared for me passed?  
At last I'm not scared to be lost  
I accept the me cost  
Weeping my mess, reaping duress  
I see light at the end through the glass  
Eagles fly with my spirit take me  
So high I can feel it make me change  
Although I'm limited  
I can fly with the birds at night  
Migrate to the turn of the tides  
Burn in the pyre bright

All that running, all that running, all that running  
Helps no one win  
I am burnt by the sun and my back is oh helps me run  
Away  
Through the cities of darkness I've been running  
Tossing and turning cursing my turn

I am shook by the bumpy road  
Only don't know should I get up and go  
Slowly I stand up

Lonely  
Looking for you who owns me

Although I'm Limited  
Eagles fly with my spirit take me  
So high I can feel it make me change  
I can fly with the birds at night  
Migrate to the turn of the tides  
Burn in the pyre bright all night

All that money, all that money, all that money helps  
One need  
I am burnt by the greed, my mind is oh helps me run  
Away  
In the cities of darkness I am running

Tossing and turning cursing my turn

Now what I need is to find why I bleed

Now what I need is to find why I bleed

All that running, All that running, all that running

Helps no one win

I am burnt by the sun and my back is oh helps me run

Away

Through the cities of darkness I've been running

Tossing and turning cursing my turn

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