

The Explosion

"Open Season"

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It's open season, on people with feelings
They're beat down by cold hands and by so called
good friends
It's not a phase, the times have changed
This world is turning numb to pain
It's open season, and like it or not we're all to blame

Hoping and waiting, but hope seems it's fading
I'm holding out for honesty, I'm holding on and waiting
But hope seems it's fading, I'm holding out for honesty
But it's getting hard to stay real
Like it or not we're all to blame

It's open season, on people with feelings
They're beat down by cold hands and by so called
good friends
It's not a phase, we're all involved, along the way we're
all a part
It's open season, and like it or not we're all to blame

Hoping and waiting, but hope seems it's fading
I'm holding out for honesty, I'm holding on and waiting
But hope seems it's fading, I'm holding out for honesty
But it's getting hard to stay real
Like it or not we're all to blame

Hoping, waiting, I'm holding out for honesty
The cold hands, the harmful trends, are making hope
hard to believe

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