

through

i am down with terms flowers seem to bloom too fast
last day's future quickly turns into a past
it's been said the only way out is through
carelessly curious what i would find
now it leaves me in such a sorry state of mind
i'm so tired of watching you howl at the moon

finally lost you and i know
seasons may come and surely they'll go
enjoy yourself it doesn't matter anyway
i'll be waiting here for the break of a new day

out of my ways if there's one thing you showed me
melancholy won't save the day
out of sick ways you know i won't stay
melancholy won't save the day

left this cage of mine to see there is no hold outside
realized the door has been open all the time
i will never find myself in you
caught a moment but it didn't turn into a stream
created notions that have finally lost their means
i won't be waiting for a dream

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seasons may come and surely they'll go
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how futile it seems to sow
when all i ever did was watching rivers flow
now i will set the both of us free
cause tomorrow comes in sight by accepting history

finally lost you and i know
seasons may come and surely they'll go
enjoy yourself it doesn't matter anyway
i will never find myself in this break of the new day

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