

Grey Tide

"This Vision"

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She's tried to hard
to make it on her own
spent weeks around the world in her decay

A simple smile
still thinking all the while
What's one more drink to wash away...herself

That kind of love starts to thrill me
And it's one, two, three
And we're out the door again

Making the walls into building
Well we're breaking down,
Well we're breaking down again

Her shouts out loud
Still covered up in doubt
She thinks about the waves in which she made

A vicious lie
Too tangled to untie
Her tongue tied truths have kept the days long

That kind of love starts to thrill me
And it's one, two, three
And we're out the door again

Making your walls into buildings
Well we're breaking down,
Yeah, we're breaking down again

Are all of us too old
Are all of us too old
Are all of us too old
Are all of us too old

That kind of love starts to thrill me
And it's one, two, three
And we're the door again

Making your walls into building
And we're breaking down again

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