

Lyndsay Diaries, The "The 20th Year"

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We are still young, but we're trying so hard not to be.
Fake ID's and lies.
Let's grow up to be people we hate.
It's starting to burn hot and it's running out.

How could I forget your face?
How could I forget your grace?

We soared into the skies.
Call me obvious, call me untimely.
But I just hate the way things change.
Nothing is ever obvious to me.

I need an embrace to set me on a rampage.
I'd tear down the places I've been and listen to the
applause.
I'd listen to anything but the lies in my head.

We soared into the skies.
Call me obvious, call me untimely.
But I just hate the way things change.
And I just hate the way things change.

We all love God when things are right.
But the fact of the matter is, they never, they never are

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