

Papermill, Unexploded Devices Of A Past War

Seems like I could write an epic saga when in the right mood
but this right mood seems not to be the best for my health.
I end up being carried away by some old taste or smell
then I can't help but forget what I was about to tell.
Words I knew by heart, forgotten, don't know when
gotta replace them all with questions, since they're much easier.
Should I go take out my diaries? Revive my youth?
I miss so many things, so many fears, so many tears.

I miss those days when time ran slower
even if I wasted them sleeping
I miss those days when time ran slower
even if I wasted them bleeding

Don't expect a whole new world unveiled by these few words left
they'll only picture us in a pub, after school, taking drinks
we didn't know yet. And if they taste good... repeat, repeat these words
I wish I could talk about someone else instead of me.