Its cold down here

Struggling to stay on the straight end of the road

The rest is clear, A bittersweet unknown

Good night my dear Good night my dear

20th century You mean so much to me

Tonight will mate on our own

20th century You took so much from me

Your final goodbyes are not alone

And he sits down here

Guilty as charged By his own admission

The end is near A bittersweet unknown

Goodnight my dear Good night my dear

20th century, You mean so much to me

Tonight will mate on our own

20th century, You took so much from me

A final goodbye are not our own

Is this the way we thought we’d grow up Living life like our father’s children

Is this the way we thought we’d **???** A longer path of least resistance

IS this the way we saw the future? Hanging like an awkward question

Is this the way we saw our souls? Smiling like the innocent

Is this the way we thought we’d anchor? **Size very point of living**

Is this way we thought we always Terrorize our children’s future no

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