

Afterhours, Desire Froze Here

Nothing to say and nowhere
No way to say it
We wear all of our regrets
Yet fail to display it

We lie our goodbye
Like we don't know
It's a sicken scarlet simple bandaged
Tourniquet to keep the silence secret

Bending with every breeze, you're a
Tall disperate flower, you're a
Waving suicidal
Desolate hour

Pantomime
Is your tragedy
It's a thin line here between you sorrow
And your cunning

Desire, desire froze here
Just looks like love from a distance
Desire, desire froze here
Just the path of least resistance

Sooner or later time goes
Leaves you behind
You're just an ancient language
No-one can find

Pantomiming your tragedy
With the winter and the splinters
A disintegrating thing

Desire, desire froze here...