

Samiam, Routine

grinding your fingers down
the skin on your back wears thin
dust clouds billow at your feet
you're gonna get lost
unless you stop that head spin
now i lay me down
nothing tastes so sweet
Routine

i can take my time
i like pulling on my own strings
there's too much rushing around
you're leaving out something
don't think, just blink
nothing on my mind
i feel too good to say