

Leaside
by Annakin

96 bpm

You're moving away from deception
For the protection of your heart
Uncorrupted feelings
Define the weight of your love

Words are deceiving
The blues of the evening will last
Until we tear down the sky
Oh leaside
Oh leaside

I'm taking everything I can
Burning off what once felt like a plan
I gather well my good ghosts
When pain strikes where it hurts the most

Words are deceiving
The blues of the evening will last
Until we tear down the sky
Nomore hurtings and nomore grievings
The beauty of the evening will last
Until we tear down the sky
Oh leaside
Oh leaside

Oh gather well your good ghosts
It is plain to see where it hurts the most