

Quicksand, Head To Wall

Relax in time,
from the pain you've been.
I don't know anything,
but I can read what's on your face.
Just on moment,
just one more to struggle.
We all want everything,
but we all can't fit in the door.

Seven tries,
head to wall,
hurts your head.
Sort of trust,
that you'll get.
What you paid for soon.
Seven tries,
head to wall,
just to get cut.

And it's only time,
it's what you make it.
I don't know what it brings.
Hope for the good, hope from despair.
A second, just on moment,
just one more to trust.
Some time you'll get to see,
you where you want to be.

Seven tries,
head to wall,
hurts your head.
Sort of trust,
that you'll get.
What you paid for soon.
Seven tries,
head to wall,
just to get cut.

It's what you break down.
It's just a second.

A thrown in towel is the first thing.
Can't tell if it's the time that your gonna throw.
Push through or you'll never get,
to see what you gave up,
passed on.

Seven tries,
head to wall,
hurts your head.
Sort of trust,
that you'll get.
What you paid for soon.
Seven tries,
head to wall.