

Cave In, Luminance

Magnetic tapes are old bloodstreams
for this recording calm machine.

We're serving all the jaded hearts
of those without a place to start.

And washing them all of mistake; ill confidence could never fake
the notes and bolts that ring this song:

expired tales of love gone wrong.

Why do I stay the same?

Why do I hear your name on every street, on every path?

Luminance.

Why do I hear your name?

Why do I feel the same in every dream I ever have?

Luminance.

Standing in a freezing place beyond,
until your heart has stopped its chime.

Branded with an order number, and washing them all of mistake.