

Royden, Made In Lies

Wake up, she said.
Without you my dreams are made...
Wake up, she said.
Without you my dreams are made in lies.

Was that your idea of a good time?
As we run to this.
Into this night kicking and screaming.
We run to this.
Into the night.
What does it matter at all.

She said.
Without you my dreams are made in lies
Wake up, she said.
Without you my dreams are made...
Wake up, she said.
Without you my dreams are made in lies.

We stand in the darkness
waiting for an answer.
Tied to this paper cross
and you hear the sound of our footsteps.
Running on the back streets.

We run when you say.
Regardless we stay on top.
We can run, well we cant.
We run when you say.
Regardless we stay on top