

Alexisonfire, Tonight I Am Going To Wash The Hippy

Too late tonight, I'm gone and your miles ahead and I'm lost.
Throughout this darkened scene, clear skies are what I need.

The light resides in lines, offset in different times.
And I'm blinded by a sea of this strange memory.

Frames change and I'm still lost.
scene stills lay still in this fog, and I try only to see straight into through you.

Your eyes become so bare, an eager empty stare.
And I'm blinded by a sea of this strange memory.
And I am...and I see.. it's just me.

And I drift quietly through the trees leaves.
My mind separates from my body.

Days late, I'm not around now.. I don't care.
Dreamscapes escape all my thoughts. Awake.
I dream of a fate I cannot escape, now it's too late.
Time dies in straight lines. Waiting, and I can't take ANYTHING,
You try to believe EVERYTHING, but I can't, but I can't

Too late tonight, I'm gone (x3)