

The Send, Dawn And Dusk

I've found a way to talk
I've found a way to water down
The things that I have thought
But then, in the end, I always fall short

The morning has a voice
Calling out to me, "Come clean,
To rise and have a choice"
But I'd rather regret to see what night brings

Torn between
Your separated arms or staying in the dark
So, coming clean
I make it seem so hard, but still I've gone to far

You gave me a choice
You showed me how to lay it down
And find that quiet voice
When everything pounds to beat through my veins

I'll fight the feeling down to fight the feeling down