

Tides Of Man "Create"

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Shake off the chills, just don't look into his eyes (keep your head down),
Think of all the things, They told you he did that were so wrong,
This last ounce of love is what kept you so inspired (While they flocked)
You kept your wings outstretched with miles for you to look down,
You lost yourself along the way, Gave into temptation, Enslaved by a false list of values, You try so hard to keep to,
So sure that Heaven will open it's gates, And inside you'll have your own estate,
Where you'll own all the others, Who were too scared to live for themselves,
So shake off the chills, just don't look into his eyes (keep your head down),
Think of all the things, They told you he did that were so wrong,
This last ounce of love is what kept you so inspired (While they flocked)
You kept your wings outstretched for miles...
Stolen goods tainted by the spit of a third, Watch his life fall to pieces,
He'll never see through eyes again, Watch his life fall to pieces.

Snow falls soft,
And the sweetest sound it makes,
But your temporary peace of mind won't last long,
Forgive and forget through tears and sweat,
Stolen goods tainted by the spit of a third

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