

Baxter, Out Of Reach

I had a feeling
I never felt before and
There's no reason
Drown in this virtue
Separated by ethic
And now it's gone
Now you're one of them
We strike back with rhythm
We know you know, remainder of this corner
Repeat, reinvent it with those so-called words you've spoken
Playing off this melody
You tell me I don't know because I've never been there
Maybe you're right
But imagine if we just weren't quite so different
Would you be here tonight?
No, it's not my choice
We strike back with revenge
Sunset burns purple and gold as regret slowly unfolds
Living in want, living in need
If you go I will leave