

# Puressence, Strangers

You think that you can make

things easy on yourself  
But in truth you make them harder everyday.  
Full well I know your folly  
Full well you'll guess my aim

If I could be the one you sometimes turn to  
in times of need with your heavy regret  
I know that I would triumph  
I know that I would stay

Don't wanna walk through the eye  
of any needle  
Don't wanna watch the sand just fade  
to grey  
Full well I know my schisms  
Full well you'll guess my own