

Greenhornes, The

"There Is An End"

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Words disappear
Words weren't so clear
Only echos passing through the night
The lines on my face
Your fingers once traced
Fading reflection of what was

Thoughts rearrange
Familiar now strange
All my skin
Is drifting on the wind
Spring brings the rain
With winter comes pain
Every season has an end

I try to see through the disguise
But the clouds were there
Blocking out the sun
The sun

Thoughts rearrange
Familiar now strange
All my skin is drifting on the wind
Spring brings the rain
With winter comes pain
Every season has an end

There's an end...

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