

Still Life "Tomorrow Brings"

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I felt the sun cold. Burning slow... Looking for all I have to give, I found myself on the floor again. Say you care. It sets me free. A child cries inside of me. This love hurts more like hate... We have buried ourselves in ourselves, blind. We no longer hear each other cry. Understanding has turned to pride. I burn myself for the feelings I've learned to hide, inside. There's so much more than I can see. I'm lost in the thought of everything. I feel alone in jaded times. Does the child inside you cry, to fly, to be only who we are inside? To fill our hearts with true love for life? To feel real compassion, not pride? To set free the love we've learned to hide, inside. Still we bathe in blood only to rinse in tears. The sunshines cold. These days are cold, and there's stains on my yesterday, holes in my now. Tomorrow brings a new day. Tomorrow brings a new ho

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