

Lyndsay Diaries, The "The Tops Of Trees Are On Fire"

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The tops of trees are on fire,
and tonight these torches give us light,
that we might have some direction in our lives.
But I can't see much of anything, right now.
No I can't see.

I watched you come home from the mountains.
We all just thought it was a bad dream,
but in reality we knew the honest to God truth.
Now all we ask, is a little sympathy from the clouds.
A little sympathy, from the clouds.

Now isn't it fate we're chasing after?
Or is she chasing after us?
Or has she come to kiss us our death depart?
We finally have a full understanding,
but I wish it wasn't on these terms.
Friend to friend.
I'd do anything to make it end.
I'd do anything to make it end.
To make it end.
To make it end.

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