

Conditions, Keeping Pace With Planes (Acoustic)

I am drowning in dry land
Distance is swallowing me
This keeps my sanity close
But far from inside of my body
Complete lunacy
I will no longer keep this within me
The closest thing to me at heart
Is the furthest thing away to touch
And all these undeservers take for granted
What we deserve so much
The world has been pulled to my feet
Closer than its ever been
This is something to live for
The beautiful mess I am in
The closest thing to me at heart
Is the furthest thing away to touch
And all these undeservers take for granted
What we deserve so much
I know this feelings heaven sent
And I am so confident
I will regain my sanity
When goodbye is a memory
The closest thing to me at heart
Is the furthest thing away to touch
And all these undeservers take for granted
What we deserve so much
The whole entire world
Is not enough to make my body still
And no matter of miles
Could make a mockery of iron will