

# Romanticise

## Chela

Don't, don't

Don't, don't

Don't, don't This ordinary thing can be more colourful than you say it is  
The cardinal sin is to tell a lie but now you must give in The storm came down on you just like  
it was the end

And then you hid and you covered your head  
But face the rage and feel how thrilling it can be  
Cause in the bedlam there is always beauty  
Its shaking, its shaking the ground its a-breaking  
And you cant control it, so own it and feel good  
Im searching for glory, now tell me a story  
I don't want to hear that you no longer feel good Theres promising doors that are open at the end  
of the hole

And your loneliness calls, filling the spaces where you could have explored Despair came down  
on you just like it was the end

And then you hid and you covered your head  
But face the rage and feel how thrilling it can be  
'Cause in the bedlam we can find the beauty Its shaking, its shaking the ground its a-breaking  
And you cant control it, so own it and feel good  
Im searching for glory, now tell me a story

I don't want to hear that you no longer feel good The storm came down but don't you runaway,  
runaway

Despair came down but don't you hideaway, hideaway

It feels good it you just face it  
Its shaking, its shaking the ground its a-breaking  
And you cant control it, so own it and feel good  
Im searching for glory, now tell me a story  
I don't want to hear that you no longer feel good Don't, don't  
Don't, don't  
Don't, don't

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