

The August Name "Karma Suits You"

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It'll never be the same
But I have a feeling it will be okay
Letting minds wander aimlessly
The size of a dream can make one seem
Way to proud, way to proud

[Chorus:]

Counting my measures cautiously
Yet the faith of others will always be
On the way down
No trace of sound
When the lights in the city are not shining,
The shadows in the dark are slowly crawling
You're on your way down
No trace of sound

This isn't getting any better
Hold your breath as we end the conversation
I hold you to blame
Ignorance is your game
We will fall unless we remember

This is so clear
But it's hard stating what I'm thinking
My thoughts are hard to hear
Make my words something with meaning

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