

Litter, The "Confessions"

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It's all been done before
The love, the hate, the war
The outside's the reflection
Of the inside

Anything in the start
Always comes from one
Never one,
From another

Confessions,
Confessions,
Confessions of a
Traveller through time

In all the years he's known
That's never really grown
He started off
His creation

The only change that is
Is the change that is you
We cannot make
We never been born

Confessions,
Confessions,
Confessions of a
Traveller through time

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Confessions of a
Traveller through time

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