

Gazpacho, Snowman

The fog leaves a distant trauma
You feel the ground roar
When it all goes to hell

They say no freedom lies when they say
You love too much
So you pack your only suitcase
And burn by her touch

Go
Before I go
I'll tell you all my secrets

They say its past the deadline
They say they've lost control
They let you see their nightmares
Through eyes of coal

Guilt is your own anger
You who did not win
Dream a dream of somewhere
As the rope is wearing thin

Go
Before I go
I'll tell you all my secrets

Its going to hurt to leave her
Its going to hurt to leave her
Its going to hurt

Its going to hurt to leave this
Its going to hurt to leave this
Its going to hurt