

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