

The Explosion

"Murdered By Reality"

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Sometimes we reach a dead end, sometimes we face the truth, can't spot the point, nor get the sense. These bits of time that stop by; they are the fragments. these moments are your history, they make your life. When your days are dark and your nights are cold, and tomorrow's like a lonely room, I guess you know the reason why? Can you (please) tell the difference between all and nothing, now and then, laughter and crying, since and when? When your days are dark and your nights are cold, and tomorrow's like a lonely room, don't lock the door and hide the key. Let us not live someone else's life, then our own will pass us by. You'd better turn back that handful of time, (oh please) won't you turn back that handful of time. Turn the lights down low, it's gonna take forever tonight. Cross the line to where the dreams get murdered by reality.

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