## 8stops7, Breathing Room

Its fading much faster now Souls in need of a little turnaround I need a recess I need an interlude From this waiting This breathing room

So in focus so in tune
But too misled to be excused
To hide behind a weak defense
of this bitter taste
that I left upon your lenient mind quickly turning into spite
I am paralyzed in shame
To yield the way I was today

But in this waning light theres No mysteries, No enigmas, No entangling webs Wrapped around this idle time It comes in like a flood, No debates, No vain suspicions Its when the day retires What remains Whats being denied

So in focus so in tuned but too misplaced to be removed my ambitions never leave much room to think about these things of all my wasted aptitude in my aimless, blind pursuits My intentions never leave much room for me Much less for you

But in this waning light theres No mysteries, No enigmas, No entangling webs Wrapped around this idle time It comes in like a flood, No debates, No vain suspicions Its when the day retires What remains Whats being denied?