

The Ocean, Killing The Flies

Air filled with sand lashing in my face
I can't see you fifteen feet away
I can hear you somewhere in the distance
I have lost you
The air is filled with sand
Eroding my skin I can smell you in the air I'm breathing
I can feel you everytime I'm falling
I can taste you
You're the sand I'm eating
I can't kill you
The air is filled with sand
Eroding my skin
All trees cast their leaves when you're around
All colors grow pale, all tones lose their sound
Air filled with sand
It's eroding my skin
All wheels stop turning
Now take the night-bus and begin all over again
Some things fade faster than you would believe
Some memories sway your thoughts for a while
Yet some might be etched into your skull so deeply they'll never grow pale
Sliding deeper and deeper into disaster
Don't want you to see the state I'm in
Where do I end, where do you begin?
Air filled with sand
It's eroding my skin
All wheels stop turning
Now take the night-bus and begin all over again
Sliding deeper and deeper into disaster
I'm on the speed-ramp going faster and faster...
Lets stay in bed today
The sun ain't shining anyway
Completely knocked out, unable to move
Dwelling in daydreams, I'm closer
I'm closer to you
I enwrap myself in black sheets
To match the sky
I no longer want to see
The bitterness in your eyes
You start killing the flies
You start killing the flies
This is the imperative of devotion:
A command to consistent actions
To defend our most heartfelt convictions
Against attempts of self-protection
To cut them down to size of reason
What we feel is true
I can't abandon you
I lost something forever in you
It all breeds only pain though I can't discard it
Can't rid of myself of you without betraying my heart