

# Luckdown, ...To End Her

you run,  
you're running from the hands.  
the hands that hold  
your time.  
slowly fading,  
brings this gleam into my eye.

as I feel my words slip down my throat,  
not worth repeating.  
I hear them fall away.

you run,  
you're running from the hands.  
the hands that hold  
me tight.  
slowly fading,  
brings this gleam into my eye.

as I feel my words slip down my throat,  
not worth repeating.  
I hear them fall away.