

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 listen to anything but the lies in my head.
We all love God when things are right
but the fact of the matter is that they never are.