

Time Spent Driving, Balance

The balance shifts and weighs me down
Just like it used to.
Tarnished fears and muffled shouts
Guide the way down.
The memories always find a way
To cancel out the dreams.
They shine on every last flaw
And rip at every seam.
I can hear it on a clear day.
(I know I can hear you).
When the light hits the water In the perfect way.
The solace never stays for long.
Time proves useless
Dimly lit the kerosene on the mantle.
The memories always find a way to cancel out the dreams.
They shine on every last flaw and rip at every seam.
I can hear it on a clear day.
(I know I can hear you).
When the light hits the water
In the perfect way.
And I can just make out the words.
They say: don't stop.
I can just make out the words
(I can almost hear them sing).