

Cyclefly, Crave

It's 5 o'clock and im staring through a figure on a razor blade.
It's time to stop when the clock has you tripping through the everglades.
When the memory chain seems too familiar,
And the comfort you crave can slowly kill you.
Seems so familiar.
It's 3 o'clock and im standing with a figure on the soul chicane.
It brings me back every second till the ticket takes me to the train.
When the memory chain seems too familiar.
And the comfort you crave can slowly kill you.
When the memory chain seems too familiar.
Have you ever lost your way, closed your mind then turned away.
You know the comforts that you crave, seem so familiar.
It's 9 o'clock and im leaving here forever on an airplane.
It brings me back every second to the minute let the thought remain.
When the memory chain seems too familiar.
And the comfort you crave, can slowly kill you.
When the memory chain seems too familiar.
Have you ever lost your way, closed your mind then turned away.
You know the comforts that we crave, seem so familiar.
We're all apologies,
Let tainted losers breath, a second sonner,
A second sooner, a second sooner.
When the memory chain seems too familiar.
Have you ever lost your way, closed your mind then turned away.
You know the comforts that you crave, seem so familiar.
Too familiar, seem so familiar, seem too familiar, seem so familiar.