

Icon Of Coil, Situations Like These

serenity is the devil, we caress our solitude
conversations with silence...
a stick right through our mind
embraced by shimmering water,
we could die for a breath of the wind
slowly we suffocate in the vein of eternity

we've never been close to them
the distance is our shield
the texture of our bodies
an alliance of broken dreams

we'll float away with the tide
in situations like these
feel the storm build up inside
burn the infected wounds
we caress our solitude
alone with serenity