

Sleepthief, Afterthoughts

Something's coming but I can't see
Something's coming but I can't see
But I can't see

Drifting through sun-streaked days
And wispy nights
Of afterthoughts and fireflies
Careful now
There's no one around

Something's coming but I can't see
Something's coming but I can't see
But I can't see

Shifty-eyed and sifting through the rubble
Who would think a mind could be so muddled?
Terrified as terror does it finds me
It finds me

Desperately, spiraling...
Down

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Something's coming but I can't see
But I can't see