

Cinder, Bound

Never felt at ease that much with the Minus touch, when youre wading in the rain.

Stuck between the coldest place and a silent face.

An underlying restlessness commits itself when youre trying to explain.

You let the words out gently but they fall too hard, and theyre doing it again.

Time, taking all the things I leave.

Trying hard to make me breath.

Breaking all the things I need,

When youre waiting for the truth to change.

I always find that life goes by so frictionless when your head is in the sand.

Become a resident martyr on my island.

Ive lost my magic hat that makes my head think straight, but Im trying to regain, a little piece of the

It never happens again,

When youre trying to be sane.