

# 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.