

Cantatonia, Intercontinental Sigh

You ran out of stories and the night is long
Like the iciest winter, we struggle, the bond has gone
Traps sprung in conversation
And your silence is welcome

Someone, somewhere must be having more fun than this
Someone, somewhere must be having more fun than this

You dream yours and I'll dream mine and we'll be happy
For when I sleep, I am who I always wanted to be

We dream our love will grow
Your fake Brando, my fake Monroe

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